

The Magazine of Controversy. Its method is to give a fair and friendly hearing to both sides, all sides, of important questions of the day. Its practice is, in an age of shifting authority, of relativity and specialization, to apply common sense both to threadbare tradition and to glittering novelty. Its object is, by stimulating independent thinking, to promote sound individualism in a democracy.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, Editor

Editorial FOREWORD

THESE RUSSIANS! Whether we like them or not, we have to admit that at least the Russians have a plan. That is more than we can say about American business in these breath-taking years of Depression, 1929-1930-1931-. . . S. S. Industrial Efficiency is bobbing about these days without sign of rudder, compass, or chart. Our captains of industry seem to be playing bridge below deck and waiting for something to turn up, marking time in the hope that a trade wind will spring up astern to blow them back to port. Our mighty men of 1928 claim to be as helpless as children.

THESE RUSSIANS are probably headed for the rocks, but they have at least the satisfaction of knowing they are going somewhere. They have a plan. With all their shortcomings they seem to be relentlessly devoted to one end: raising the standard of living for the common man. And they are all het up about it. In their daily grind in the factory or on the farm they are fired by a spirit like the enthusiasm of football teams coached by the late Knute Rockne. They do not expect to attain Utopia to-day or to-morrow. The Russian workingman knows that he hasn't beefsteak for dinner to-day or a boudoir to sleep in to-night, but he does know that he will have at least a loaf to eat to-morrow and a roof to sleep under to-morrow night. Now the American working man enjoys no such certainty. The fact that he has three full meals and a warm bed to-day is no insurance that he will not be standing in a bread line to-morrow or bivouacking on a bench in a public park.

GROWING American curiosity about Russians is due to the fact that they have a plan whereas we have none. Although we are a nation of gamblers, gambling at poker, gambling with stocks, gambling with jobs, though we are proud of the gambling spirit as an index of initiative and individuality, we know that even gambling does not succeed without a plan.

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FORUM

Next Month

A FIVE-YEAR PLAN FOR AMERICA

Charles A. Beard

Dr. Beard is the first competent authority on American government and economics who has had the courage to propose a definite plan of escape from our present slough of despond. His remedy is startling in its originality, yet it is based on reason and the traits which history shows have been dominant in American industry since the founding of our country. It is distinctly American and borrows nothing from the experience of other nations. "A Five-Year Plan for America" is no ordinary magazine article; it is a document of national importance that will be read with respect and discussed widely.

THE PLAY IS STILL THE THING

George Jean Nathan

The talkies have had their chance. If they were capable of supplanting the theater they would be showing some sign of it by this time, says Mr. Nathan. But while the talkies are still the talkies, the theater is getting better and stronger. The public will never give it up for any form of canned art. What is more, Mr. Jesse Lasky — and you too, Mr. Laemmle — he has reasons to prove it.

APATHETIC AMERICA

Elmer Davis

A little more starch in the national backbone is what this country needs, in the opinion of Mr. Davis. We are getting into the habit of letting people walk all over us. Our right to kick trespassers off the grass, crooked politicians out of office, and noisy neighbors into silence is being sadly neglected. He advocates more oldfashioned resentment more vociferously expressed.

THE FUTURE OF ENGLAND

Harold J. Laski

Has the sun at last begun to set on the British Empire? Here is an Englishman who is frankly pessimistic. He sees socialism — possibly even communism — ahead, attended by the loss of the temper and quality of life which have been responsible for the peculiar English contribution to civilization.

ALBERT RITCHIE—OUR NEXT PRESIDENT?

Mark S. Watson

The first of a series of political portraits of the leading contenders in the next presidential campaign. Each month a journalist will estimate the qualifications and political chances of one of the prominent candidates.

IN DEFENSE OF THE LEGION

The American Legion has been invited to reply to the article in this issue by Miss Doty and "The American Legion in Politics," by Marcus Duffield in the May FORUM. John Thomas Taylor, the head of the Legion lobby, and Hamilton Fish, Jr. are preparing replies.

FOREWORD

Continued

ARE THESE economic forces in whose grip we find ourselves really as inscrutable as the leaders of American business would have us believe? Who made these laws? They are not the result of earthquakes or sun spots over which we have no control. Our economic laws, our business cycles are man-made and, being man-made, we men can regulate them if we have the good will and the intelligence. American business is crying for a plan, not a Russian plan but an American plan. A one-year plan will do if we are not able to get together a five-year plan. But when the president of our largest bank stands up one week and solemnly declares that prosperity will not return before wages are reduced, and the next week the president of our largest industrial corporation rises with equal solemnity and answers that the last thing we should do is to reduce wages, the quiet citizen is so exasperated that he would like to throw brickbats at them both.

IS THE American industrial problem as inscrutable as it seems? Is not the real responsibility with our captains of industry? Why not ask them to place the emphasis where the Russians do — on the human equation? The soil and the subsoil we shall always have with us, but human beings die if they are not properly nourished. The unemployment of five per cent of our able-bodied citizens is a travesty on our alleged industrial efficiency. The helplessness of widows deprived of promised dividends is another travesty, but this fear can be removed generally, as it already is in many industries, by sinking funds from surpluses in time of plenty.

INDUSTRY is free to stabilize the business cycles by creating sinking funds likewise for labor without waiting for the strong arm of government. Let the captains of rival corporations in some major industry make a beginning by getting together and agreeing to put in operation some form of insurance in which both employers and employees participate, providing sinking funds to take care of unemployment and at the same time sickness, accident, old age, and all those forms of social insurance which more paternalistic European countries have for a generation taken for granted.

THAT would not be an autocratic Russian plan but an individualistic American plan, and it would work. Labor would flock to that guaranteed industry; capital would stream toward it. Other good things would follow. If American business men will themselves devise a social plan, they need have no fear of being throttled by legislation.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH

TO MEET OPPORTUNITY

Opportunity is greater today than ever before; changes are more frequent. Increased capacity to assume responsibility is sought, whether it be in the lowliest office job or a high diplomatic mission. ✂ This quickening is felt throughout our educational system. Increased attendance in schools and colleges is crowding our classrooms; the enrollment for home study courses is rapidly leaping ahead. ✂ An era of educational expansion seems to be beginning. Universities everywhere are extending their facilities to meet the demand for practical, as well as for purely cultural education. ✂ Each person must choose how best to prepare himself. ✂ Whether he seeks education for larger earning capacity, or for greater service, or for the real pleasure that comes with wider culture, there are home study courses that will make the attainment easier.

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OPINIONS about BOOKS



They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—KEATS

Reviews by

R. L. DUFFUS
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS
HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

Painting Humanized

MEN OF ART, by Thomas Craven; Simon & Schuster, \$3.00.

Reviewed by R. L. DUFFUS.

"MEN OF ART" is saved from being the ordinary outline of everything—or nothing—by the fact that its author has strong convictions, and even prejudices. It is not a history of art, though it hits most of the high spots of art in the Western world from Giotto down, with a brief survey of what happened before Giotto. Mr. Craven conceives of the artist as being "not a curious solitary with a unique emotional apparatus, but a sane, healthy, and industrious workman, differing from his fellows only in the intensity of his endowments." He is here attempting to bring art back into the stream of life by showing that in the past it has been in the midst of that stream. For this purpose he has selected such strong and vibrant personalities as Giotto, Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Hogarth, Turner, Daumier, and Cézanne. He has taken pleasure in showing, as with Rubens and Hogarth, "that the great artist may be shrewd and formidable in practical affairs, adapting himself to the conditions of his time, and making a good living into the bargain."

One cannot say that Mr. Craven, on his own showing, exhibits the artist as "differing from his fellows only in the intensity of his endowments." The lives of many of them were admirable but also eccentric. In Leonardo's one finds "no record of a single love affair, or indeed of a distant Platonic friendship." Michael Angelo, in old age, wore "stockings of dog-skin" continually "for months together, and when these were removed, the skin of the leg sometimes came with them"—so says Vasari. Rembrandt took for a mistress for a time a half-crazy old family nurse, squandered a fortune, died in what for another man would have been

wretched poverty. Turner was so morbidly shy about his painting that he would drop into a ditch to escape the notice of a chance passer-by; he also had a habit of going on glorious benders "in the brothels and dives of the East End." Cézanne was morbidly afraid of women; he wanted all his life to pose a nude model out of doors and never mustered courage to do it. These details are in themselves unimportant, but they do indicate that the passion for creative art twists a man, in many conspicuous instances, out of the conventional pattern.

But Mr. Craven's fundamental contention, which he drives home in successive chapters on the great men and the great periods of modern art, is that art must have a human and social value. It cannot be divorced from the other things that are happening in the world. It is no affair of "mere talent, manual cleverness, virtuosity, exhibitionism, opportunism, and tender souls who can only paint in the leisure of dead civilizations or romantic settings." Mr. Craven has small patience with Botticelli, David, Gauguin, or those "modern painters who have nothing to say, who have no interest in any subject on earth, and therefore, who paint meaningless abstractions which they attempt to pass off as profound states of the soul." He has no use for the academicians and no high opinion of the Impressionists. Modernism, with its cult of the abstract and its contempt for the public in any rôle save that of purchaser, does not win his sympathy; and he opines that Picasso's undeniable inventiveness "would have been more useful in the field of mechanics." In Cubism he sees art at last "pure, perfect, abstract, absolute—and intolerable."

He sees some hope for America, not because "art for its own sake, or beauty's sake, or for the sake of any abstraction whatever," will thrive here, but because America is fiercely energetic, because the American scene is colorful and dramatic, because American architecture has shown

some signs of a clean cut native vernacular, and because our younger artists are in rebellion against European cults. One finishes the book with the feeling that Mr. Craven is a very vigorous broom which has swept away a large number of cobwebs and exposed some fundamental truths to view. It is a dynamic book. It may encourage some of our ambitious and gifted youngsters to come out of their garrets, get their hair cut, ditch their berets, and plunge boldly into the main currents of American life.

Our Mythology

AMERICAN HUMOR, *A Study of the National Character*, by Constance Rourke; Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

THIS INTERPRETATION of the American character—which, by the way, has a malapropos title that conveys both too little and too much—embodies the results of what a politician would call a fishing expedition. For what Miss Rourke has done is to throw her hook into all the waters of the American spirit in the hope of pulling something to the surface with each cast; and she has let what she has fished up dictate her conclusions. There is therefore no air of preconception about her brilliant study; and if she has let one or two fish get away from her, that is because mortal arms are not as strong as Paul Bunyan's or Davy Crockett's or Mike Fink's. Her lucid style is admirably adapted to skirting the abysses of the human spirit without falling in and calling it mysticism; and she makes tenuous matters seem solid as headlands.

Miss Rourke begins with American mythology and ends with the more conscious literature of Henry James, Ring Lardner, Sinclair Lewis, and Willa Cather. She has tried to uncover national characteristics as revealed by what American story tellers have conceived their countrymen to be in various places

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and at various times. The first clear figure in our mythology is that of the Yankee, the man "lank as a leafless elm" from down east (originally from Yorkshire?), who always got the better of a bargain, whether on the coast of the China seas or in swapping a horse on Gus Longstreet's Georgia frontier. "He had left the deeper emotions behind or had buried them," and he answered a question by asking another one. So he went his way, until, at the end of the Revolution, he emerged as John Bull's Brother Jonathan, a New England country boy with short coat-sleeves and a blank countenance. But he had a rough sincerity, and, in reply to Mrs. Trollope's strictures on American manners, he became a "nat'r'l" child of nature, victor in a hundred encounters (most of them on the stage) over the English fop whose supreme incarnation was Lord Dundreary.

Meanwhile in the West, a rival myth was springing up. This was the myth of the gamecock of the wilderness, the man who could whip his weight in wildcats. He was half horse and half alligator; he could ride the lightning, and, as Davy Crockett, he could make fire by rubbing flint with his knuckles. But for all his talk he was kin to the Yankee underneath: there is a story of how Crockett got the better of a fellow who "was considered sharp as a steel trap and bright as a pewter button." Miss Rourke thinks the tall tale represented "an insurgent comic rebound and a consciousness of power" following after the bloodier period when "natural elements . . . had brought terror and suffering to earlier pioneers."

The Golden Day of the 'forties and the 'fifties Miss Rourke treats as a consummation of what had gone before. In Whitman the tall story became the tall poem: Walt embraced the continent, from Brooklyn Ferry to California's shores, and his chants were of the prairies and the "long-running Mississippi." Thoreau seemed "always alone, like the legendary Yankee." Jack Downing, the Will Rogers of Jackson's day, had indulged in the monologue; in Emerson this became "the interior voice . . . heard unmistakably in reverie or soliloquy." The basic theme of *Moby Dick* had appeared in the story of the backwoodsman who "sought a fabulously large bear, the Big Bear of Arkansas." And Mark Twain carried on two themes, the one of the inflated frontiersman, and the other, that of the rough but honest American who was somehow better than any Renaissance artist who had licked the boots of a Medici.

But in all this projection of "the large, the generic" American character, there was no humanly dramatic literature, if we except Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. Henry James was the first really to work



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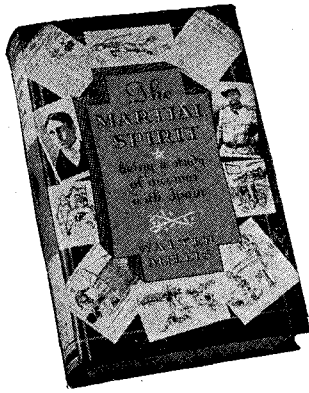
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into the dramatic; "no American before him had made a full imaginative approach to living characters and the contemporary scene." In James defeat becomes, for the first time, a possibility for Americans—which is to say that in James the American becomes mature.

Miss Rourke closes with a "Round Up" of latter-day writers, showing how, for the most part, they go back to pre-Jamesian traditions in method, although defeat remains in *A Lost Lady*, in Sherwood Anderson, in *An American Tragedy*. One wishes that Miss Rourke had cast her eye upon Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, which would have been pertinent to her discussion. A sort of comic *Moby Dick*, it continues the Jamesian theme in which "defeat had become at last an essential part of the national portraiture." One wishes, too, that she had concentrated on the opportunist strain in American character which found its most epigrammatic expression in Simon Suggs' motto, "It's good to be shifty in a new country." (Suggs was our first pragmatic philosopher.) But, as we have suggested, Miss Rourke has not let many fish escape her. Her book belongs on the shelf with sundry works of Parrington, Van Wyck Brooks, Lewis Mumford, and Thomas Beer; and Miss Rourke need not blush to find herself in such distinguished company.

A Practical Saint

MÈRE MARIE OF THE URSULINES, by
Agnes Repplier; Doubleday, Doran,
\$2.50.

Reviewed by VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

HERE is no frail, gilded picture of sainthood. Miss Repplier, with her eye for actuality, does not pawn off upon her audience a heroine whose flowery ecstasies belong more to celestial regions than to the stark confines of the world. She tells the story of a woman who vanquished hunger, cold, sickness, and treachery, a woman who was extraordinary, not through a vague prescience of unearthly truths, but through a solid, immutable desire to serve her God by serving men. Miss Repplier upholds, in this biography, the edifying spectacle of a nun whose saintliness lay rooted in common sense, whose sacrifice took the shape of practical devotion, and whose spiritual triumphs were the fruit of vigorous, indomitable toil. Offered in terms of the universal struggle for existence, the stuff which saints are made of becomes illuminated fact. This is what Miss Repplier, with skilled simplicity, accomplishes.

Born three hundred years ago, Marie Guyard, daughter of a silk merchant in Tours, became, at the age of thirty-two, Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, a nun in the convent of the Ursulines, thus fulfilling a

Books

dream which she had nourished unceasingly since she was fourteen. Her father, ignoring Marie's wish, had married her off; after two years of wedded life and the birth of a son, her husband had neatly and fortuitously passed away. Aware of her duty to the child, she had stayed by his side till he was twelve when, with his permission, she entrusted him to the care of the monks and retreated from the world.

Being a healthy, industrious *bourgeoise* with much practical experience, she forthwith became an invaluable asset to the Ursulines, whose order was dedicated to the field of education. Word of her ability spread to high places. When a certain rich lady decided to devote her fortune and her energies to the children and the savages in New France, she chose Mère Marie as one of the three nuns to accompany her. They set sail for Canada in 1639. After three months they arrived at Quebec, a settlement of about two hundred and fifty people, surrounded by forests, and within these forests, unknown numbers of stealthy, two-faced, inaccessible Indians.

Mère Marie's life adventure had begun. For the next thirty years plagues, failing crops, encroaching enemies, devastation of fire, ructions between Bishop and Governor, and, constantly, above all, squeezed privation marshaled in stern array to test her spirit's strength. Throughout these years, enclosed as she was by the humble walls of the convent, she managed to nurse the sick, teach and feed the savages, counsel the tried heads of the colony, plumb the resources of France by correspondence, and maintain, unwavering, a quiet integrity of temper, conduct, and faith.

One of Miss Repplier's chief sources of information is the unbroken series of letters written by Mère Marie to her son in France. Through her chronicles, too, there stand out the great colonists, the missionaries, and the martyrs whose defiance kept life aflame on an alien shore. Somewhat ironically, in contrast to the issues of life and death, come the descriptions of the little Indian protégées so carefully tended, telling their beads, scrubbing themselves, singing hymns, prattling in French, and then, when their schooling is over, vanishing as silently as they had come, returning to tribal struggles, fetishes, and creeds. Yet, in the teeth of the futile efforts to transmute elemental Indian to high-bred French, Mère Marie's life cannot be waived as a wasted gesture. It was a gesture of superb utility.

Mère Marie was declared "venerable" by the Pope in 1922. This is the first step toward canonization. Miss Repplier, while part of her purpose has probably been to give the nun a helping hand on heaven's ladder, has proved herself, besides a hagiographer, a trenchant, imaginative, and delicately precise historian.

Ambitious Research

A LITERARY HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, *Vols. I and II*, by Charles Angoff; Knopf, \$10.00.

Reviewed by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER.

MR. ANGOFF here presents us with the first two volumes of an ambitious four-volume history of American literature. "My aim," he asserts in the preface, "is to present a comprehensive literary history of the United States, to deal with every writer of any merit or influence whatsoever, to examine the changes in the reading habits of the people, and to try to explain the phenomena encountered in as plausible, detailed, and inclusive a manner as possible." Unfortunately these initial volumes, covering the Colonial and early National periods of our literature, give no promise that this aim will be fulfilled. In fact Mr. Angoff himself, ostensibly, abandons it at the very beginning. "It is a question," he submits in his Introduction, "whether it is worth while to write the history of colonial literature, since there really was none." However, "it is necessary to treat it at length if only to prove its badness."

This is, in itself, an extraordinary frame of mind in which to approach a critical task, and one which excites immediate distrust. Mr. Angoff's performance confirms that distrust and deepens it to positive distaste. His method is to plunge into the bog of colonial literature, and emerge, triumphant, with some specimen which he can deride with sadistic venom. He makes no attempt to establish any standard of criticism, no effort to understand the circumstances which produced a particular piece of literature, no endeavor to explain what he denominates the æsthetic aridity of six generations of Americans. He flings adjectives about him like a schoolgirl: his exhibits are "dull," "rubbish," "dreadful," "second-rate," "third-rate," or, very occasionally, "good." Something of his jaunty dogmatism, and of his failure to establish any valid standards of criticism is revealed in the Introduction. "Theological writers," he remarks, "undoubtedly did a great deal to foster learning in the Colonies, *though it was learning of the wrong kind*." It is a fundamental precept of criticism to interpret the past in terms of itself, not in terms of an arbitrary, superimposed standard of a later generation.

Mr. Angoff's publishers assert that "This work clearly displaces all other studies of the same character. It covers a wider range than others, and corrects the errors and fills the gaps that appear in all of them. It is impartially written and without tendency." All of these statements are incorrect. Far from displacing either Tyler or Parrington, Mr. Angoff

leans heavily on both of them for information and for critical judgment, quoting liberally from both, but with grudging recognition of his debt.

Nor does Mr. Angoff cover a wider range than his predecessors. Numerous insignificant authors, to be sure, are included, only to be blasted with his contempt, but some of the omissions are extraordinary. William Byrd is dismissed with a shrug, Lawson with a line; Belknap is not mentioned among the historians, nor is Hazard; William Maclay, Fisher Ames, and John Taylor of Caroline, three of the really significant figures in our literary or intellectual history, are completely ignored.

To cap it all, Mr. Angoff perpetrates an almost incredible number of errors. Space forbids a detailed examination of these, but a few, chosen from a single chapter, will suffice. Writing of the literature of Revolutionary Virginia, Mr. Angoff states that the Germans and Scotch-Irish "civilized Virginia"; that slave owners had "nothing to do"; he repeats the absurd charge, definitely disposed of by Wertenbaker, that the Anglican clergy were all "fox-hunting, wine-bibbing" fellows; he makes the preposterous assertion that Henry did more to democratize Virginia than did Jefferson — Henry who supported the Established Church and fought the emancipation of slaves; he repeats the disproved charge that Jefferson was a failure as a Governor; he gives Madison credit for the bill for religious liberty of Virginia; he states that "Jefferson, Madison, and Hamilton . . . called a Constitutional Convention," when it was, of course, Congress, of which neither Jefferson nor Hamilton were members, that called the Convention. But enough. Errors in detail may be immaterial, but it is important to establish Mr. Angoff's utter lack of scholarly equipment or critical judgment.

Mr. Angoff's work, then, is pretentious, superficial, and immature; it is disorganized and confusing, studded with errors of fact and cluttered with dubious judgments delivered in a Messianic manner. It is heavily padded with great gobs of quotations — even "The Star-Spangled Banner" is quoted — repetitious and, surprisingly enough, dull with that dullness that almost invariably results from extravagant use of adjectives and overstatement.

All this might, perhaps, be forgiven, if Mr. Angoff were prepared to advance a new interpretation, or even to explain the phenomena which he describes. Granted, even, Mr. Angoff's contention that Americans produced no literature worth the name during these two centuries; that after all is the point of departure, not the conclusion, of any critical work. The question to which any student who ac-

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Books in Brief

cepts this debatable thesis must address himself is, Why?

How did it happen that a people whose cultural roots were after all in the England of Shakespeare and Milton, who were for the most part literate, and whose economic environment was a favorable one — how did it happen that this people produced nothing significant in literature? But Mr. Angoff, whose criticism is not bottomed on any philosophy of history or of aesthetics, ignores this entire problem. His work therefore, without originality in substance, accuracy in scholarship, or charm of presentation, lacks even a provocative or stimulating quality.

Books in Brief

MEN AND MEMORIES, by Sir William Rothenstein; Coward-McCann, \$5.00.

IT WOULD be an odd and not improbable trick of fate if Sir William Rothenstein, who is a very able but hardly a superlative artist, were remembered by posterity more for his memoirs than for his long succession of paintings and drawings. The present volume of his recollections covers the period from 1872 to 1900. It is admirable, and there is every reason to suppose that the second volume will be as good. Rothenstein appears to have a talent for friendship. He knew, and knew intimately, practically all the leading figures of the 'nineties in England and France. As a shy and very youthful student fresh from the Slade School he spent several years working in Paris, where he frequented all the haunts of a still unspoiled Montmartre, talked the night through in small cafés with Charles Conder, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Oscar Wilde, and met such current celebrities as Whistler, Degas, and Puvis de Chavannes. On his return to England, where he lived for a while at Oxford and then in Chelsea and Kensington, he struck up a fast friendship with Max Beerbohm and Aubrey Beardsley, and was also closely associated with Shaw, George Moore, Sargent, Gordon Craig, Orpen, and Augustus John. The list is endless. Of these friends of his Rothenstein writes generously, freely, and with a slightly naïve humor. Spectacled, sober in appearance, Whistler gave him the nickname of the Parson, and indeed he seems to have been less flamboyant in temperament than most of his companions. They welcomed him, however — doubtless, in part, for the qualities of real sympathy and charming common sense which are apparent in his memoirs. He evidently had the spirit, if not quite the fire, of the rest. His commentaries on older artists are shrewd and very discriminating. His vignettes of his contemporaries are often deliciously keen. Al-

though Rothenstein is not a brilliant writer, any more than he is a really brilliant artist, his memoirs are as rich and satisfying as any that have been published in recent years.

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS, by Jay Franklin; Covici-Friede, \$3.50.

WHAT this country needs most acutely is just such trenchant, witty, and gaily iconoclastic criticism as Mr. Franklin has provided. His book should be compulsory reading. It is not only enormously entertaining; it is packed with nuggets of startling common sense. Nobody, of course, will take it seriously, because it lacks the dullness of style and the staidness of demeanor which one associates with economic and political writing. This is too bad, for at a time when we are all searching frantically for panaceas, Mr. Franklin has more alluring ones to offer than the whole legion of accredited economists. It is too much to expect, of course, that anyone would take kindly to his suggestion that we completely eliminate lawyers from public office, or that we institute a modern Saturnalia — "an annual period of alcoholic and sexual license to permit us to blow off steam" — or that we find ourselves quickly "another little war" in order to get rid of the martial complexes which the Great War ended too soon to satisfy. His commentaries, however, on imperialism, on taxes, on the farm situation, or on banking are so obviously sound that, if properly dressed up in oratorical phrases, they might stand a chance of a hearing even among the conservatives. In spite of his gift for deliciously epigrammatic phrases, Mr. Franklin is by no means as flippant as he sounds. He knows, quite as well as the editors of radical weeklies, that our political system is somehow rotten and that it is headed for change. He is skeptical, irreverent, but lucidly level-headed. Twenty years from now, perhaps, some of his rather breath-taking solutions will be accepted as commonplace.

FATHER, by Elizabeth; Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50.

IF THIS were Elizabeth's first novel, scores of bright young critics would be patting themselves on the back for making a new literary discovery and would be exclaiming loudly over her charm and wit. As it is, she has written so many good books over so long a period of years that she is taken entirely too much for granted. At her own type of gay social comedy Elizabeth is unexcelled. She has a sly, enchanting kind of humor, an effortless felicity of style which the younger generation would do well to envy. *Father* is the story of Jennifer, inexperienced and

Books in Brief

thirty-three, who escapes from the grim slavery of duty when her austere parent unexpectedly marries a flapper under the impression that it will benefit his novel-writing. Jennifer flees to an absurdly tiny cottage in the country, owned by a shy young clergyman who is also suffering from tyranny—that of his elder sister. The ensuing complications are grand. *Father* is, in fact, one of Elizabeth's best novels. It should be a successful antidote to hard times.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CARL LAEMMLE, by John Drinkwater; Putnam, \$3.50.

IN ANSWER to the immediate and pertinent question as to why the biographer of Cromwell and Lincoln has undertaken such an extravagant and sentimental piece of press agency as this study of the childhood and business career of Carl Laemmle, a Hollywood movie magnate, Mr. Drinkwater is definite. He tells you that he considers Mr. Laemmle's story exciting and absorbing. And, acutely British, he reiterates every few pages that, no matter how unsavory his business, Mr. Laemmle has at all times remained a "gentleman." To American readers this biography will be but another telling of the old, old story of the penniless German immigrant lad who became a millionaire and the head of a great business—the Universal Pictures Corporation. Not particularly interesting fiction, it is extremely unreliable history. Mr. Drinkwater doesn't know his movies, and his omissions often amount to inaccuracies. In his glowing portrait of "Uncle Carl," Mr. Drinkwater has not only omitted all unfavorable traits, but given him entire credit for breaking the Motion Picture Trust. Actually, Laemmle was but one of the many "independents" fighting this trust. Again, Drinkwater writes at length of an obscure film director who has made but a single indifferent picture, but who happens to be under contract to Laemmle. The book appears to be, in fact, merely a press agent's blurb, written by one who knows of his subject only what he has been told by other press agents.

ABOVE THE DARK TUMULT, by Hugh Walpole; Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50.

PRESUMABLY as a respite from more weighty labors, Hugh Walpole has written another romantic melodrama patterned after *Portrait of a Man With Red Hair*. Although it is less likely to make one's flesh creep than its predecessor, this "Piccadilly Adventure" is an excellent and deftly constructed yarn. The action is confined to a few hours and to the immediate environs of Piccadilly

Circus, but its roots stretch back into the long past. Cold, hungry, and desperate, Richard Gunn, the narrator, suddenly encounters a group of people whom he had known some fifteen years back—all of whom are sworn to revenge themselves against a sly, sinister blackmailer by name of Pengelly. After fifteen years the revenge is consummated, but in the process they are swept up into a crescendo of adventure so tense and strange that they all approach the borderline of madness. The characters in the book are good enough, but Mr. Walpole's special achievement is his creation of atmosphere. Whatever the action, one is perpetually aware of the thunder of traffic in Piccadilly Circus, of the glitter of lights, of the soft swirling of snow. Like Conan Doyle, though in a different fashion, Mr. Walpole has converted London into a strange, exciting, glamorous place where strange, exciting things may happen.

MEN DISLIKE WOMEN, by Michael Arlen; Doran, \$2.50.

MAYFAIR is too limited a preserve for the versatile Mr. Arlen. He must claim other worlds too—Park Avenue, for example, and Great Neck. This, his first American romance, is a giddy concoction which whirls one from penthouses to underworld resorts and thence to croquet games on Long Island. His hero, Comte André Saint-Cloud, rebels against meeting nothing but the best people and so falls casually into the company of Charlie MacRae, racketeer, and Marilyn, daughter of an ex-mayor of New York—who is charming but not quite a lady. The book is an amusing piece of froth, full of fabulously glib and witty chatter. Reading it, one is almost persuaded that Mr. Arlen's America has a counterpart in fact. On sober afterthought one knows better.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE'S, by Philip Stevenson; Longmans, Green, \$2.00.

DESPITE its deceptively biblical title, this is a novel about a boys' boarding school—for which such swank establishments as St. Mark's and St. Paul's have obviously served as models. Oddly enough it is a good novel, sensitive and understanding. Mr. Stevenson's adolescents are real people, not merely types observed from the vantage point of superior years. One is made to see their problems as urgent and important, their codes as logical and binding. So adroitly does he convey the force of group pressure that one quite realizes how Ethelbert, the intelligent weakling, is forced into the mold of conformity while Tony, originally so normal, slowly develops into a rebel.

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Books in Brief

Each reacts differently and unexpectedly to the demands made upon him. Mr. Stevenson's novel has no kinship with the conventional boy's story, such as *The Varmint*. It is a serious piece of work, which deals with fresh material freshly and poignantly.

THE DUKES OF BUCKINGHAM, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin; Brentano, \$3.75.

A BRILLIANTLY-colored picture of the romantic Stuart period glitters from the pages of *The Dukes of Buckingham*. Father and son, these two "Knaves of Diamonds," favorites of the first James and the first and second Charles, had a fist in every pie that the times stirred up, and a scandalous mess they made of them. Probably no human wisdom could have saved the Stuart monarchy in face of the growing tide of alien ideas among the people; but the irresponsibility of their chosen advisers swayed to its fall the power of those stiff-necked kings. The events recorded are dramatic in themselves. Mr. Coffin's arrangement gives them the pace and tension of a five-act tragicomedy. The allusiveness of his style — for he is a poet still when he writes prose — may trouble some readers at first, but the book advances in excitement as it goes on; and though the action centers about two successive protagonists the glancing phrases of the narrative direct one's eye along the way over many sorts and conditions of men.

JUNGLE WAYS, by William B. Seabrook; Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50.

SORCERY and magic in West Africa, visits to cannibals in the jungles, life in romantic Timbuctoo, and a trip to an almost unknown cliff-dwelling people in that country gives a brief summary of this most unusual book of travel and adventure. In order to learn more of the mysteries of the African savages' fetishes and beliefs, the author practiced their strange rites and so earned their confidence. He lived as they lived and was accepted as a black man with a white face. Some of his experiences were gruesome, some humorous, and from these he is able to give the reader an unusual insight into savage psychology. *Jungle Ways* is an intimate picture of life in the very darkest of Darkest Africa. While it will hardly attract tourist travel, as a book it will assuredly hold the reader's interest.

IMPERIAL BROTHER, by Maristan Chapman; Viking, \$3.50.

IN THIS fictionalized biography of the Duc de Morny, Mrs. Chapman proves

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Published Monthly at Concord
N. H., for April 1, 1931

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Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared GEORGE F. HAVELL, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE FORUM and CENTURY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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[SEAL]

(My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

Books in Brief

her versatility. The gay figures of France's Second Empire have little in common with the Tennessee mountaineers whose stories went to make up *The Happy Mountain* and *Homeplace*. Born on the wrong side of a royal blanket, Morny is such a fit subject for just exactly the treatment which he here receives that one wonders why the thing was not done before. Throughout his varied career he exerted a powerful influence on the politics of his country, yet he always managed to keep himself in the background. Backed by careful documentation and what appears to be thorough research, Mrs. Chapman gives us a swift-moving and sympathetic study of a delightful diplomat.

THE GOOD EARTH, by Pearl S. Buck; John Day, \$2.50.

THOSE readers who have grown weary of novels of the soil and who also are likely to suspect a story dealing with the life of a Chinese peasant should discard their prejudices and take a chance on this book. In a strong and simple style Mrs. Buck has made Wang Lung and O-lan, his wife, not merely Oriental but universal. From the first page one sees them as a man and a woman — the locale might well be North Dakota or Tennessee instead of a northern province in China. This may be the reason why the climb of this couple from poverty to wealth is as engrossing a tale as has been published in some time. It has warmth, humor, and it has its share of elemental, legitimate tragedy. This is Mrs. Buck's second novel, and if her first was anything near so good, we want to read it.

THE PINKERTONS, by Richard Wilmer Rowan; Little, Brown, \$3.00.

THIS history of America's famous "detective dynasty" easily makes as good reading as the average mystery story. When old Allan Pinkerton established his private agency in 1850 methods of crime detection were in a rudimentary stage. Pinkerton quickly astonished the nation by the skill and resourcefulness with which he ran down the celebrated Adams Express robberies. The railroads, sorely beset in those days, turned to him for protection; and by the time the Civil War broke, his agency had become an institution and his services were officially commandeered by the Union forces. Mr. Rowan gives an account of all the most dramatic cases in which the Pinkertons, father and sons, were involved — perhaps the most exciting of which was the extermination of the infamous Molly Maguires. His book has no particular literary pretensions, though it is quite adequately written, but it adds a fresh and absorbing chapter to American history.

I WALK ALONE, by Kathleen Wallace; Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00.

UNABASHEDLY romantic, this tale of modern China has an odd, exotic beauty which, if one is willing to capitulate to sheer glamour and wave probability aside, is very arresting. Hwa Mei Ling, the sheltered and lovely daughter of an ancient Chinese family, commits as a schoolgirl a reckless indiscretion. Pitilessly outcast, she becomes China's most famous courtesan, a mysterious, half-legendary figure who plays a part in altering the destinies of two armies. The book is slightly but justifiably stylized. Miss Wallace has succeeded in giving her heroine a quality of elusive remoteness and yet has kept her real. She is so adept at spell-binding that she actually persuades the reader to accept as credible the fabulous and exciting adventures of Hwa Mei Ling.

HIGHER EDUCATION FACES THE FUTURE, Edited by Paul Arthur Schilpp; Liv-
eright, \$3.00.

IT SEEMS that we are all about to be thrust into the leisure class. The age of machinery is responsible for that too, just as it is to blame for technological unemployment. Both are manifestations of our new *deus ex machina*. Whether willingly or under protest, we are to work less or not at all and our proper problem is to discover what to do with our newly gained free time. Professor Schilpp maintains that "the primary task and function especially of the American college of liberal arts in our day is that of preparing the largest possible number of our citizens for a wise and intelligent use of their leisure time." To the Puritan and pioneer founders of our American colleges, whose histories are summarized in the symposium by President Knoles of the College of the Pacific, such a purpose would seem shocking. They would miss in the definition of higher education a connotation of discipline, seriousness, and strenuousness. But there is a world of saving grace in those adjectives "wise" and "intelligent" even when they are associated with so luxurious a noun as "leisure." The contributors to Professor Schilpp's volume are John Dewey, Alexander Meiklejohn, Hamilton Holt, Sir John Adams, Friedrich Schönmann, Ernest M. Hopkins, George E. Vincent, Abbott Lawrence Lowell, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Ray Lyman Wilbur, and others — in all, twenty essays dealing with a timely subject.

FROM DAY TO DAY, by Ferdynand Goettel; Viking, \$2.50.

It is fortunate that this novel has been singled out by the Literary Guild,



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Books in Brief

for it merits the wide reading which it might not otherwise have had. Goettel, who is one of Poland's foremost modern writers, has achieved the unlikely feat of casting his story in a form which appears to be unique. Stanislaw, a Polish author, sets out to write a novel concerning his experiences as a prisoner of war in Turkestan, where he fell in love with a girl who was the mistress of a lonely farm in the steppes. Contemporaneously with this novel of his past, he writes a diary of present happenings, a moving chronicle of his creative struggles, of his estrangement from his wife, of the small bitter crises of his daily existence. The diary and the novel are closely interwoven, so that one gets a curious double perspective on Stanislaw's inner life, his past and his present. As he goes deeper into the novel, the past preoccupies him more and more and has an increasingly direct influence upon him. Finally past and present meet, and the novel and the diary flow into one narrative. Aside from its technical originality and excellence, *From Day to Day*, has considerable emotional intensity. A strange, absorbing book, it actually penetrates the unrevealing surface layers of Stanislaw and his friends.

OUT OF SOUNDINGS, by H. M. Tomlinson; Harper, \$4.00.

MANY devotees of Tomlinson feel that, despite the excellence of his novels, he is at his inimitable best when he is writing such essays and sketches as are contained in this volume. Perhaps slightly inferior to those earlier miscellanies, *Old Junk* and *London River*, it is nevertheless superb. Tomlinson writes about his experiences in Switzerland and in the Spice Islands, about "Sea-Dogs," about war books, and the talkies, and Thomas Hardy. Throughout a majority of the essays runs the undercurrent of his distrust for mechanization, and his half wistful, half indignant plea for forgotten forms of beauty. Tomlinson is one of the great prose writers of our time. He has the magic touch which makes even fragmentary material significant.

JUAN IN AMERICA, by Eric Linklater; Cape & Smith, \$2.50.

POSSIBLY some Americans will be angered by Mr. Linklater's entertaining book. It will be the sort of anger, though, which should have spent itself years back upon *Main Street* and *Babbitt*. In this latest exploitation of the land of infinite possibility, Juan, the picaresque English hero, meets all the typical Americans: the babbling tourists; the putty-faced gunmen; the campus cut-ups, including the bovine football coach and those shy lads, the graduate students, recently mentioned

by Dr. Abraham Flexner, who think deeply about the Gothic alphabet, the Occurrence of Bound and Free Water in Raw Roast Beef, the Incidence of the Mealy Bug in Oklahoma, and other subjects equally as significant; the female acrobat who warbles an aria from *Madame Butterfly* while swinging upside down on a trapeze, and reads *How to Think* when sitting upright at home; Republican and Democratic politicians; Negro mummies; Southern colonels; ex-governors; bootleggers; the mad people of Hollywood; great aunts; lunch wagoners; and assorted ladies who play hob with the proprieties. Mr. Linklater tells his story amusingly, robustly, and, for the most part, caustically. He probably meant to stir our indignation with the point of his nice sharp pen, but failed. We are too used to "Red" Lewis, on and off the literary stage, and H. L. Mencken, his tribe, and all their diatribes to become exercised over another satire on American civilization, even when it is as well written as *Juan in America*.

MY EXPERIENCES IN THE WORLD WAR, by General John J. Pershing; Stokes, 2 vols., \$10.00.

THE stupendous task of organizing the American army in France never has been properly appreciated by civilians. General Pershing's book is impressive in its picture of the vastness of the undertaking and the thoroughness with which it was performed. His unswerving determination to put an American army in the field as a separate unit in spite of the, at times, violent opposition of the French, British, and Italians is particularly striking. The story is a direct, clear-cut account of the war, not as the hero of a war novel sees it, but behind the scenes at headquarters where all the important decisions were made. Much of it is dramatic, showing the human side of the general, and there are numerous interesting sidelights on Foch, Clemenceau, and others.

GRAND HOTEL, by Vicki Baum; Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50.

SINCE *Grand Hotel* first became known in this country by its production in play form both here and abroad, it is a little difficult to judge it as a novel without being influenced by the dramatized form. No doubt its theatricality would not be so evident—if at all—had its entrance not been made upon the stage. Suffice it to say that this story of the man who had only a brief time to live and came to the big city to end his days, of the seething life of a large hotel and the many plots, comic and tragic, being worked out within its walls, makes absorbing reading.

The **F O R U M**

A N N O U N C E S

A FIVE-YEAR PLAN



FOR AMERICA

CHARLES A. BEARD has been commissioned by THE FORUM to study the existing economic and social situation in this country and devise a plan which will make possible a coördinated effort on the part of the government and industries of the United States to pull us out of the despair of the present break-down. His report will be of national importance.

THE HEADS of our government and the captains of our industries, who professed to have the situation so well in hand two years

ago, are now wringing their hands and doing nothing. They confess their impotence.

THE FORUM prides itself on having induced Dr. Beard to take the lead in this, the first concrete attempt to work out a practical scheme of reconstruction. No man has a wider knowledge, a deeper insight, or a saner perspective where American social problems are concerned. We are prepared to back whatever proposals Dr. Beard may make on the basis of his study.

CHARLES A. BEARD'S FIVE-YEAR PLAN WILL APPEAR IN THE JULY ISSUE



From a drypoint etching by Will Dyson

Courtesy of the Ferargil Galleries

“WELL, well, well, one lives and learns, one lives and learns”



How You Have Changed!

by **ANDRÉ MAUROIS**

IT HAS so happened that two separate trips to your country have given me the opportunity to observe the behavior of the American people in time of prosperity and in time of depression. The differences which I have found are sufficiently remarkable to justify a commentary and an attempt to deduce from them certain general laws concerning the economic behavior of crowds.

The first American characteristic which impressed a foreigner before the crash was an extraordinary confidence in the future. Almost all the Americans whom one met had, in the years between 1922 and 1928, been successful in whatever they had undertaken. If they were business men, they would quote their production figures, which had often been doubled or tripled. If they were laborers or office employees, their wages or their salaries had increased. Even if they were novelists, the sale of their books ran into figures which, to a European, seemed astronomical. All, or almost all, of them played the market, had "a friend who had tipped them off about a stock." This stock had soared — all stocks had soared —

and they were contemplating, next summer, a trip to Europe. Life was glorious.

When an entire mass of humanity strongly experiences optimism of this kind, the isolated member of the mass who attempts to combat optimism is considered as a traitor. This is quite natural. Optimism is an agreeable emotion. It was the more so, in America's case, because it extended even to the lower classes, so that the rich could abandon themselves to it without uneasiness and without remorse. If certain sagacious men endeavored to recall to mind patent (only too patent) economic laws, to demonstrate that the prices which had been reached were such that the whole credit of the world could not support them, to evoke the memory of former depressions — if they did this, the public at once became indignant.

"All that has been changed," people said. "We are entering on a new era. High wages, combined with mass production, will permit man to climb to the heavens of prosperity." To speak of prudence, of sober reflection, was treason. If thinking led to doubt, then thinking

was criminal. In the colleges, in those days, the man who reflected was held to be dangerous by the average student. Sport reigned as absolute master, for sport prevents one from thinking. The will to optimism would brook no contradiction.

The happy consequence of this optimism was a magnificent and universal generosity. I had then observed the "charity drives" in the small towns. People contributed not only with ready kindness but almost voluptuously. There was a sort of dizzy and powerful pleasure in hurling away the money which mounted, floodlike, around each American, faster than he could spend it. Universities, hospitals, reconstruction of European cities — all had their share in this largesse. Spending was the great national sport. People sought out new commodities so that they might have the chance to buy them. It was the period when manufacturers created desires in the public, made them "motor conscious," "radio conscious." It was not difficult to create such wants. Men asked, at that time, for nothing better than a chance to desire something. The "stimulus," publicity, produced automatically the "response," purchase. Like pessimism, thrift would have been considered a crime.

II

NATURALLY the politicians and the business men who happened to be in power at the moment enjoyed the benefits of that popularity which always attaches to success. A victorious general is one who is present on the day of a great victory. "Love," said Spinoza, "is joy accompanied by the idea of an external cause." When a country is happy, it loves its leaders. Calvin Coolidge was the strategist beloved of the gods in this battle without an

adversary. The prophets of Wall Street were treated with an almost religious respect. They predicted a rise, and the rise occurred. Surely, then, they were true prophets. It was the time when everyone was immediately acclaimed who said to the American people: "We have more locomotives, more automobiles, more Frigidaires per capita than any other nation in the world." I remember that in those days I heard a preacher read production statistics in the pulpit in order to prove the benevolence of God.

A prosperous country never wants state intervention in private business. America was, at the time of my first visit, the least Socialistic country on earth. No unemployment laws, as in England or Germany. No regulations concerning officeholders, no workers' retreats as in France. The individual was too successful for it to be necessary to protect him. If he had fears for the future, innumerable substantial insurance companies were ready to negotiate with him. Keyserling, writing in those days about the United States, was obliged to coin the word "privatism" to express the extreme economic individualism of America in 1928.

This prosperity gave rise to sentiments of indifference, and often of contempt, with regard to Europe. Indifference, because American prosperity appeared to be independent of European prosperity. The people of the United States had adequate resources to consume ninety per cent of their own production. They felt that Europe was dependent upon them, while they were able to stand alone. Contempt, because Europe seemed incapable of understanding the elementary truths which had given America happiness. Why did she not do away with her absurd little frontiers? Why did she not practice the policy of high wages?

Europe had tried hard in certain industries (the automobile industry in France, the shoe industry in Czechoslovakia, the electrical industry in Germany) to adopt American methods of production but, without high wages, she lacked consumers. In those days an American of the Babbitt type (and this was the time of the maximum diffusion of Babbitts) could never speak to a European without reading him a lecture, like a grown man



moralizing to a child. The result was that the European, offended, would curse American arrogance and fail to perceive the charming qualities of generosity and trustfulness which accompanied that arrogance.

Finally, the visitor would discover in the America of those days a small and rather unhappy group of rebels who were attempting vainly to react against the optimism of the mob. The mob treated them very badly and, as often happens, repression made them more violent. One would see them in the colleges, combating the more decorous attire of the conventional with collars picturesquely open at the throat in the manner of Shelley or Byron. All thoughtful opinion took the form of defiance. Opposition was bitter, satirical rather than constructive. Morals were free, but they lacked any deeper liberty, any of that natural and spontaneous realism which one finds, for example, in the heroes of Guy de Maupassant. Actions were bold, but hearts remained Puritan. In the sexual as in the intellectual life of the country, people became rebels through defiance rather than through sincere conviction.

Another and a more hidden bond linked sexual freedom with economic prosperity. This was the need for "excitement" which wealth necessarily engenders. The connection is easily explained. A man who is accustomed to satisfy every desire at the very moment when he experiences it becomes incapable of filling his life with those prolonged expectations which are the basis of true passions: the long-cherished hope of money which, in Balzac, produces a Père Grandet, the hope of love which produces a Madame Bovary. Such a man requires a continuous succession of powerful impressions. Rapidity of change replaces intensity of desire. It is one of the greatest threats to happiness which prosperity holds.

Such was approximately the behavior of *Homo Americanus* as far as it was open to the observation of an alien naturalist traversing, in 1927, the Eastern section of the continent.

III

THE SAME naturalist, returning to New York in 1931, is surprised, on watching the

conduct of the "subjects" he studied four years ago and listening to their talk, to discover to how great an extent the depression has transformed them.

I shall commence by making a purely surface observation. Around Christmas, 1927, I made a tour of the New York shops. I did the same in December 1930. The difference was almost incredible. A certain big store in which, in 1927, it was impossible to secure a salesgirl was, at the close of 1930, practically empty. The clerks hung about listlessly and scarcely a customer was seen in the long, deserted aisles. A certain husband of my acquaintance who, in 1927, had given his wife a fine piece of jewelry brought her a small, cheap gift which he would not have dared to show her four years earlier. A certain family which, I happen to know, goes to Paris every winter is economizing this year and eliminating the trip.

However, and it is to make this essential point concerning behavior in time of depression that I have allowed myself these trivial observations, the majority of people whose changed actions I have examined have no real need of economizing. Many of them have lost nothing. All, or almost all, are still, despite their losses, extremely rich people — far richer than the majority of Europeans. Why, then, did they hesitate to make an expenditure, which to them meant nothing, of ten dollars, of a hundred dollars? For two reasons.

In the first place their confidence in the future had been impaired. At least for the time being the depression has destroyed American optimism. Before the crash it was easy, by applying the proper stimulus, to arouse the American desire to buy. Now the stimulus must be much stronger if it is to awake the same response. A new desire has been born, instead, which was formerly completely unknown in America. It is the desire for security.

There is an old proverb: "A burnt child dreads the fire." The man who has lost his fortune through a bad investment is wary of *all* investments. In 1927, American taxicab drivers were forever talking to me about the money they intended to spend. One of them said to me then: "I'm going to Paris, but I'm





waiting until I have three thousand dollars because I want to travel first class." In 1931 the same man was discussing with horror the failure of the Bank of the United States and was talking, with a lively interest, about the safely controlled government savings banks. If there is still anything which, at this moment, can easily be sold to the American people, that thing is *security*. There the lightest "stimulus" immediately provokes the "response."

But why should there be hoarding on the part of the rich, who have no occasion for any real anxiety concerning the security of their future? Because, when an entire mass of humanity strongly experiences pessimism and uneasiness, the isolated member of the mass who parades his well-being is considered as a traitor. Just as in Europe, during the war, families who had lost one of their members (or who were afraid of losing one) viewed with a quite natural feeling of irritation the tranquillity of those who were out of disaster's way, so the American mob which has been injured by the depression is incapable of having sympathy for him who has escaped its effects. The human animal is very sensitive to mob sentiment, and reacts to it very quickly. The quality which we call tact is nothing more than this rapid and wordless perception of feelings hidden from other men. It is through tact, through shame, and through an instinctive prudence that the very richest, these days, make a pretense of being in hard straits. There is a certain pleasure in suffering with the mob and shame, on the contrary, in enjoying prosperity alone.

This psychological explanation is so true that

it has been well recognized by the publicity agents who are struggling to combat it by showing that patriotism, public interest, and the welfare of the working classes demand that people should spend. I have seen numerous propaganda films in New York, designed to prove to the public that the man who invests his money instead of spending it merits the contempt of the crowd. These films, however, produce little effect. Only when the wealthy classes begin to feel that the purchasing power of the poor is again normal will they themselves have the feeling of being able to spend without remorse.

IV

THIS NEED for giving oneself the illusion of having done something to help the masses has assumed, during the recent depression, dangerously sentimental forms. I must admit that I was shocked at the spectacle of those ten thousand apple sellers on the street corners of New York. It was not a remedy for unemployment. It was the illusion of a remedy. The unemployed became beggars disguised as merchants. Their patrons were given, for a nickel, the agreeable illusion of generosity and of having contributed toward healing the national malady. In reality they had done nothing and, for the most part, they came far from furnishing the unemployment fund with a contribution proportionate to their means. Consequently it was vicious psychology which permitted them to acquire an easy conscience for so small a sum. The idea of salvation through apples was a survival of the sentimental optimism which flourished in America before the crash.

Happily for America, this optimism has given way to a spirit more critical, more objective, and more sane. The depression has restored intelligence to its rightful place. People have discovered that in order to conduct big business properly one must be something more than "a good fellow." They are beginning to examine rigorously reputations and assertions which used to be taken for granted. The first time the Wall Street prophets proclaimed the end of the depression, people were tempted to believe them — an old habit acquired in days of prosperity. When the first prophecy was not realized, the American public was astonished; when the second proved to be false,

it laughed; with the third, it became indignant. Now, as soon as the pseudo prophets open their mouths, the average American shrugs his shoulders and Will Rogers, the humorist, begs the big economists to cease predicting the return of prosperity because, he says, "it will bring us bad luck."

An intelligent skepticism is abroad. When an orator tells Americans nowadays, "You are the happiest nation on earth because you have so many locomotives, trucks, and radios," the Americans turn wearily aside. The politicians who have the misfortune to be in power in times of depression are held responsible for the public ills. A defeated general is one who is present on the day of a great defeat. Mr. Robert Marshall has shown that presidential elections in the United States depend on the rainfall. This is natural. Drought means poor crops. Poor crops and ailing business create general discontent and political reversals.

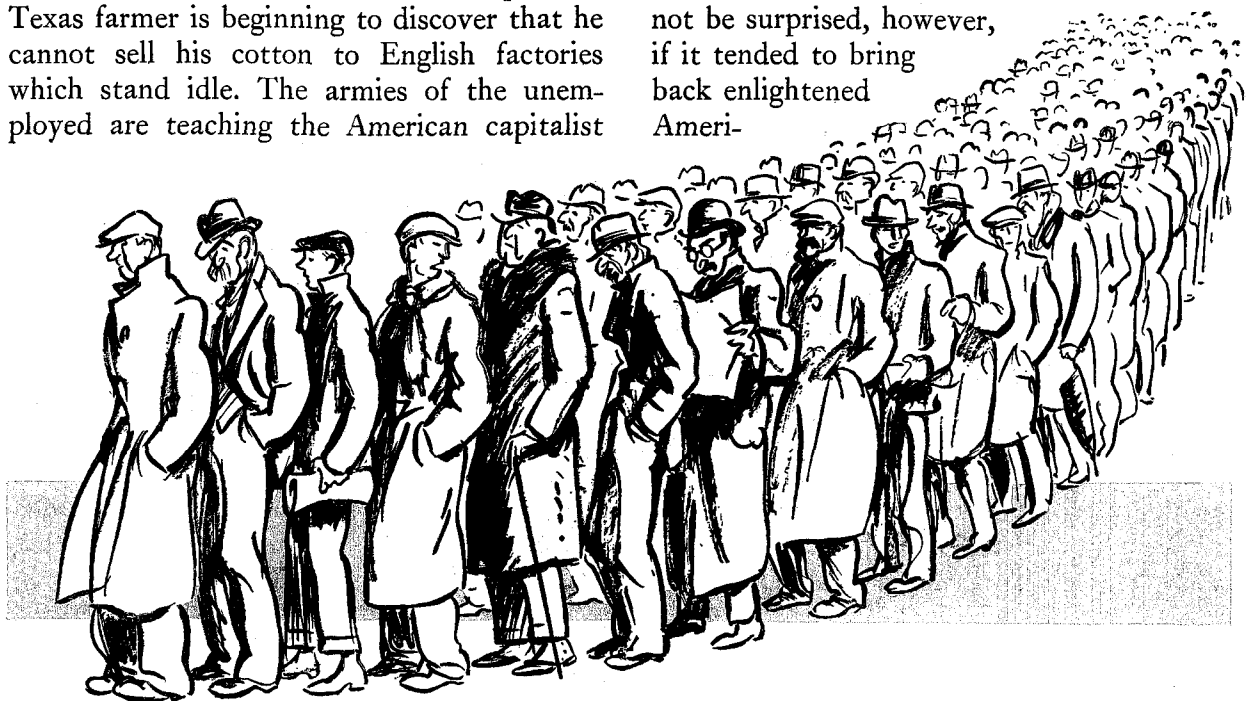
In times of depression the individual, his safety threatened, seeks the support of the mob. The power of the state increases because everyone wants to be protected. During the past year the United States, an individualistic country, has instituted agricultural Socialism for its farmers. On all sides the most intelligent business men are clamoring for regulation of production. Some of them are even asking that this regulation should be international. Indifference and contempt have given place to a lively interest in the affairs of Europe. The Texas farmer is beginning to discover that he cannot sell his cotton to English factories which stand idle. The armies of the unemployed are teaching the American capitalist

that Bolshevism in Europe would have a serious effect upon himself.

The Senate in Washington is still very far from understanding that it is to the true interest of America to join the League of Nations and aid in guaranteeing the peace of the world, but nevertheless the depression has started America on the road toward understanding with Europe. One might add that Europe, since the depression, is much more in sympathy with America. Nations, like individuals, need to feel that their sufferings are shared.

What has been the effect of the depression on the small group of rebels whom we observed in 1927? It seems to have brought them into closer contact with the mob. More accurately, it is the masses who have drawn nearer to this group. They are commencing to see that the rebels were right in saying that there is something else in human life besides material prosperity. Having less money for the feverish pursuit of pleasure, they are drifting toward cultural satisfactions. Naturally what I have just said is as yet true only of a picked group but, in the Eastern universities for example, one no longer finds the young intellectuals despised by the athletic element. The rule now seems to be, "Live and let live." As a result, the intellectual has ceased to be a rebel in order to become more constructive.

Finally, it is too soon to tell what the general effects of the depression have been on sexual behavior. I should not be surprised, however, if it tended to bring back enlightened Ameri-



cans toward a more traditional way of life, if only for economic reasons. Alimony and frequent divorce are the diversions of people who have an excess of available income.

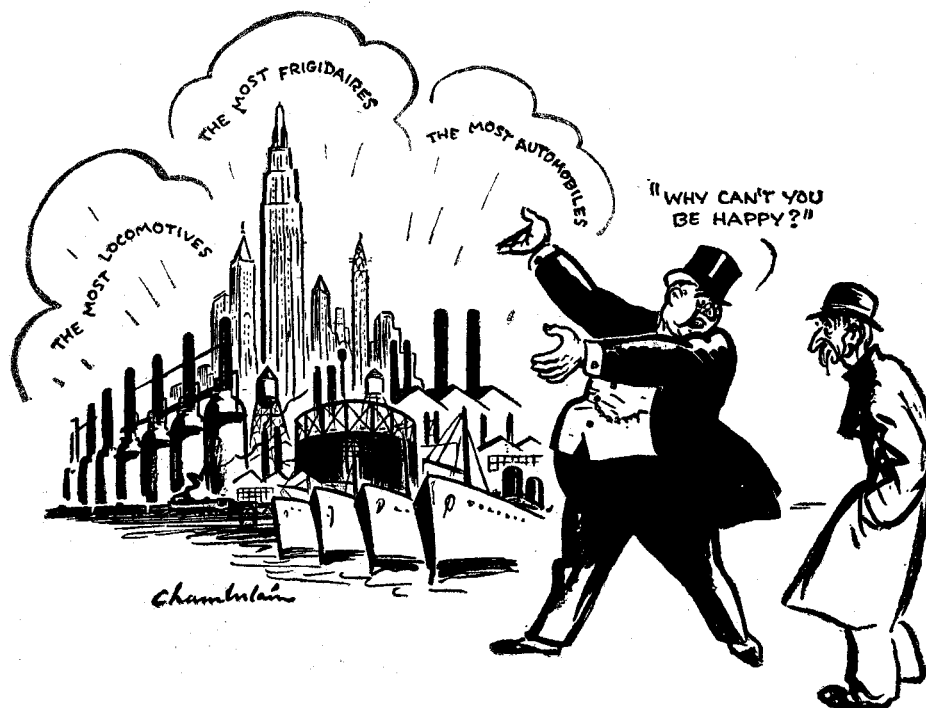
V

IT IS apparent, on many counts, that the depression, in changing the "stimulus," has transformed the "responses" of *Homo Americanus*. In my opinion, this transformation has been all for the better. The depression has given America wisdom and maturity. It remains to inquire whether the effects will be lasting.

I believe that one should not be too hopeful. The experiences which produce profound changes in us are those which are repeated often enough to become habits. The child learns to walk and eat because he does these things every day. A solitary experience teaches nothing. Now the great economic depressions have always, in the past, been separated by periods of prosperity lasting seven, eight, or ten years. It is an interval sufficiently long to permit forgetfulness. Even the experience of war, which is much more terrible and much more important, always seems to be forgotten by humanity after a generation. Who remembers to-day all the sage reflections which were roused in our fathers by the panics of 1876, of 1893, of 1907, of 1921?

It is likely that a wave of prosperity and wealth will succeed the actual depression. Perhaps it will sweep away all the new wisdom of America. Men, however, throughout the ages, have learned certain lessons. I should be surprised if what has been gained during the past three years were entirely lost. America has aged and matured since 1929. A young country, she has arrived at that fine and difficult age when, for nations as for individuals, the responsibilities of maturity succeed the optimistic dreams of childhood and the rebellious pessimism of adolescence. She will still go through (and we with her) crises similar to the present one. Her friends hope that she will face each of them a little wiser and a little better prepared.

A rat, brought after a long interval of time to a box of food which he has learned to open, seems at first to have forgotten his past training, but the observer soon discovers that, despite appearances, the animal remembers, and the proof is that he presently finds, more rapidly than the first time, the proper mode of entry into the box. Humanity is like an immortal animal which a powerful and invisible experimenter confronts, every ten or twelve years, with the complicated mechanism of economic crises. It is probable that, despite its apparent folly, it will not wholly forget the experience of the past.



The Legion on a Spree

by MARGARET DE F. DOTY

THAT YEARLY regurgitation of the World War known as the American Legion Annual National Convention will take place in Detroit this September, at which time 100,000 Legionnaires will invade the city with a whoop that will ring in the ears of Detroiters for months to come. These jolly lads, who consider themselves a choice sample of America's civilization and the trustees of its destiny, will be out for a good time, and their conception of a good time is the epitome of fictional Paris furloughs on a mob basis. Detroit will emerge bottle-scarred and Legion weary.

The Legion completely outconventions all other conventions. Elks, Moose, Shriners, Odd Fellows, K.C.'s, Knights Templar, Rotarians, and Hoo Hoos — all periodically convene to combine business with frolic, to accomplish their serious purposes and throw a party at the same time. But not one of them has ever had a reunion that could compare with the Legion's, which is by far the lushest example of that peculiarly American contribution to the fiestas of the world. There have been twelve progressively bigger, noisier, more elaborate, and more significant ones so far, and in between times the forty-eight departments practice up on state meetings. Although Detroit, a notably hospitable city, has swallowed many conventions in its time, when the Legion arrives it may



Drawings by James Daugherty

have the new experience of finding itself swallowed.

For one thing, there are more people at a Legion convention. The tocsin sounding for the 1931 reunion will set in motion the greatest migration ever known to take place within the boundaries of America. By plane, train, boat, and motor, 100,000 persons from all corners of the country will converge upon one spot. The California gold rush, the land runs in Oklahoma were trickles beside this flood of men and women. It is as if

the whole city of El Paso were to be suddenly dumped into Detroit for four days.

Furthermore, when these reminiscent veterans get together there is an atmosphere of romanticism and fervor, a stirring of emotional patriotism lacking in other national extravaganzas. Old buddies who went through danger side by side relive their adventures and weep in their cups over the men who are gone. The ones who never got to France have heard these tales so many times they feel they must have been there, too. The shoe clerk from Sandusky, the tailor from Yakima, the iron smelter from Pittsburg, and the grocer from Montpelier forget the humdrum routine of their post-war years and re-create the incredible thrill life once gave them. The banker from Baton Rouge, the whisk broom manufacturer from Omaha, the codfish man from New Bedford are

care-free boys again. They cut loose. Rum and rowdiness are taboo the rest of the year at home — but they're in the army now! all over again.

Legion week has been described as being like Mardi Gras week, Mafeking Night, the Fourth of July, and New Year's Eve merged into one. *The American Legion Monthly* has called it the most representative pageant of America. Actually, it is the greatest carousal to be seen outside the movies.

PREPARING FOR THE PARTY

DETROIT can never say that the rôle of host to this amazing party was thrust upon her. Cities vie with each other for the opportunity — and Detroit was no exception. She sent her initial invitation in 1926, when the Legion was holding forth at San Antonio, but it never came to a vote, possibly because her emissary, Cyrus Vandercroy, had to be taken to the hospital with concussion of the brain soon after he arrived. An unidentified man walked into his hotel room and hit him over the head with a blackjack.

Detroit was undaunted. Patiently, year after year, she sent delegates armed with banners and certified checks to guarantee her urgent hospitality. Her ambassadors plunged into the whirlpool of internal Legion politics. They huddled with men from other cities in hotel lobbies in Philadelphia, Paris, and Louisville; when they found a group campaigning in behalf of the claims of a favorite hero for the post of National Commander, they prudently exchanged votes for mogul for votes for Convention City. Last year, in Boston, the loyal sons were crowned with the laurels of success. When the editorial board of the *Harvard Crimson* heard the news, it shouted, "Detroit has been awarded the convention for next year; by God, we hope she's satisfied."

Preparations began at once. No army of Legion proportions and temper

could swoop down and take possession of a city without virtually sacking it unless careful plans had been laid to take care of the horde. Since 1928 it has been necessary to create a National Convention Corporation to handle details. Hardly have the hangovers from one convention worn away when the corporation for the next one is formed, and goes to work in a businesslike manner. This has been found also to be a practical way of preventing the recurrence of difficulties such as arose in Paris and in San Antonio, when the preparations were made by men who, though willing, were amateurs. Complaints were so numerous and criticisms so scorching of the France Convention Committee that on the fourth day of the Paris conclave, in 1927, the National Commander had to appoint a special committee of nine members to investigate them.

The next year in San Antonio things were worse. There the American Legion Convention Bureau went bankrupt. Colonel W. B. Tuttle, chairman of the Distinguished Guests Committee, in discussing the several thousand dollar deficit which included \$2500 still owed to the city on a \$5000 debt for special police, said, "The Bureau doesn't know how much it is in the hole." Moreover, a former national committeeman of the Legion charged that open gambling was permitted in a downtown hotel room that had been donated for Legion use. He said the gambling had been seen by Governor



Moody, of Texas, and other dignitaries, and stated wrathfully that the local post did not permit this gambling and wanted to fix the responsibility. The case was laid before a District Court Grand Jury. Three months later that body of peers augustly reported, "We were unable to find where any money had been paid by or to any person for alleged privilege of gambling." Nevertheless, the Legion dislikes having its wake so strongly tinged with scandal.

The president of the 1930 National Convention Corporation (Inc.) was an excessively Legion-spirited advertising man of Boston who devoted almost all his time for a year (no doubt at the expense of his business) to supervising the arrangements. He organized 3618 men into 179 committees and sub-committees to help him, and in November paid them a tribute as "the finest Comrades we ever knew in our lives, who have worked untiringly and unceasingly since the first of January." What is more, they labored willingly; and all the time they knew exactly what kind of a free-for-all it was to be.

The 1931 National Convention Corporation in Detroit is equally enterprising. Its executive vice-president went on the job October 20, 1930, a month before the Legion as a whole had given Detroit the accolade, and a year before the date set for the convention. Delegates returning from Boston had hardly unpacked their bags before he began recruiting his army of assistants and parceling them into

committees. By early spring over three hundred men were working hard and they expected to draft some 3700 more; beacons were burning in the corporation's offices; bells were ringing; and official and business Detroit had begun to chant, in the enthusiastic pitch set by the heralds' publicity tuning fork, "The Legion is coming, Oh-ho, Oh-ho!"

The transportation committee assured themselves that the veterans would get their usual rate of one cent a mile on the junket, found out how many special Pullmans would be available for charter, and with the help of the proper authorities meticulously plotted routes from every conceivable tributary town. The housing committee inquired into the rates and capacity of 150 Detroit hotels — not to mention those in Windsor across the river — and found possible living quarters to suit the purse of every Legionnaire. The parade committee, accompanied by the chief of the fire department, a deputy superintendent of police, and other advisory officials, surveyed the boulevards, avenues, and business thoroughfares, fire department routes and safety zones to trace a line of march for the parade.

The art committee, the traffic committee, the publicity committee have been working for months. The entertainment committee is growing tight-lipped and frowning as it concentrates on a hilarious program of fun. The ever-increasing number of wives coming with their

husbands to convention has changed the entertainment somewhat in recent years, and also removed a few of the problems that used to beset a host city. House detectives are not summoned nearly so often now to dissuade the merry lads from breaking down a door which has banged shut on a pair of pretty ankles.

All the hotel men and all the bootleggers, all the downtown merchants, the railway officials, the mayor and the governor, the army men at Camp Custer, and a



lot of people in Windsor are jubilantly preparing for the gathering of the clan. Reporters are polishing their gaudiest adjectives, and it is more than likely that the police department, looking forward to a pleasant holiday when the city is given over to this organization which says one of its purposes is "to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses," has mimeographed beforehand its statement whitewashing the Legionnaires.

They all realize that this honor will not be without profit to their native city, both in publicity and in cash. Arousing interest in their own affair, the Legion will advertise Detroit in news stories throughout the country for weeks. And business men confidently expect the Legionnaires to spend between eight and ten million dollars during their four day stay. Naturally, these anticipations go down smoothly.

EX-SOLDIERS AT PLAY

THERE IS, however, additional profit of even more permanent value which Detroit's citizens might derive from the spectacle, if they were so minded, for they are to have an excellent chance to see, in recreation and in expansive mood, a group of men who are taking their duties as voters seriously and are doing a great deal toward influencing the financial and political policies of this country.

Fourteen years ago these men were considered the flower of the nation's youth. They were the strongest and sanest of America's young men. Now this hand-picked civilian army has grown to maturity; its members are in the prime of life and form the backbone of our national body. It is true that not all war veterans are on the Legion's roster, but the 800,000 of them who are constitute the sagacious ones who believe that old American maxim that in union is strength, and put it into practice with astonishing success.

Detroiters will have only to read reports in the papers of the convention speeches to be

convinced of their guests' significance. Dwight F. Davis, then Secretary of War, told the tenth convention, "I believe that the American Legion is to become one of the great powers in this country, one with a great influence on the public opinion." General Pershing once told them, "You ought to be proud of the achievement and we are proud of the achievement of the Legion during the past year. . . . Albeit, the report sounded a little bit like a report of the progress of the Government during the past year."

This would seem to be an interesting and powerful group, acquaintance with which might greatly help in understanding the trend of American thought. And there is no quicker way of knowing a man than by observing what he thinks is fun. Conventions are the Legionnaires' idea of fun. Nothing proves it so conclusively as the remarks made by Alton T. Roberts, executive vice-president of the 1931 Convention Corporation, expatiating on the glories of the one he is helping to plan.

"We are expecting the largest Convention ever held by any organization, anywhere, at any time," he said. "We think Detroit offers more in the way of opportunities to put on the most notable convention ever perpetrated than any city in the country." He didn't explain whether he was referring to the size and beauty of the city or to its proximity to Canada, just across the border, but he seems to feel that the rest of the Legion-



naires agree with him, for he went on to say, "We are preparing to house 80,000 people. The minimum number in the parade will be 100,000, and that estimate was made before the Adjusted Compensation Loan Bill was passed. This loan law is going to increase our attendance by thousands. Lots of men are going to make these loans, to come to the Convention, who wouldn't do so for any other purpose."

For any taxpayer who may have been in the dark as to just why it was so imperative that Congress should not adjourn without raising the loan value of the adjusted compensation

certificates, this authoritative statement should provide a broad ray of light. It seems amply to justify Mr. Roberts' further comment: "We are . . . cocky enough to think we are going to show the country the most extraordinary convention ever held." Doubtless they are.

A day or two before the actual opening date, the horde starts pouring in. State delegations often come by special train, and as soon as they have found the rooms reserved for them their respective bands hastily unpack instruments and go out to do a little impromptu parading. Or else a few gay enthusiasts saunter forth to give more individual notice that their state has arrived. City ears are perhaps more startled by the Poo-i-gg-ee of Nebraska's champion hog callers than by the Wyoming cow-boys' habit of shooting their way into the hearts of their hosts with six guns fired in the air.

Railway yards begin to fill up with Pullmans, closely parked, which have been chartered to bring several thousands of veterans to convention and house them while there. This year several more thousands are planning to use lake boats the same way.

Almost overnight the convention city is completely changed. There are Welcome Buddies signs on department stores, hardware stores, and mortuary establishments. The streets are festooned with colored lights in elaborate design. Flags fly from every flagpole. And everywhere, slapping each other on the back in lobbies, roistering down the street arm in arm, with gay caps on their heads, are the exuberantly boisterous Legionnaires.

After the comparatively small third convention they themselves said, "Kansas City lost its identity from Friday, October 28, to the same day a week later, because of the presence of the members of the American Legion."

By midnight of the day before the first meeting, each hotel, regardless of capacity or rates, is bulging. Halls, corridors, and lobbies take care of the overflow on cots, 20,000 of which are lent by the government in this as in any other national emergency. Some hardy ex-soldiers sprawl sleeping without intervention of cots.

Early next morning the annual national convention of the American Legion is called to order by the National Commander. An invocation, pronounced by the National Chaplain,



sanctifies the imminent orgy. The colors are advanced to music by one of the many available hands, some diva sings "The Star Spangled Banner," and the jamboree acquires an aura of patriotism. The governor makes a welcoming address and so do other state notables, indicating that the Legion's trespasses will be forgiven. The convention is in full swing.

There are reports from the various national committees, both those in charge of the organization's internal affairs and those that have been entrusted with furthering the ambitious program which the Legion as a moral force for good adopted the previous year. Sandwiched between them are encouraging speeches by this personage and that: Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the president of the A. F. or L., the Secretary of War or of the Navy, generals and admirals, foreign and domestic — a staff usually headed by General Pershing, and very often the President himself. Last year both Hoover and Coolidge ennobled the spree.

These speeches vary from serious advice as to what measures the Legion should endorse to simple expressions of gratification at being present. Now and then they take the form of inspirational talks on patriotism, of which type perhaps the most engaging was delivered some time ago in New Orleans by one General Dinkins. He said, "Wherever a high-bred American girl is seen, whether in her own land or in other countries, she creates for herself an atmosphere of admiration which no other girl can imitate. Fresh, witty, beautiful, carrying her head as the lily stem supports the flower, breathing the warmth of a day in June, when nature has fulfilled her highest promise, she is more inspiring than a thousand songs and

as bewitching as a red bird tangled in the vines of a wilderness of roses."

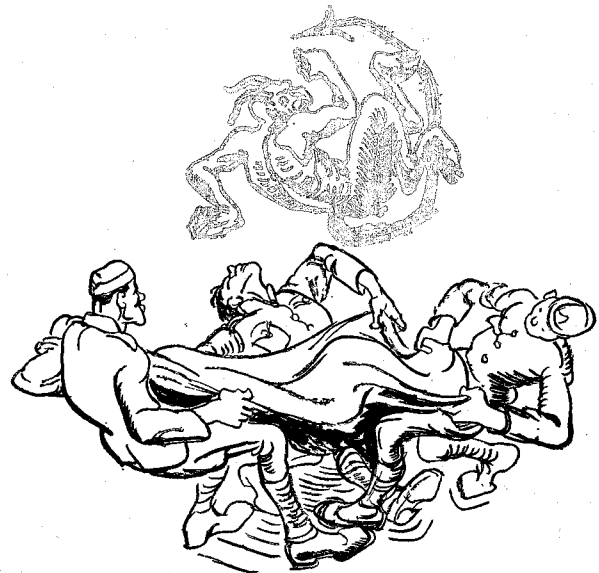
At one time or another during the business sessions trophies are awarded; medals, flags, and gavels are presented. The Legion now has three gavels. One of native Nebraska walnut, accompanied by a replica of the Liberty Bell, was presented by the Department of Nebraska at the Philadelphia convention. Another year an Alaska post gave an ivory one, saying "This gavel is made of the ivory tusk of a walrus, the horn of the wild mountain sheep; the case is made of native spruce and the skin of the seal. The whole represents the skill and labor of my fellow Legionnaires of the Valdez Post of Valdez, Alaska. Alaska is strong as hell for the Legion."

The last to be received by the Legion was the Daniel Boone Tree gavel, which proved to be less a gavel than a bone of contention. It was presented by Department Commander Simms of Tennessee, who said it was made from the wood of a tree that had stood in some county of his state until about five years before, upon which the famous trapper had carved the words, "D. Boone cilled a bar, 1760." Commander Simms declared that the sturdiness of the gavel and its workmanship typified the spirit of the Legion and the durability of the spirit of the pioneer of Tennessee. Whereupon a Kentucky delegate jumped to his feet and asserted that the tree had stood in Kentucky, not Tennessee. Whereupon a delegate from Virginia rose to say that at the time Boone shot that bear there was neither Kentucky nor Tennessee, but all was in the commonwealth of Virginia.

WHOOPEE!

FOR THE GREAT majority, however, voicing the "Aye" which results in America's spending several hundred million dollars in the coming year is a mere formality. The real business of the convention is hell-raising. Upon the adjournment of executive session each afternoon, the veterans flock out on the streets again to devote themselves to serious drinking and revelry.

Liquor plays as conspicuous a part at Legion conventions as at any others — even more so, unsympathetic critics contend. After the evacuation of Boston, an editorial writer on the *Harvard Crimson* said bitterly, "it was merely an excuse for a wholesale brawl, exceeding in



its disgusting completeness any similar spectacle which the United States has to offer. Even Boston . . . has seen fit to allow a total relaxation of law and order during the stay in the Hub of the 'buddies' of the Legion, those glorious Americans who fought, the slogan says, to make the world safe for democracy, and who have come back to raise hell annually so no one can forget it." F. A. High, speaking of the convention he saw in Omaha, said, "There never has been a time in the history of the city when vice has been more rampant and law less regarded."

The Legion objects to these as unfair views and explains that the only difference between them and other habitual conventioners is that Legionnaires are frank — they do their drinking in the lobby. Complaints that whisky from their overturned glasses has eaten holes in the carpet should, they feel, be referred to the local bootleggers. And the fact that they subscribe to the traditional method of disposing of empty bottles should be cause for alarm only to hotel cats that might be unlucky enough to hurry across the courts and cut their paws on broken glass.

These self-consecrated upholders of the Constitution also deny the report that several of them die of acute alcoholism each year when they foregather, and refute the claim that there were twenty such unfortunates in 1931 by digging out the Boston death statistics which showed that two old, old gentlemen, indigenous to the town, alone shared the misfortune of drinking themselves to the grave during convention week.

However there is always plenty of liquor flowing; and although Detroit bootleggers may not hawk their wares on the street corners as their confreres are said to have done on Boston Common, they are being counted on to do a good job. Louis J. Giffels, Publicity Director for the 1931 Convention Corporation, replied to an inquiry, "You ask what the bootleggers are preparing to do; well, they never have failed us in the past, and I think by Convention time they will have the situation well in hand."

The Canadians in Windsor are planning further help. Every hour of the four days and nights busses will be shuttled over the international bridge and through the tunnel at five or ten minute intervals for the convenience of Legionnaires. Windsor hopes that almost all of them will take advantage of this at one time or another, and estimates that they will probably spend an average of fifteen dollars each when they come. This would mean that each veteran would take an average of from seven to fifteen drinks a day just in Canada, which should certainly cast a rosy glow over the convention.

It seems more than a coincidence that most of the cities chosen to entertain the Legion have either been on a border or notably wet; Cleveland, New Orleans, St. Paul, San Francisco, San Antonio, Paris, of course, Louisville, Boston, and now Detroit.

The Legionnaires' irrepressible prankishness doubtless will be an inspiration to generations of Detroit's high school boys. When the veterans begin playing practical jokes they may interpret rather loosely that part of their constitution which says "For God and country, we associate ourselves . . . to maintain law and order," but they do endeavor "to preserve the memories and incidents of our

association in the Great War" and also, according to their lights, "foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism."

The purportedly original Old Gray Mare used to be brought along in a box car by the Texas state department and was a great favorite in hotel lobbies where she wandered about nibbling potted palms. Last year, in Boston, she was modernized; a baby Austin cruised the Statler corridors. Tales are told of pianos being thrown out of tenth story windows, egg-nogs mixed in bathtubs by ex-members of the flying corps who learned the knack in Scotland, policemen lassoed by Montana experts and dragged slowly through the street behind an automobile. Pillows are ripped up and their contents flung down in feather blizzards. Paper bags full of water burst unexpectedly on the heads of passers-by while in the windows above Legionnaires who have vowed to promote peace and good will on earth roar with delight.

They collect every red lantern in town and snake dance from one hotel to another singing "Mademoiselle from Armentiers," "The Ram of Derbyshire," and other old favorites. Giant firecrackers explode all over town. The veterans are very fond of firecrackers; and they have one grand trick done with a bundle of them set with a slow fuse and placed under a zinc wash-tub; the banging and booming shatter any stupor.

Legionnaires have plenty of space in which to play, for, Mr. Giffels says, the hotels remove some of their furniture. He adds that this is done "with the idea of making room for crowds to gather, rather than because there is any fear of serious damage." But it is a wise precaution any way you look at it.

Legion conventions, having become legendary institutions, have developed their own legendary characters, whose presence is counted on each year, and who wander about followed by gusts of admiring laughter. Herman Meister, self-styled Supreme Guardian of the Mystic Flea, once brought four hundred baby alligators in an alligator-skin bag all the way from Florida and offered one to anyone who would accept. Harry Gardiner thrilled his buddies by



scrambling up the masonry to the very top of Philadelphia's City Hall and taking his stand on the hat brim of William Penn's statue there to get a bird's eye view of the festivities. Whereupon, "Happy" Wintz, the Legion clown, yelled, "How's the air up there?" and convulsed everybody.

"Happy" is always the life of the convention. He is an inveterate convention trotter, and in his grotesque costume and impertinent, burlesque medals has made himself nationally famous bawling wisecracks through a megaphone. He used to be an asbestos worker in El Segundo, California, but by dint of spending one week of his two weeks' vacation each year at the Legion's national convention and the other at the California state meeting, he has now ascended to a niche as radio announcer.

In addition to these harmless pranks that illuminate the human side of the saviors of our nation, a certain amount of rowdiness and even vandalism is committed each year, which, the Legionnaires declare, is always attributable to hoodlums who have no connection whatever with the veterans. Unfortunately the hoodlums seem as addicted to Legion conventions as the members themselves. The organization has passed resolutions deploring them, but it does no good. They shoot crap on the sidewalks, build tremendous bonfires, and occasionally destroy property. Automobiles are tipped over and jounced until their springs give way. Citizens are annoyed by not being able to pass certain corners without first taking a swig of questionable liquor from a five-gallon jug. Rumor says that these objectionable anonymities have committed murder, mayhem, and assorted crimes. But the police, who are notably lenient with veterans, seem so afraid that in the general confusion they might run in a Legionnaire by mistake that an arrest is seldom made.

The politicians in any section are delighted to have the Legion come, and eager to show their friendly coöperation. They know the organization as a staunch and valuable ally, both locally and nationally. Many of them are members, and the convention gives them a marvelous opportunity to entertain and talk shop with their confreres in public life — Legionnaire police commissioners, fire chiefs, mayors, assemblymen, governors, representatives, senators, and higher officials. Untroubled by the shouting and tumult outside their

windows, they are able clearly to perceive which wires it will be profitable to pull at the next election.

The parade climaxes the Legion's annual convention. Early in the morning the departments gather and find their proper places. There once was a yearly squabble over who should march first, but it was adjudicated by a resolution giving preference according to the number of members as compared with the total of those eligible in the respective districts. This device of making front rank in the parade a real honor proves a greater stimulus to membership drives than any trophy.

At ten o'clock in the morning, with a great tootling of bugles and thumping of drums, the first contingent steps out. The streets are lined with spectators; shops are closed for the day. Reviewing stands have been erected at strategic points to provide seats for Gold Star Mothers, for the dignitaries who must sit through it all, and for the thousands of persons who bring their lunches simply because they want to see everything. In Boston it took eight hours for the marchers to pass a given spot. For the parade is tremendous. A hundred thousand people trudge all day and sometimes well into the evening. Army planes swoop through maneuvers and dirigibles sail among the clouds.

There are thousands of bands of all descriptions; the 107-piece bugle and drum corps from Buffalo, the Doodledorfer Band of German musicians from Milwaukee, a trio from Tennessee playing the jug, saw, and saucepan lids. There is a kaleidoscope of color. Gilt trench helmets, Scotch kilts, adaptations of the Zouave fez and swirling red and white capes, bullfighter costumes, purple, orange, green, and magenta uniforms sweep by.

There are cowboys in chaps from Arizona, Indians in war paint from Oklahoma. The Leavenworth, Kansas, post in convict stripes locksteps for a laugh. California brings two truckloads of oranges to throw into the crowd. One *Société de Quarante Hommes et Huit Chevaux* trundles a French box car. Kentucky waves tobacco leaves, and Iowa comes bearing a Dunsany Wood of seven-foot cornstalks.

Scores of women faint and have to be revived at the emergency stations along the line of march. There is applause and repartee from the

side lines. "Happy" Wintz, passing the official reviewing stand, shouts hoarsely, "Look at the Brass Hats, ducking fatigue like they always did." Some of the paraders march briskly and others stumble past waving whisky bottles.

That night bedlam engulfs the town even more completely than before. Tin whistles and horns scream the general mirth. Laughter and shouting wax stronger. Crowds jostle excitedly from one party to another. The Legionnaires, their nervous energy unimpaired, dance in the streets till dawn.

These are the people to whom Detroit will be host, and this is the way they will amuse themselves. The next day Detroit's citizens, wearily tidying their streets and counting the

broken bottles, may feel that they have seen enough of the Legion to satisfy them for a long time. No city has ever entertained the party twice.

The Legionnaires themselves will have departed with profuse thanks. They thought their hosts were princes, the city splendid, the liquor absolutely O.K. They had reckoned that the last convention was the best they ever saw, and of course they are looking forward to the next one, but honestly they never had such a swell time in their lives, and they don't see how it would be possible to improve on it. They enjoyed every minute.

The significant part of it is that they are speaking the exact truth.

Twisting Tammany's Tail

by NORMAN THOMAS

NEW YORK is in for one of its occasional spasms of reform. Anyway the legislative investigation opens up interesting possibilities. The city may be stirring out of the apathy which has made so many moralists mourn and so many cynics rejoice. If, however, we may judge the present by the past, a spasm of reform in New York is likely to be short-lived. It would be well if we are on the verge of it to examine the situation a little more closely than is the custom of our moralists. Among our moralists I would include the various amusing writers who explain Tammany solely in terms of a corrupt but contented urban democracy, and Mr. H. L. Mencken who explains it as the successful recoil to the bluenose Puritan reformer. They have their own ways of telling what New York is. But all of them omit the basic fact that New York is the city where Tammany Hall is the skillful and generally successful broker between the classes with property, power, and privilege and the masses with votes and not much else.

Tammany Hall is the Democratic machine in New York. Technically it rules only in Manhattan, but because of its age and fame the name is often used loosely as I use it here for the closely allied and usually harmonious Democratic machine of the five counties and boroughs in the Greater City. In the Curry-McCooley-Flynn triumvirate (the same being respectively bosses in Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx), Mr. McCooey gets less fame in the press, especially outside New York, than the size of his borough, the compactness of his power, and the zeal of his devotion to his family entitle him. Nevertheless with apologies to him and to Eddie Flynn, boss of the Bronx, secretary of state and political liaison officer for Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, I shall continue for brevity's sake to speak of Tammany in the larger and looser sense of the word.

By the classes in New York I mean not only the fabulous denizens of Wall Street by day and of the narrow lane of Park Avenue by

night; not merely the great, the golden, and the glamorous whom O. O. McIntyre and Walter Winchell make household words in Oshkosh, but all those more considerable groups, by no means all millionaires, who own most of the land and the public utilities of New York.

By the masses I mean that great polyglot assemblage of white collar and overall workers — when they can get jobs — who are the New York for whom and of whom *The New Yorker* is not written. Two-thirds of all New Yorkers have family incomes of less than \$2500 annually; one third less than \$1500. In a city of millionaires, where apartments are known to rent for \$75,000 annually, a million and a half of these masses still live in tenements the like of which it has been illegal for a generation to build.

These definitions and what I am going to say about the things I have defined apply to New York. With changes in detail rather than of principle they apply with equal force to the people, the political machines, and the governments of Chicago, Philadelphia, and not a few of our smaller cities. In short, I am concerned for a more adequate explanation of the failure not alone of New York but of our urban democracies in general than is suggested by cynical, satiric, or what-will-you stories about the follies of our people and their delight in the vulgar showmanship of Bill Thompson or the wise-cracks of Jimmie Walker.

TAMMANY — THE THIEVING STEWARD

 RECENT WRITER, Mr. Alva Johnston, suggests vividly the secret of Tammany's power when he says: "Father Knickerbocker is like an enormously rich old proprietor who is interested in everything but his estate. He engages Tammany as a steward. He knows that he is going to be robbed, but he would rather be robbed to a reasonable extent than be bothered. At times the steward grows avaricious and begins to impair the estate; Father Knickerbocker flies into a great rage and kicks him out; but after a few years he always takes the old steward back. Father Knickerbocker can be trusted to hang on to Tammany to the very last; it is only when he is on the brink of ruin that he can bring himself to part with his darling but larcenous caretaker."

Now it is captious to press figures of speech too literally. But this, with all its vividness of

suggestion, is misleading. It is not a whole city which is the rich Father Knickerbocker; it is one small part of it. Nor is it the rich part that most loves its larcenous steward. It accepts him as a convenient, even an indispensable agent in the economic and political exploitation of the people. And it accepts him because he has learned the trick of cajoling and intimidating the masses as no aristocratic or obviously plutocratic political organization ever has learned or ever could learn it. He is or often appears as a Robin Hood who robs the rich to help the poor, but who nevertheless protects the rich in their privileges.

Popular suffrage in a polyglot urban community early brought it to pass that "the wise, the rich, and the good" could not rule directly. Aaron Burr learned that secret better than Alexander Hamilton more than 130 years ago. Tammany Hall had almost a radical origin — at least on the surface. At this moment a red cap, part of its early insignia, adorns the chaste colonial structure which houses the Tammany braves and makes the Hall a less inappropriate witness of the Communist demonstrations on Union Square, which it faces. Tammany Hall has been guilty of many crimes; it has never been guilty of the fatal blunder of being high-brow or high hat. Its leaders may go in, more than their predecessors, for golf, uptown hotels, and Broadway fashions. Do not even the gangsters do the same? They may work for their pockets all the time and become wealthy. But they must dodge any tint of snobbery as they would a plague.

Tammany's skill in managing racial and national prides and jealousies can hardly be exaggerated. The job is not always easy. I remember a year when a political club, predominantly Irish and Jewish, was constrained by political necessity to back an Italian candidate for the Assembly. New York, that year, was in one of its rare reform moods and even in that district the Tammany candidate lost. Choice and vigorous was the language in which the old-timers expressed their opinion of "the wop" for losing. Nevertheless, the Italian migration into that district continued. Tammany renominated "the wop" the next year and he began a political career which carried him far. In other words, Tammany knows better than to let prejudice stand in the way of profit.

Along with Tammany's calculated shrewdness in giving to every national group enough representation to keep it happy goes a genuine sense for the current of life on the sidewalks of New York. Tammany is not so much kind or generous as it is human in its contacts. At its very rare and occasional best this human understanding finds expression in the honest social interest of a man like Senator Robert Wagner who would, I think, have very little difficulty in belonging to a labor or possibly a moderate Socialist party if it were strong enough to offer him a political future.

Even on its lower planes this human feeling permits Tammany legislators rather more easily than certain so-called "respectables" to support welfare legislation so long as it does not threaten the general political racket which they conduct. Aside from general social legislation, Tammany district leaders and the precinct captains below them have to be friendly and approachable and ready to do small favors at inconvenient times. In a city as impersonal and bewildering as ours the friendship of some politicians in the hierarchy which extends from precinct captains up to the big boss himself is like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. No organization is ever likely permanently to defeat Tammany which does not in its own way come in equally close contact with the people.

At the same time the rôle of Tammany or any other city machine as the friend of the poor is often exaggerated. Tammany has never minded how much the poor have paid directly or indirectly in rotten housing, in organized vice, and in excessive charges for gas and electricity to groups with which Tammany has very profitable relationships. Tammany knows how to crack the whip as well as to bestow a favor. In many districts Tammany rules at least as much by sheer fear as by friendship. And popular friendship for Tammany is usually based on carefully cultivated ignorance of what it costs to have Tammany give out of charity less than what the voters should receive as a right.

Over and over again on Election Day I have had complaints of this or that type of vote-stealing — in which, by the way, Tammany almost always has the connivance of the feeble Republican machine — and nearly always the complainant is afraid to make an affidavit. He has a brother, a son, or a cousin who might

suffer somehow. He is a small storekeeper whom the police could drive out of business under the guise of enforcing municipal ordinances. He is, perhaps, a pushcart peddler wholly dependent upon the mercy of the powers that be. I remember one election when a Tammany captain deliberately looked behind the curtain of a voting machine and when he found that the voter had pulled down one Socialist lever, although all the rest were Democratic, this captain followed the poor man out into the street to tell him that no longer could he sell from his cart anywhere in that district.

Actual gang violence plays less part in intimidation in New York than in Chicago, but there is plenty of it. There are districts where I have seen an unholy alliance of gangsters and politicians, with a magistrate or judge or two in the offing, operating in and outside of the school buildings in which the votes were cast. Everybody knew who they were and what they were doing there. Long ago the magistrates of New York have made a joke of the election law. Not many years ago one of New York's magistrates refused even to hold for the grand jury a Tammany worker, herself an election inspector, who was caught voting the third time. Under these circumstances the average voter in working class districts is likely to think twice before offending the ubiquitous organization with such immense powers of award and punishment.

THE CONTRACT SYSTEM

IN THUS dispensing rewards and punishment Tammany's control of the lower courts is of peculiar importance. With very few exceptions magistrates and municipal court judges are among the most valuable cogs in the Democratic political machine. Far more serious even than the price they pay for jobs or than the low caliber of some of them, is their well-nigh absolute dependence upon the district leader who is usually responsible for their appointment or election. All judges, especially in the lower courts, have an immense area in which to apply discretion. Their decisions are not so obviously wrong that they can easily be upset. They can always claim that their mistake was at least an honest error in judgment.

It is in this field that the so-called contract system operates. The magistrate or judge secretly gets a request from a district leader, or

a well-known fixer or a court clerk in touch with the district leader, to let this man go, to hold this man but not that for the grand jury, *etc.* Magistrate Harry Gordon once publicly charged that many of his colleagues took lists into court with them on which the disposition of cases was marked in advance. There is a famous story in New York of a certain Special Sessions judge, now no longer in office, who never trusted his memory but used to mark his calendar in pencil. One morning, in his temporary absence from the bench, a colleague rubbed out the original marks and put some very different ones on the calendar. It was two or three weeks before the resulting confusion was cleared up and some Tammany henchmen were let out of jail. A policeman once told me in all seriousness that if policemen did not "treat gangsters rough" and maybe give them a little taste of the third degree, gangsters would go around "spitting on the cops," for, said he, almost all of them have their fixers and are never held by the magistrates.

Some district leaders are more active than others in manipulating the law. One well-known leader is not only said to have peculiar influence over magistrates but peculiar power to open prison doors all the way up to Sing Sing, where he is said frequently to be the honored guest of prison officials. This same district leader is supposed to be the particular patron of the infamous drug traffic on Welfare Island — a traffic which is said to be growing enormously despite the honest efforts of Commissioner Patterson to stamp it out.

Now the sinister relation between the courts and the political machine is known and admitted by every lawyer who practices in the lower courts. Yet, until very lately, the Bar Association has ignored the whole matter. Even now the Seabury investigation has not yet established legal proof of the contract system which every well-informed reporter and lawyer knows exists. No one can explain the power of Tammany who ignores the degree to which the legal profession in New York has been prostituted from the service of justice to the pursuit of fees. Gangs and rackets in New York could not last a year if it were not for political and legal protection of an overt and positive sort which lawyers, some of them on their way to be judges and leading men in their profession, willingly bestow, for a price, upon

these men who are known to be public enemies.

Yet, save at very rare intervals, the leaders of the profession ignore or condone these practices. They have their own special interests to protect. They may object to ambulance chasers, but they do no crusading against the political system which leaves them free to serve those great interests and powerful individuals whom wealth has long since rendered immune from the ordinary criminal or even civil law in America.

It was something more than an ironic accident, it was a parable of the times that the able Isidor Kresel, scourge of ambulance chasers and a terror to guilty magistrates, should himself be under six indictments in connection with the failure of the Bank of United States. In saying this I am not prejudging the question of Mr. Kresel's legal guilt or innocence. It is possible that he has a moral defense that has not been heard. It is certain that the vigor of the Steuer and Tammany attack on him arose at least in part from personal and political considerations which demanded that Mr. Kresel be discredited.

Nevertheless, as the average poor man in a year of hard times sees the situation, here is a man who was the enemy of wrongdoing in magistrates' courts and yet was himself the brains of the system by which a bank with a misleading name and an elaborate structure of affiliates juggled the money of its depositors for the profit of its directors. There is on the whole more popular wrath in New York at the collapse of the Bank of United States than over the wrongdoing in magistrates' courts. So far, in the popular mind, Mr. Kresel's indictment increases and justifies the general cynicism of voters who say, "Well, in New York everybody's after what he can get. The respectables are as bad as Tammany. I'll stick with Tammany. Anyway I know the district leader." As a young man said to me in all seriousness following a meeting at which I had discussed the lack of any difference between the old parties, "I think there is a difference. Tammany passes around the graft better."

A CLOSED CIRCLE

COME TO THINK of it, why should the average man who has an income of less than \$2500 a year get excited about the conventional notion of clean government? To him it seems a

remote thing, perhaps a hypocritical thing. Municipal house-cleaning is usually directed against illegitimate graft and rackets, not against the deep-rooted and legitimate "racket" of private landlordism which is responsible for the slum, the ugliness, and the discomfort of the city. I do not criticize landlords as individuals when I say that landlordism by appropriating rents on land values created by society not only bars the way to the city beautiful but is indirectly responsible for the vice and crime and misery which bad housing, unnecessary congestion, and lack of parks and playgrounds create.

Until the present depression, the rise in land values alone in New York City equaled or exceeded the huge budget of the city year after year. Why should we expect the people of the city to become excited over waste and graft in the budget so long as they have to support this enormous load of landlordism, the beneficiaries of which are often the very "respectables" who urge reform? And why should the "respectables" who urge reform be too bold in urging it when Tammany can so easily strike back at them by increasing the assessments on the property they own or denying them the rewards on property which the city may condemn? Was it not by this sort of threat that Boss Tweed compelled the ruling Astor of his day to sign a pitiful statement whitewashing the Tweed ring?

These queries become more pertinent when one remembers that the usual agent of those conventionally interested in good government in New York is the Republican Party. The voters of New York may not be masters of political science, but they know the record of the Republican Party in Washington and Albany, they have heard of the oil scandals, and of the way tariffs are made. What is more, they know all about the local Republican machine. They know it plays jackal for the Tammany tiger most of the time; that is, it is satisfied with the crumbs that Tammany has to drop under a bipartisan system. These crumbs plus some Federal patronage have long nourished the Koenig machine to a kind of anæmic life. New York has too much sense of humor seriously to think of this machine as a remedy for or an alternative to Tammany Hall.

From a combination of these two facts — the unwillingness of the respectable element to

put up a real fight against Tammany and the refusal of exploited workers to see anything particularly significant for them in a fight simply against Tammany's illegal graft — arises the futility of the so-called reform movement in New York. In the twenty-five years I have lived in or near the city I have never seen a genuinely well-organized, enthusiastic, root and branch fight against Tammany. I have never seen a reasonably intelligent effort on the part of the reform element to dramatize its own case and its own occasional achievements.

I do not except the Mitchell administration. Mr. Mitchell and his colleagues were elected because there was a split in the Democratic machine and bitter resentment against Charlie Murphy for the impeachment of Governor Sulzer. The reformers did not present to the city a well thought out program of health, education, taxation, control of public utilities, and so on. The campaigning that aroused the city was negative, and the most significant participant in it was John Hennessey with his little black book from which he read charge after charge against Tammany.

In office the Mitchell Administration did some good things. It did not tackle the problem of landlordism or the position of public utilities. It failed to impress the public with its own achievements and it went out in a confusion of religious, racial, and war issues. Since that time there has never been anything but futility on the part of reformers. Outstanding men avoided a mayoralty nomination from the reform element as they would avoid smallpox. In 1925 Mr. Waterman, the pen manufacturer, was something like the fourteenth man approached. His campaign lacked everything: ideas, conviction, enthusiasm, showmanship.

Major La Guardia in 1929 was a far abler and more colorful candidate. It was an open secret that he got little support from the usual reform crowd and that what support was given him simply tended to water down and weaken the strength of the constructive ideas he may have had. It is impossible to believe that men of the strength and ability who are nominally to be found in anti-Tammany ranks could make such a mess of their own reform campaign if they were really and genuinely in earnest.

The forces which consciously or subconsciously operate to hold back these well-to-do or wealthy respectables were put in a nutshell

by former Ambassador Gerard. He, if he was correctly quoted in the press, once told the assembled bond salesmen who seek sanctuary from one another in the Harvard Club that they ought to be grateful to Tammany for protecting them from municipal Socialism. Something of the same idea in other circumstances and in another form was voiced by the urbane and dapper Jimmie Walker himself. In 1924, the year before Al Smith made him Mayor, presumably to the Governor's lasting regret, Mr. Walker (then a State Senator), a Republican Congressman from California, and I were speaking at a rather select club symposium in Brooklyn on the issues of the Presidential campaign. The California Congressman worked the Red menace overtime. Mr. Walker, in his own inimitable fashion, ridiculed his argument and ended by turning to his Republican adversary and saying, "Why, Congressman, we know the people and we know just how much to give them." There is the secret of it.

TIGER, TIGER!

THE MORAL of my tale I hope is plain. Tammany may now and again be temporarily defeated because it gets careless. It might come to more serious grief were it, like the Republican Party in Chicago, to be divided into warring factions. It will not be permanently defeated, nor will a much better government be set up in New York, until there is awakened in the heart of the people a new conception of the immense importance of city government and a new concept of what city government may mean to general well-being. But the city government which has meaning and worth for the lives of our people must have behind it a philosophy and program to challenge the prevailing cynicism. It must handle the problem of landlordism, public utilities, and education with new power and new vigor. It cannot leave unchallenged the rights of those who now exploit the workers under capitalism and use Tammany to keep them quiet politically. The only successful and worth-while challenge to Tammany Hall is the municipal Socialism which has been so potent a factor in European cities and has done so much to make Milwaukee, in spite of its propinquity to Chicago, the best-governed city in America.

In affirming this conviction I do not disguise

the value of an awakening of the popular conscience against corruption. I admit the importance of considering the machinery and structure of city government. I am, however, challenging the easy assumption that the usual good government can triumph or, indeed, that it deserves to triumph. I am challenging that other assumption that we can establish good government in New York irrespective of parties. Tammany can never be kept down except by an organization which ought, to be sure, to appeal to other and less crass motives than Tammany, but which has to be based on friendly contacts with the people.

This organization, moreover, cannot possibly be divorced from the prevailing philosophy, program, and organization of American Federal and state politics. Neither the ideals nor the program which will save New York can exist and make headway irrespective of the ideals and program that prevail in the nation. It is impossible to outline a plan for municipal housing, for dealing with public utilities, or improving education which does not require action at Albany as well as at City Hall. In short, the price of municipal good government in a huge city like New York is a sincere and conscious devotion to principles and a program of emancipation from poverty and exploitation which go far beyond mere opposition to Tammany Hall.

In my judgment what we Socialists were able to do in 1929 in spite of lack of organization and the means to finance an intensive campaign shows that people can be interested in a city government which touches their lives and the lives of their children so intimately and constantly that what it does and leaves undone matters more than any man's individual effort. It is this sort of work that must be kept up; and if a declaration of personal faith is in order I, for one, want to make it clear that I am comparatively little interested simply in cleaning up New York and that I have little faith in what will be accomplished by an emotional spasm of reform. My deep interest in New York City and elsewhere is in a new order of social life, a new sense of the necessity of coöperation, a new art of living together. To attain that victory means an attack upon an economic and political order of which Tammany Hall is only one of the symptoms.

FOOD *for the* EYE



by LOUIS SHERWIN



Drawings by Eldon Kelley

THE RULING fashion of the day is to blame everything from Mister Capone to cirrhosis of the liver on prohibition. If your wife goes Uplift, if your sons turn into acrobats or football players and your daughters into social workers, it is the fault of prohibition. If the cook leaves just as Aunt Jemima has come to pay a month's visit, if all your spare cash is spent for dyspepsia tablets, vent your anger on Morris Sheppard and Andrew Volstead.

But there is one national calamity for which the Anti-Saloon League does not rightly shoulder all the censure. And that is the *degringolade* of American cookery. For this, by your leave, not Westerville, Ohio, but the Little Woman is directly and specifically the culprit. The ladies, God bless 'em — and damn their taste.

Two ghastly phenomena have reared their heads in this fair republic and sprung up like toadstools all over the land. One is the so-called "drug store" lunch counter. The other is Ye Olde Tea Shoppe. For the former there is at least this much to be said: when you have devoured its sandwiches and other messes — which have all the palatable and digestive properties of a nice dish of sawdust stewed in syrup and the sauce of the soy bean — it is only a step to the counter where they sell you soda mint. To that extent it is an admirably convenient device.

But the Tea Shoppe? What extenuating circumstances can it claim? We will deal with that question later on. For the moment let us consider its comedy and tragedy. When a woman

can't do anything in particular there are three things she tells herself she can do "if the worst comes to the worst" — that is, if she has to earn her own livelihood. They are: first, acting; second, interior decorating; third, running a restaurant. Her principal and divine qualification for these jobs is that she is incompetent to do anything else.

The Tea Shoppe is founded upon a slogan and a myth, to wit, the excellence of the dishes "that Mother used to make." Actually it was in about one out of every hundred families that Mother was a pretty fair cook. In one out of ten thousand she was really good because she liked it. Most women loathe cooking and latterly have become frank enough to admit it. Others are indifferent and do it with all the skill of an Irishman trying to play the violin.

I suppose I shall be lynched by multitudes of infuriated sons for the foregoing paragraph. How many of them can recall what a treat the occasional escape to a good restaurant was?

If the cuisine of the Tea Shoppe were just bad, there would be nothing to write about. A good deal of it, as a matter of fact, is merely indifferent. But the grudge I have against it is that it perverts the art of eating all over the land. It has developed eccentricities and monstrosities for the dinner table that only a people utterly devoid of palate could endure. And curiously enough, at first thought, its influence is pervasive. You will find dishes on the menus of even the better restaurants that ought to make a good chef's gorge rise

only to contemplate. Perhaps that is why the chefs in first-class hotels never eat where they work any more. They usually dine at home or escape to a speakeasy.

THE EPICURE'S NIGHTMARE

IF I WERE a materializing medium I should like to evoke the ectoplasm of Brillat-Savarin and take him on a round of the non-speakeasy restaurants. Can you imagine his feelings at being offered a salad of sliced alligator pear, bananas, grapefruit, and oranges which have been marinated in a dressing of honey, olive oil, and lemon juice?

Here is another: sliced oranges and grapefruit with lettuce, over which has been smeared a lather of mayonnaise mixed with whipped cream (ugh!), the whole mess then sprinkled with chopped nuts. A fairly ordinary specimen is a mixture of pineapple and beets. The pineapple is red, not because it is blushing for shame but because it has been soaked in beet juice.

That one is fairly mild. But fancy eating this: seedless grapes with tiny string beans, green olives, slices of sweet cucumber pickles, and peas, garnished with mayonnaise and chopped parsley. I can take you to places where you may revel in a pretty combination of baked apple and sauerkraut. Or an apple that has been cooked in a syrup of water and sugar with cinnamon drops, the center scooped out and filled with cream cheese mixed with chopped walnuts.

I have sat opposite a sweet thing who shoveled into her esophagus an alleged salad of sliced bananas, dates, celery, chopped nuts, mayonnaise, whipped cream, lemon juice, and sugar. Out of curiosity I tried one myself, the principal ingredients of which were pears and, as you live, peanut butter. Pears and peanut butter! It had all the charming flavor of molasses and codliver oil seasoned with axle grease. In private houses dishes have been set before me, helpless either to protest or even refrain from tasting the things, in which I could have sworn the dressing included witch-hazel and eau de quinine, toned down with saccharine.

Not by a long shot do these gustative abominations begin and end with the salad. There are hosts who ask you to start a meal with a fruit cocktail, heavily sugared. Whether this

is served with malice or a taunting sense of humor or a fear lest you may eat too much, you will have to guess for yourself. The thing is usually composed of maraschino or plain canned cherries, grapes, slices of orange, and anything else that happens to be lying around. There are even canned mixtures of this sort. The effect, of course, is to destroy the appetite which theoretically any cocktail should stimulate, to cloy the palate, and dam the gastric juices.

Courage, everybody, there is worse to follow.

The enthusiastic adoption of the casserole in America has loosened all sorts of godless imaginations. Into it the twentieth-century cook will throw a defenseless duckling with onions, carrots, green peas. So far so good. But to this are added slices of apple and orange. It is no surprise to find grapes mixed in with peas, string beans, carrots, and lamb or beef. Raisins, too, are used indiscriminately. Grapes and ordinary salad ingredients are cooked

with shellfish and chicken. You will find bananas baked with beef or sauté to garnish all kinds of meats. From a chemical point of view this is a particularly noxious atrocity, as nothing quarrels more violently with meat juices than bananas.

PLEASING THE FELINE PALATE

THIS OUGHT to be enough to give you the picture and kill your appetite for a week. You can encounter these messes not only at Tea Shoppes but in the most expensive hotels of America.

The reason is that to-day restaurateurs and cooks in private houses are catering to women's tastes. On this subject I had quite a little fun with Oscar Tschirky — Oscar of the Waldorf. He spoke with extreme reluctance. He would not admit there was a deterioration of taste in America. Yes, he acknowledged, there were dishes on the menu now that formerly would have provoked a riot in the kitchen of any self-respecting hotel. He refused to characterize them but I could see a shudder going through his massive frame as he thought about them. He declined also to blame the ladies.

"No sair!" he declared positively. "You can't get me to say anything against the ladies. They are our friends."



Loath as he is to admit any decline in taste or menus, there are two calamities which Oscar, like all great restaurateurs in America, views with grief and scorn. The one you may easily guess, the other is the disappearance of game from the menu.

Perhaps you may have seen it on some bills of fare. But it is all frozen stuff at which no connoisseur will even look. Most of it comes from South America. All virtue departs from birds that have traveled stiff in refrigerators.

Of course the game laws are violated all over the country, but no restaurant dare become an accessory after the fact. Unless you shoot it yourself you may eat no fresh duck, whether mallard, teal, brant, or canvasback, no pheasant, partridge, or plover. (When I say "fresh" I mean, naturally, sufficiently hung in a cool but not icy compartment.) And even if you do shoot a brace or two, in order to have it properly served in a restaurant you have to produce a game license, a birth certificate, and the permission of your district leader.

"And who wants to eat even the best of pheasant without a glass of Burgundy?" Oscar wants to know.

Paul Henkel, however, made no bones about the question. Henkel, formerly proprietor of Keen's Chop House and manager of a dozen excellent and celebrated restaurants, is managing director of the Ansonia and president of the Society of Restaurateurs in New York. He says of course there is a deterioration in cooking, in taste, and in the national digestion. And a large share of the blame he puts squarely upon the ladies.

All restaurants to-day are catering to women. Without their approval no *maitre d'hôtel* can flourish. Just as they have selected our entertainments, our shows, operas, pictures, and books for years, they are now deciding where we shall dine.

Formerly when a man took a lady to dinner he not only selected the restaurant, he took great pride in ordering a particularly *choisi*, well-balanced meal. Frequently, of course, there was a good deal of showing off in the ceremony. Particularly if you had never taken your companion out before and wanted to impress her with your cosmopolitanism, taste, and *savoir-faire*. It is now obvious that all this was wasted on the sweet things. They would





rather have had the unholy hodgepodes you see them reveling in to-day. The long colloquies you had with *maître d'hôtel* or head waiter, the discussions whether you would have ruddy duck or pheasant and whether with the latter you would drink Mouton Rothschild or Romanée Conti — all these things evidently bored the darlings excruciatingly.

How well they concealed their impatience over the fact that even when ordering a plain, broiled steak you had to jaw about it for five minutes, prescribing its thickness and occasionally demanding to see it before it was placed on the broiler. To a woman, steak is steak and that's all there is to it.

Not so long ago one such invited me to dinner and in an unguarded moment, caught short without a plausible excuse, I accepted. On the way home we stopped at a butcher shop where I saw her buying a piece of meat which she confidently believed to be a steak. It had the dimensions of a small rag rug and, when fried and put on the table, a good deal of its flavor.

SHALL WE DINE THE LADIES?

THE GRINGO, *Homo Sapiens* habitat North America, does not take his women to dinner any more. He is dragged, as to symphony concerts and the opera, with the difference that he can sometimes escape the musical ordeals — he still thinks it is effeminate to like good music — but he cannot get out of eating.

Whenever they can, women select a restaurant with an orchestra and a dance floor. The leader of the band, confound him, has an uncanny flair for starting a one-step or something

just as your food comes on to the table. Woe betide the independent oaf who declines to dance. As you walk around that narrow floor on your partner's slippers, your dinner grows colder and colder while you grow hotter and hotter. By the time you return to your table you sit down to a glutinous, lukewarm mess.

But let us assume you have, for once, escaped the music-with-meals nuisance. Perhaps you are even, by chance, going to a restaurant of your own choice. What happens? The idiotic waiter hands the woman a menu! Unless she finds there the obscene mixtures to which she has grown accustomed at her Tea Shoppes, she is dissatisfied. If this happens half a dozen times in the course of a week the waiter reports it to the *maître d'hôtel* and next time you go to that place you will observe that it too has become corrupted.

To be sure this occurs in the open restaurants, whether or not they serve liquor on the sly to those they know. In the speakeasy the taste of men still prevails. It is as a rule rather a south-of-the-Alps taste because, no matter how French the name, you will find the overwhelming majority of speakeasies, good and indifferent, are either owned or operated and served by Italians. The French dishes you get there all have a Milanese or Piacentino or Neapolitan flavor.

That the speakeasy has become the last refuge of the connoisseur in America is due not alone to the fact that you can have wine there but to the fact that it caters primarily to men. Women cannot get in without men and they are brought in as companions, not as idols. In them you will find no comic salads of ingredients chosen principally because of their improbability, no baked meats garnished with incongruous and disgusting fruits. Their cuisine aims, with varying success, at the sound

traditions of European and American cookery.

The peculiarity of women's taste at the table was quite a puzzle to me. But the solution, as offered by Dr. Henkel, is so simple and plausible that I really should be compelled to eat a dozen portions of pears and peanut butter as a punishment for not having thought of it myself. Women like to eat things that are pleasing to the eye. You cannot say they check their palates in the cloakroom, for they have no palates to check, poor dears. The visual sense is the only one they bring with them to a meal.

Consider for a moment the places especially designed for their pleasure. There are flowers on the table, no cloth, but dainty little doilies. The napkins are more or less nicely belaced and about the size of a small handkerchief. You are lighted by candles — large, guttering, smoky candles which soon make the room insufferably hot. Sometimes the room is a lifelike imitation of some dead place in Florence or Venice. It is all very arty — they call it artistic — and quite devoid of that combination of utilitarianism and beauty which alone provides really good taste in decoration. To light a room with candles nowadays is a ridiculous affectation. While nobody of sense likes a glaring, overhead illumination, the notion that there is beauty in semi-obscurity belongs to the credo of Bunthorne.

This same predilection the American woman applies to her food. Provided a dish looks pretty, to her eye, the taste does not matter. Hence the nauseous salads of improbable ingredients, the mayonnaise with whipped cream besprinkled with chopped nuts. Hence the fact that even the most distinguished *cordons bleus* of the chefs imported from Europe have cabinets filled with vials of artificial coloring essences — Nile green, apple green, sea green, cerise, maroon — indeed, they can serve you a dish in any of the most delicate pastel shades you fancy. The flavor? Oh well, now you want too much.

There is, of course, another factor that is at least partially responsible for the indiscriminate use of fruits like epigrams in a neo-Oscar Wildean play. It is the monster that has come to afflict us in so many positions

and activities, sleeping or waking. Propaganda. Its authors will tell you that its object is "service."

The United Fruit Company, for instance, spends hundreds of thousands of dollars to persuade us into using bananas for every meal and every dish from breakfast to supper. From California and Florida we are admonished, coaxed, and cajoled about the merits of sticking oranges, grapefruit, and lemons into everything we eat, regardless of how badly their flavor mixes and how inappropriate they are.

Still and all, a historical fact remains that in every country that developed a really fine cuisine the cooks, male or female, catered to the taste of men. For this there is a sound physiological reason. The palate is part of the ear, nose, and throat system. Who hears well and smells well, tastes well. I never yet encountered a musician who was not, whenever he chose, a fine cook. Those who were too busy or too lazy were at least connoisseurs.

The best cookery in the world comes from central China. I trust there are few readers who still believe that the chop suey and chow mein concocted by the half-Malay Cantonese for American tastes are Chinese dishes. The fine flower of the cuisine of the Middle Empire was cultivated in the regions where the best silk, the most beautiful paintings, the most imperishable ceramics were achieved.

The Chinese kitchen takes precedence over the French because of its exceeding delicacy and its grasp of the chemistry of food. In the preparation of vegetables the former are incomparable. It was they, for instance, who



invented sauerkraut, which came into Germany by way of Russia. But after you have eaten Chinese sauerkraut you will have lost your inclination for any other kind.

Details aside, however, I take it nobody imagines that China has ever been a hag-ridden, feministic country until recently. Their arts, amenities, and comforts were developed for masculine needs and by masculine tastes. (They tell me it's almost impossible to obtain a decent meal there to-day.)

The same thing is true of all European nations which have invented fine dishes. In France there is probably more genuine partnership between husband and wife than anywhere else. But in the kitchen it is the taste of Monsieur that is considered, whether by chef, cuisinière, or Madame. Not for women were risotto Piemontese, spaghetti marinara, chicken cacciatore, scaloppine alla Marsala, or the cooking of calamari devised. Neither were the ladies responsible for the superb preparation of game and especially the baking of game pasties in England.

At this juncture I suppose some oaf will come back at me with the conventional American knocks at English cooking. Such oaf knows

nothing about England. To be sure, its suet puddings and watery vegetables are unquestionably loathsome. (Mitchell Kennerley once said that the only way to obtain water in an English restaurant was to order boiled cabbage!) But the reason is that in so many British houses the cooking is done by Irish servants. The Irish, who have produced no music, no painting, no architecture, have invented only one dish — and even that is barely fit for a stevedore.

If you cling to this curious American superstition concerning English taste in food, read the first chapter of *The Way of All Flesh*. Even in Chaucer's time there was a fine tradition of good eating. Probably it would still be uninterrupted if the English had not been foolish enough to conquer Ireland. To-day they are the only race, outside of the Chinese, who try to cultivate the idea of preserving the natural flavor of the food. For a century or so it was nobly cherished in America.

But that century has passed. You are in the period of eating for the eye and not for the palate. For my part I don't grumble, I chuckle. Let those who will be dragged into the ubiquitous Tea Shoppe and dine on scenery.



PRIMA DONNAS of the Pulpit

by **ROBERT G. M. NEVILLE**

RELIGIOUS reporting in the secular press has flowered during this generation as never before. While the newspaper of fifty, thirty, or even twenty years ago was casually interested in such divine phenomena and lively copy as Henry Ward Beecher and Charles H. Parkhurst, and even frequently went out of its way to report the activities and sayings of such celebrities as Cardinal Gibbons, it left the peace of the average parish church quite undisturbed.

The time can be recalled by living men when the virus of publicity had not bitten the average priest, rector, or divine; when there were no sermon pages on which his Sabbatical conclusions could be recorded for posterity; when no church committees on press relations pleaded with exasperated city editors for space, and when no handsomely paid publicity agents threatened withdrawal of advertising if the paper refused to exhibit curiosity in their clerical clients.

But alas! that day has vanished. That was a time when churches, like physicians, disdained to spend huge sums of money to advertise their services in the mundane press. It was a time when the press, yet to be won over to the ways of God, refused to recognize that religion was as important as the theater, sports, and finance, and to give it equal space. It was a time before modern high pressure methods had been invented, and before publicity, which started with the somewhat shady dealings of the circus, had found an unimpeachable and lucrative client in the representatives of God on earth.

How the press, which has been roundly denounced from time immemorial for its interest in the unsavory things of life, came to interest itself in the mysteries of the Infinite is a matter of considerable controversy. According

to some of the credulous, the establishment of the sermon page and the expansion of religious reporting were the result of pure sanctity on the part of the newspaper owners. But there are other and scurrilous rumors. Some hold that a clever city editor, frantic over assembling enough news to fill his Monday morning paper even in this day of crime and scandal, hit upon the sayings of the divines as the way out. Others believe that religious news bolstered circulation, a factor always worth considering. And there is a theory that religious advertising, bringing with it in the case of several metropolitan journals as much as \$75,000 a year, somehow had something to do with it.

Regardless of its origin, it is certain that few Monday papers from coast to coast would now be complete without a sermon page, and that religious reporting, if not already arrived, is definitely on the make. From San Diego to Bangor and from Seattle to Miami, the press carries to the four corners of the nation each Monday morning the pulpit exhortations of the previous day. A General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, a General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, or a national Eucharistic Congress of Roman Catholics draw space and headlines equal to those commanded by prize fights and sensational murder trials.

In the sermon page can now be found a piety on the part of the secular press that is unequaled even in the devout denominational journals. Where else could one hope to find such terse reverence as in these headlines from leading New York newspapers: "Dr. Alexander Sees Test in Adversity," "Pierce Says Deeds Reflect Fidelity," "Tytheridge Asks Sincerity in Prayer," "Peet Criticizes Impious Broadway," "Dr. Broughton Finds Faith Makes Saints," "Dr. Mackintosh Lists

Christian Virtues," "Life Is a Never Ceasing Search for God, Says Dr. Norwood"?

While the coverage of religious news is now a fever with almost every paper in every part of the country, the regard of the nation's press for religion—and of the pastors for the press—is epitomized by the situation in New York. The Mecca of missionaries from all ends of the earth, the parish of apostles of new religions by the score, and the headquarters of dozens of ecclesiastical organizations, this modern Gomorrah maintains a daily press obsessed with religious zeal.

The New York Times, for example, finds it profitable to pay twenty-five reporters—many of them from the Columbia School of Journalism—\$3.25 apiece for worshipping on Sunday, besides maintaining a religious editor to ferret out religious happenings throughout the week. The *Herald Tribune*, which out-prints the *Times* on sermons, sends out a group of men to invade the churches for news every Sunday and dispatches its staff of copy boys to fill in. Mr. Hearst's corybantic *American* indulges in a bit of sermonizing too, especially favoring the sayings of New York's premier church builder, the Rev. Christian F. Reisner, who has expressed himself in full page advertisements as heartily endorsing the editorial policy of that journal.

This sudden bursting into hallelujahs by the Fourth Estate has been welcomed fervently by the ministers. Often they are ready with extracts of their moral dissertations to hand to the reporters, and more often they apprise the press in advance of any unusual happenings in their congregations. The Right Rev. William Thomas Manning, for example, seldom utters a word from the pulpit of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine that the newspaper boys have not had in their hands for twenty-four hours, and the Cathedral itself has recently installed a permanent press table just below its carved limestone pulpit. The Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood has a secretary in the congregation each time he ascends the pulpit, fearful lest any of his poetic phrases be lost to posterity.

The Rev. Dr. Charles Francis Potter, itinerant gospeler who started his ministry as a Baptist, then moved on to the Universalists, and who is now lodged temporarily or permanently with the Humanists, feels it his sacred obligation to make a pilgrimage every Sunday

afternoon to the city rooms of the metropolis to report upon his activities of the day. The Riverside Church often hires a stenographic agency at stupendous rates to catch the socio-philosophic utterances of the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Nor is this personal help from the men of God all the service rendered to the helpless press. Fully two score individuals and agencies dealing in religious publicity can be counted off-hand in the city. Some of them confine their religious activities to a few denominations, but there are others, like the Misses M. C. Austin and Mary A. Dunn, who number among their clients exponents of New Thought, Swedenborgianism, Unity movements, Hindu worshiping, Spiritualism, and Humanism, as well as many dignified partisans of Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist fundamentalism. The venerable Ivy Lee has had on his hands the publicity of both the Riverside Church and St. Bartholomew's. Mr. E. L. Wertheim, the veteran of them all, has given his attention to both the haughty St. Thomas flock and the fundamentalist Calvary Church.*

The Roman Catholic churches do not as yet habitually hire publicity agents, but there are signs that they are waking up. Pietro Yon, organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral, has a publicity agent, Miss Marinobel Smith, who also obligingly sends out items about the Cathedral, and Catholic societies never fail to notify the press of a communion breakfast or special service.

PROMOTING GOD

THE PUBLICITY agents have, with few exceptions, brought the churches to their way of thinking. Representing themselves as skilled experts close to the ear of the religious editors, these agents have been known to promise

*The Editor of the magazine in which this article appears, Henry Goddard Leach, is himself guilty of aiding and abetting these very questionable practices of religious publicity. As President of the Church Club, he indorsed first page publicity for Bishop Manning's speeches at dinners over which he presided. He is a member of Dr. Cadman's National Broadcasting committee. As trustee of the Carnegie Church Peace Union, and member of the Federal Council of Churches, he has thrown the church into political controversy, and as Chairman of the Associates of the Berkeley Divinity School, he has assisted Messrs. Tamblin and Brown in obtaining free advertising space for that college of high church theology.

fame, wealth, and prestige to the obscure shepherd of a flock. And to prove that their promises are not empty words cast upon the sea shore they proceed — after a contract has been signed — to flood the religious editor's mail with alluring panegyrics of the pastor; succulent accounts of forthcoming tea parties, receptions, and meetings; glowing details of elections of vestrymen, wardens, trustees, and deacons; exciting notes on the progress of construction of a new chancel, altar rail, rose window, memorial tablet, or shrine; colorful write-ups of holiday services, Palm Sunday processions, renditions of Handel's "Messiah," and anniversary celebrations; and even learned dissertations upon the preëminence of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler's New History Society or Swami Yogananda's Yopoda in the field of social, moral, and philosophic thought.

Ever vigilant, scanning religious columns with the eye of a hawk, the publicity agents, secretaries, and press committees intervene in person in the name of Church and God when their releases repeatedly fail to appear in print. At first subtle and gentle methods are used. The religious editor is sometimes invited out to luncheons or dinners. One of the bigger agencies recently began to shower one editor with tickets to musical soirées, only to stop when the editor intimated that he could not possibly spare the time from his holy duties. One minister wrote a religious editor such flattering letters about the good work she was doing that it appeared nothing short of ingratitude not to include the minister's notices in the weekly column. Telephone calls to city editors and conferences with managing editors are sometimes arranged to appeal over the heads of the lowly religious editors for space.

But when all other methods have failed, it is time to strike where it is felt most — in the newspaper's purse. The church's advertising is withdrawn and with it the newspaper's revenue. This method, the most extreme of all, has been highly successful. During the last year two prominent Park Avenue divines, one man of God on the Bowery, a fundamentalist in the Bronx, a Methodist Episcopal pulpiter downtown, and an entire ecclesiastical organization have used it to advantage on various newspapers to secure greater consideration

from the press for their divine messages. The papers fell over each other in sending reporters to the grieved sanctuaries and soon all was well and the advertising back.

There is little doubt that the churches expect returns from their advertising. A church in Brooklyn recently informed a religious advertising man from an afternoon newspaper that after they put their advertisement in the paper they carefully watch the collection plate the following Sunday to see if there has been an appreciable increase.

The publicity agents do yeoman service both to the newspapers and the divines. Recently, for instance, one young lady agent called up a city desk and asked that a reporter be sent to cover a "jazz evangelist" making his New York debut. The city desk obliged by sending a disillusioned young man who happened to see humor in the fact that the evangelist was using a saxophone and trombone in a staid Quaker meeting house, and wrote up a good story. The next day the evangelist threatened a libel suit. Two or three days after he he was out in the street seeking another place in which to demonstrate his evangelism.

REPORTERS IN THE CONGREGATION

SUSPICIOUS newspaper men have begun to believe that sermons are not preached for the salvation of a sinful humanity so much as for exploitation by a wayward press and that some parish activities originate not so much out of a love of God as a penchant for publicity. They point out that it was not the vigilance of the city editors, for instance, that brought to a gasping public one morning the news that automobiles were to be blessed at the shrine of St. Christopher to prevent further accidents and that it was intended later to make fire trucks, police ambulances, and patrol wagons of the City of New York free from further collisions in the same manner. Nor did a certain pastor in Flushing exactly depend upon the newspaper boys to discover alone the fact that he was sending his choristers up in an airplane, later to descend all at once in parachutes.

When the Rev. Dr. Henry Darlington found one Sunday morning that his Church of the Heavenly Rest had been desecrated by naughty Reds, who had scratched "Vote Communist" on its side, he did not wait for a reporter

to chance by the church and seize the news for the papers; a telephone call from the church promptly notified the newspapers that the evil act had been committed. And when Dr. Darlington retaliated by flaying the Bolsheviks in a sermon, Miss Elizabeth Canaday, serving as the Doctor's publicity agent, sent full copies to every paper in town.

When the afore-mentioned Dr. Reisner made his recent announcement that he had been touring the city's speakeasies he did not risk the chance that no reporter would be in the congregation. He sent the announcement to the city desk hours before he appeared on the Broadway Temple platform, as he had done before with the announcements about Broadway beauties, night club hostesses, atheists, and even the Governor of New York appearing in his church. The next day, when interviewed, he announced further that he intended to survey the city's night clubs, cryptically adding: "But I dread the sensationalism of it." He specializes just now in "cheerio" Sunday evening services to which actors and actresses, radio personages, bootleggers, hoboes, and night club entertainers contribute their talent. During the summers he gives snow services, with the pulpit covered with salt; water services, with the representatives of filtered water giving away their wares; orange services, at which prominent orange dealers distribute free oranges while Dr. Reisner brings home the connection between God and the fruit; and automobile services, where prizes are given for the person owning the oldest, longest, or most beautiful cars.

Dr. Brougher, prima donna of the Brooklyn pulpits, has preached on "Why Young Men and Women Go Wrong," "Necking and Petting Parties," "Choosing a Wife," "Choosing a Husband," "Living With Our In-Laws," and "Is It Immoral for Mounted Police to Ride in Parades?" The latest of his dispatches to startle an austere city room conveyed the information that his sermon subject would be "For Christ's Sake."

The Rev. Dr. William Norman Guthrie repeats yearly his ritualistic dance in honor of the Virgin Mary at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, never failing to emphasize the beauty and solemnity of the performance, but always reminding the press that this once novel ceremonial caused the thin gray hair of the

devout bishop of New York to stand on end.

TABLOID SERMONS

THE MORE prominent impresarios of the pulpit follow the news of the day with such ingenuity that they are able on successive Sundays to scourge the younger generation as immoral, to lambast prohibition as one of the seven deadly sins, to score trial marriages, to denounce civic corruption, and to damn the theater, arts, and literature — and all with authority. In an inaugural sermon at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, just after the Manning-Lindsey squabble, with reporters spotted in the audience, the Rev. Gregory Mabry varied from his theme of "Self-Dedication" long enough to call companionate marriage advocates "hounds of hell" and to inform his audience that "the world grows white with leprosy" when morality is so attacked. The Rev. Dr. Alexander G. Cummins, on the other hand, elbowed his way into the controversy by demanding a public apology from Bishop Manning for his part in the quarrel.

Publicity has become such an integral part of a minister's training that recently, when Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and the Greater New York Federation of Churches passed resolutions in the latter part of the week asking for an investigation of New York City, a dozen ministers changed their sermon subjects overnight to the problem of "Civic Corruption."

There are certain gentlemen of the cloth who command the immediate respect of their brothers of the city room. These are the stars of the religious firmament, beside which all others are as satellites. These harbingers of Yaweh furnish precious food for the linotype machines year after year, and from them the lesser ministerial lights could well take a lesson.

These gentlemen realize that newspapers are simple organisms which do not respond quickly to complicated theological formulas. Historical data and new interpretations of minor incidents of the Bible, regardless of the toil put into digging them out, are not to their liking, because such things do not fit easily into headlines. They know that unseemly devotion to such myths as the tale of Jonah and the whale is tantamount to journalistic suicide. They

know that the name of the Deity must be left out of their pulpit encomiums as much as possible, only to be mentioned on such days of indulgence as Christmas and Easter.

THE HEADLINERS

THERE ARE scarcely more than half a dozen of these supreme artists of the cloth in New York City at the present time. His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Archbishop Hayes, of New York and the Bahamas, whose forensic ability may be somewhat less brilliant than his ermine cape and red cassock but who, because of his Princely Estate, can speak with authority on paganism in Russia, Protestantism in Mexico, the birth control evil, bad books, and theatrical naughtiness, must be included among the great.

Another is John Haynes Holmes, who dislikes either a "reverend" or a "doctor" before his name, but who is the Floyd Gibbons of the pulpit, the spokesman for the religious radicals of the city, an exponent of a world religion, rouser of sleepy old New York to moral indignation against judicial improprieties, censor of stage morals, and arch-advocate of prohibition. A third is Dr. Stephen S. Wise, founder of the Free Synagogue, exalted liberal, fervent Zionist, and withal a defamer of the fair name of Mayor Walker's beloved city.

Next, perhaps, comes Dr. Fosdick, militant opponent of war and patriotism, advocate of unemployment insurance, vitriolic critic of the Daughters of the Revolution, guardian of modernism, protector of unbelievers, exponent of a Protestant confessional, and father confessor to the benevolent Rockefellers. The Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, silver-tongued radio speaker and brilliant newspaper competitor of Dorothy Dix, also deserves a place. Here are the aristocrats and prelates of the pulpit. Here they all are, with one exception — and he is so notable, so outstanding that he cannot be spoken of in the same breath with the others.

He is the Right Rev. William Thomas Manning, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Officer of the Order of the Crown of Belgium, cathedral builder extraordinary, former dispenser of the millions of old Trinity. To mention Bishop Manning's name in a city room is equivalent to telling the city

editor that a rip-roaring good story is brewing. A bishop now for almost ten years, he has provided the hungry presses of New York with more red meat than Al Capone, Aimée Semple McPherson, Billy Sunday, "Legs" Diamond, Albert Einstein, Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Texas Guinan, or Nicholas Murray Butler.

Year after year Dr. Manning demonstrates his preëminence in the field of publicity. Like the crises of a well-constructed drama, he attains greater height and breadth with each episode. One year he prevents the marriage of the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant to a divorcée and the next he is cutting off the Rev. William Norman Guthrie, his incorrigible "bad boy," from his Episcopal visitations because of Dr. Guthrie's preoccupation with eurythmic dancing. A little later he is telling Dr. Fosdick that he cannot officiate in an Episcopal church at the marriage of the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Karl Reiland.

The beloved Bishop only gets through warning Dr. Reiland that he cannot hold a unity communion service in his church and Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin that he cannot officiate at St. George's when he has to repeat the canon law of the church to Dr. Norwood. Two or three column headlines are the Bishop's when he follows the lead of the Pope and the Archbishops of Canterbury and York in proclaiming a day of intercession and prayer against the ikon-melting of the Bolsheviks.

The next fall we find Dr. Manning preaching a sermon extolling the inherent Catholicism of the Episcopal Church, praising its right to an Apostolic Succession and denouncing as heretics those not anointed by the laying on of hands by a bishop; and within a week religious journals, evangelical associations, and ministerial clubs damn him as an Anglo-Catholic in newspapers from one end of the country to the other.

The shouts and cries of this disturbance have scarcely died down when the dear Bishop executes his *opus magnum*. He inhibits Ben B. Lindsey, former judge of the Denver Juvenile Court and proponent of companionate marriage, from speaking to a group of clergymen. The outraged clergymen hear the judge in defiance of the Bishop's fond desires, and the Bishop then announces that he will excoriate them, companionate marriage, and Judge Lindsey from the impregnable fastness of the

pulpit of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Pricked by the announcement, and not averse to a little publicity himself, the slight Judge sets out for the Cathedral that morning, is annoyed by the Bishop's cruel attack, and jumps upon the above-mentioned press table demanding a chance to speak. He is arrested, taken to jail, arraigned before a magistrate, and freed. Bishop Manning's name again is in headlines, this time not the petty one-column variety but black, yellow, pink, and blue streamers.

The Bishop's right hand man, the Very Rev. Milo H. Gates, in his modest way has been emulating his superior lately. The cherubic, red-faced, jolly, fat little dean has been sending in his spicy sermons on angels, saints, and the significance of the Epiphany to a grateful city desk, and on various opportune occasions he has made public attacks on the books of Havelock Ellis, Professor Sigmund Freud, James Joyce, Arthur Schnitzler, and D. H. Lawrence.

If they can help it, ministers will not permit their brothers to usurp all the newspaper space on a given day. Thus on October 5, 1930, when the Riverside Church was being opened to the accompaniment of big news stories, Bishop Manning decided to appeal for \$10,000,000 more for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and Dr. Robert Norwood thought it an appropriate date to open at last his completed St. Bartholomew's Byzantine temple. On this occasion Dr. Manning sent his man Friday, the Rev. Dr. Talbot Rogers, to the newspaper

offices to ask for a complete reporting of his sermon.

As to the religious editors and the newspaper men who cover religious assignments, the least said the better. They do magnificent service for the cause, but they themselves are rarely devout. While some ministers have tried at times to convert them, they remain, by an overwhelming majority, confirmed and blasphemous unbelievers. Possibly they are too close to the mechanics of the propagation of the word of God, as practiced in this modern age, for the welfare of their souls. Yet even to them it is obvious that the meager press reports of a sermon, the front page chronicling of ecclesiastical quarrels, and the reporting of publicity stunts never brought the fear of God to a single individual, or saved one infidel's soul.

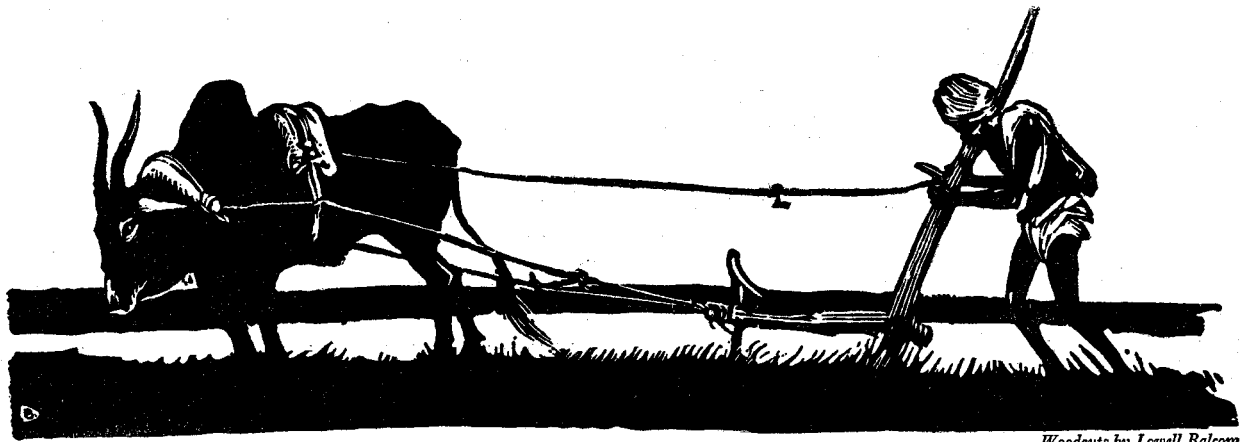
There are some ministers, God bless them, who still ignore the press, and stick to the Gospel. There are others who profess to despise publicity but nevertheless contend that they must stoop to conquer, that the church must publicize itself to the fullest extent in order to compete with amusements. The skeptics at the press bench cannot help feeling, however, that the personal ambition of the men of God is the most potent factor in religious news. A divine who prefers to remain in his parish and minister solely to his flock, never venturing into the wider world of the press, may conceivably enter the Kingdom of God with full honors, but he will never become a Park Avenue rector with a salary of \$20,000 a year, nor will he be elected a moderator or bishop.

The ministry has been invited to defend church publicity in an early issue

Norsewoman

*Her eyes have seen the ice packs moving south
Toward Denmark. She has heard the grinding roll
Of snow fields eddying about a hole
Of fathomless black water. On her mouth
Silence has fallen. She has heard the cry
Of dying swans whose shining bosoms meet
To mingle in a plume of powdered sleet.
And she has sent her Vikings out to lie
On the sea's floor. Her hands have wrenched the steel
Of frozen tides from many a strangled throat
Of clipper ship and eggshell fishing boat.
She carries in her heart a broken keel,
And on her brow the white wings of a gull
Folded serene; steadfast and beautiful.*

Margaret Tod Ritter



Woodcuts by Lowell Balcom

The Indian Village

by H. N. BRAILSFORD

I

A YEAR AGO the customary criticism of the Indian Nationalist Movement was true: it was confined to the educated population of the towns. But India is a land of villages, and their inhabitants, nine-tenths of the nation, spent their lives in a struggle for bread, which left no leisure for politics. To-day all this is changed. The villages are in the front rank of the national struggle. It is partly the unique personality of Mahatma Gandhi which has stirred them from their apathy, but even he might have failed had not the world depression struck India with the force of a tornado. When wheat fell in the Ganges plain, through three harvests, from seven, through four, to two rupees per maund (eighty-two pounds), the peasant could not longer pay his rent and taxes, and live. When a man cannot pay, it is usually easy, with a little eloquence, to persuade him that he ought not to pay. At this stage, one is in sight of an agrarian revolt.

One may reach India in these days by airplane, but the indispensable vehicle in which to approach a village is the time-machine of Mr. Wells' romance, and its engines must be reversed for a good ten centuries. The village cultivates much as our forefathers did when Alfred the Great ruled over them. The fields are often mere garden plots of half an acre or less: one could not use a machine in them if

one possessed it. Much of the land is wasted in raised boundary ridges. The plow has not changed since the mysterious people of the Indus Valley built up a civilization contemporary with that of Ur of the Chaldees. It is a dwarf instrument of wood, with an iron point; one guides it with the right hand, and at seed-time the left hand may trickle the grain into a drill of bamboo. One threshes by treading out the grain with bullocks, and winnows by tossing it in the air.

Irrigation is usual, but only a few favored regions have a canal system. If one is prosperous, and the water is not too far below the soil level, one may construct a Persian well. In the villages to which I now invite the reader, we had to be content with a much more primitive device. A pair of bullocks ran down an inclined plane, dragging by a rope over a grooved wheel a skin of water from the depths of the well; when it reached the top, the driver laboriously poured its contents into the channels. At harvest-time India knows nothing of the scythe: the people squat on the ground and cut the grain with a tiny sickle. I was curious to discover how much labor these childlike operations involved, and reckoned it out with a group of peasants. For wheat ten plowings were necessary, and even then the soil was only scratched four inches deep; on the other hand, one must

record that a weed is rarely seen in an Indian field. To raise an acre of wheat one must spend fifteen days in giving it three waterings. It will take eight men and women from dawn to dusk to reap it.

All told, we reckoned that it cost the labor of one man for forty days to raise an acre of wheat. I should have distrusted this incredible calculation, had I not afterward found the same total in an official publication. One begins with this figure to probe the secret of India's poverty. She must waste her man power by spending forty days to attain a result which a modern American farmer would achieve with the aid of machinery in rather less than a day. That is one's first reflection, but the thought which follows it is still more disconcerting. These peasants would gain nothing, save leisure, if one could present them with modern machines. Their holdings range from five to ten acres, and they have nothing else to occupy their time if they should learn to economize it. Trudging through these fields, the baffling problem of overpopulation stares one in the face, even before one reaches the huddled huts of the village.

II

ON THE WAY through the fields to the first of these villages — its obscure name is Kishanpur, and it lies in the great plain between Jumma and Ganges, about thirty miles from the once royal Mogul city of Agra and the graces of the Taj Mahal — I met one of the landlords of the district. Though his clothes were rather shabby, he carried himself with distinction, as became a man of power. We fell into talk, and I asked him whether the *zamindars* in this part of the United Provinces were still the descendants of the old feudal gentry who used to hold the land under the Mogul Emperors, on a military tenure, pledged to lead so many horse and foot into the field when their sovereign summoned them. No, he told me — most of those old families were extinct; he and most of his fellows had bought the land from embarrassed grandees. They held it under an arrangement which prevails over a great part of northern and central India: they draw a rent from the peasants, and must pay forty-five per cent of it to the government as land tax.

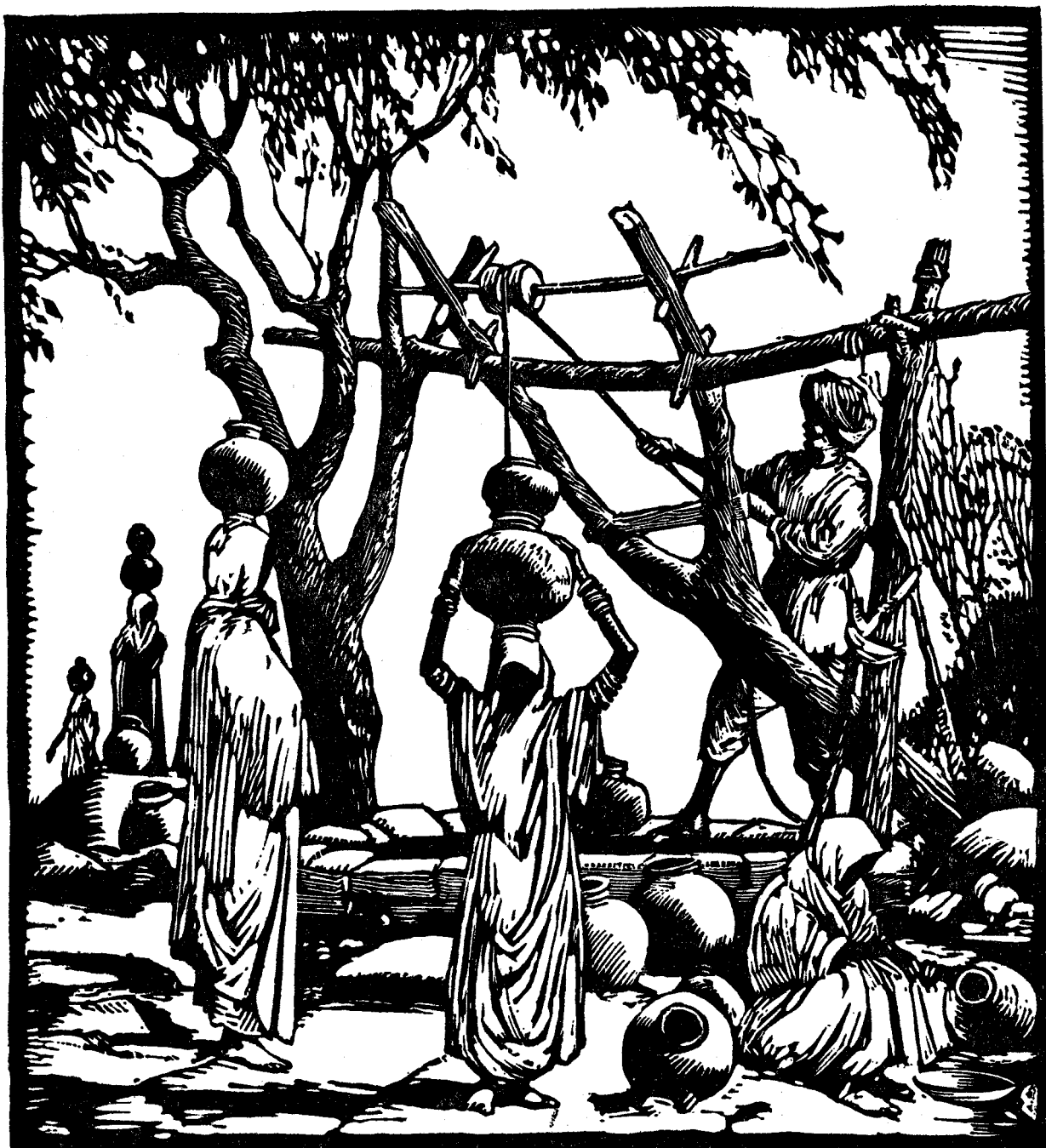
My eye fell on a pair of white bullocks, as we talked, trotting down the inclined plane

of a well. Who dug these wells? The peasants themselves dug them before the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and they also (as I learned in answer to a further question) had erected their huts. What then did the *zamindar* contribute to the resources of the village? What outlay of capital did his rent represent? I asked him, bluntly, whether in return for this tribute he performed any social or economic service whatever. "No," he replied, with a frankness which disarmed: "We're just filling our bellies as everyone else does. We bought our rights and have no concern with the peasants."

Round the drinking well of the village I counted five heaps of refuse and dung. In the narrow lanes between its mud walls, there was garbage and stagnant filth. The huts were the usual boxes of mud, without windows or chimneys; on their flat roofs the people sleep in summer. The open space round which the hamlet clustered was dominated by a shady tree. Under it I took my seat on the bamboo bed which the headman had carried out for my use. In a few minutes the whole male population was squatting round me and answering my questions.

Three direct inquiries sufficed to outline the condition of this village: the rest was detail. Everyone was in debt; no one could read: not one of the children attended school. I realized, as the villagers helped me to fill in this sketch, that the entire economic life of the village is based on a pervasive system of debt, from which a man never escapes. To a heritage of debt every baby is born, and loaded with debt the emaciated corpse is carried to the funeral pyre. The usual rate of interest is thirty-seven and a half per cent, and I met with one case in which the *bania* (money lender) exacted seventy-five per cent. He makes full use of compound interest, and these debts multiply like the bacilli in the dung heaps. When a milch buffalo dies the peasant obtains another from the money lender, on the understanding that all the butter (*ghee*) goes to this universal provider, who is also the universal consumer; only the buttermilk remains in the village.

The crops, raised with so much painful labor, found their way to the *bania's* capacious granary. He took the harvest in payment for past debts, and then lent it back to the village as a new debt. In these two transactions it was



never valued at the same price: grain is worth more when a *bania* gives than when he receives. The wheat, I should add, never came back when once it had left the threshing floor, for this village ate wheaten bread only at weddings. Millet and *gram* (the grain used for horses in India) are its daily diet, and it eats little else. The children, who never taste milk after they are weaned, looked like shadows nourished on debts. Most of them had some disease of the eyes or the skin. Many of them had the swollen belly that indicates a spleen enlarged by malaria, and the limbs of most of them looked like dark sticks fitted to joints.

The mention of weddings set me inquiring what the village spent on these festivities. It would borrow seventy dollars to celebrate them, doubtless a shocking extravagance for people whose daily income was round about six cents. But weddings were infrequent: the village is becoming too poor to marry, and the one item of good news which I carried away from this talk was that its population is declining. Four stalwart young men stood up and assured me that though they were eager to marry, their families could not afford to help them, although, according to the sentiment of old-world India, it is the worst of social sins to



delay the duty of continuing one's race. Marriages, in this region, are always within the caste, but outside the village; and of late the scarcity of women has introduced the custom (to put it brutally) of buying wives. "Our religion," as a priest said to me in a neighboring village, "is no more, for we have been forced by poverty to sell our daughters."

At this point I noticed a ripple of laughter spreading through the ranks, and I asked what had amused them. "We're laughing," they said, "because we never before met a *sabib* who asked such questions as these." (*Sabib* is the title of respect which Indians give to Englishmen.) "The *Sabib* Collector (that is, the magisterial and administrative official) never asks us what we eat." "Oh!" said I, "and what sort of questions does he ask you?" "He asks us about crime in the village, and whether there have been any robberies lately." That struck me as the shrewdest criticism, unconscious though it was, that I heard from Indians, of this capable, scrupulously honest, but unsympathetic bureaucracy.

Another man was standing up, to attract my attention. He tore off the long length of cotton cloth which Indians drape round their persons: the dark frame beneath it was gaunt. "Look, *sabib*, this is the only shred of clothing I possess. I have no change." It was tattered and threadbare. I asked him what he earned. He had no land, but worked as a laborer on the railway, a state concern, at a wage of twelve cents for a day of ten hours, without a break for meals. I gathered that his neighbors envied this owner of one shirt, who kept himself, a

wife, and two children on twelve cents a day. One made less, they assured me, when one had land, for one had rent to pay. The rent would soon be due, and they did not know what they would do when the *zamindar* demanded it.

But it was time to walk back to the village of my friend and host; indeed, it was already dark. He asked if anyone could lend us a lantern to light us over the fields. There was not one in Kishanpur.

III

I WAS TO learn much more, as my stay among these villages went on, of how they lived. I saw the potter at work with his primitive wheel which he spun with a turn of the hand. I surprised a usurer bullying a weaver at work under the shade of a great tree. I witnessed the dumb misery of fathers as fever struck their children down, far from any doctor. But it was chiefly the economics of village life that I explored. This matter of rents took my breath away. There were two classes of tenants in these villages. Some had ancient "occupancy" rights, and paid relatively low rents of Rs. 10-15 the acre (three rupees, roughly, go to the dollar). The majority were tenants at will, and their land-hunger, as they competed for soil to till, had forced their rents up to such figures as Rs. 33. To measure these rents I inquired what they would receive for the harvest of an acre under wheat; the answer of a village meeting held with a *zamindar* and a *zamindar's* agent present to check the peasants' reckonings was Rs. 20. To me Rs. 11 seemed a more probable figure. Evidently the villagers in Kishanpur had not exaggerated. At to-day's prices, it is impossible to pay such rents.

For weeks after this experience, these figures haunted me. Were they credible? Were the peasants deceiving me? I might have distrusted them, had I not found confirmation in a cold official publication. It is an analysis of farm accounts in the Punjab, a much richer and technically more advanced province than the region which I studied. Yet even in the Punjab one discovers from the averages of accounts chosen as typical that, under the tenancy system, the income from the land is divided between landlord and tenant respectively, in the proportion of three to one. From the same publication one gathers that even in

that relatively prosperous province, in that year of relatively high prices, the daily income of a tenant was less than eight cents. Clearly my peasants, though they were not scientific statisticians, were telling the truth about this monstrous system of exploitation.

That the landlord (sharing his unearned rent with the state) levied an intolerable tribute was not, however, the end of the story. He held these tenants-at-will in a merciless and arbitrary grip. The law did indeed provide that a tenant may not be evicted save for non-payment of rent; rents may be enhanced only once in twenty years, and an appeal lies to the courts. But it is not the practice to give receipts for rent, and the peasants told me that the landlord always contrives that there shall be some trifling arrears.

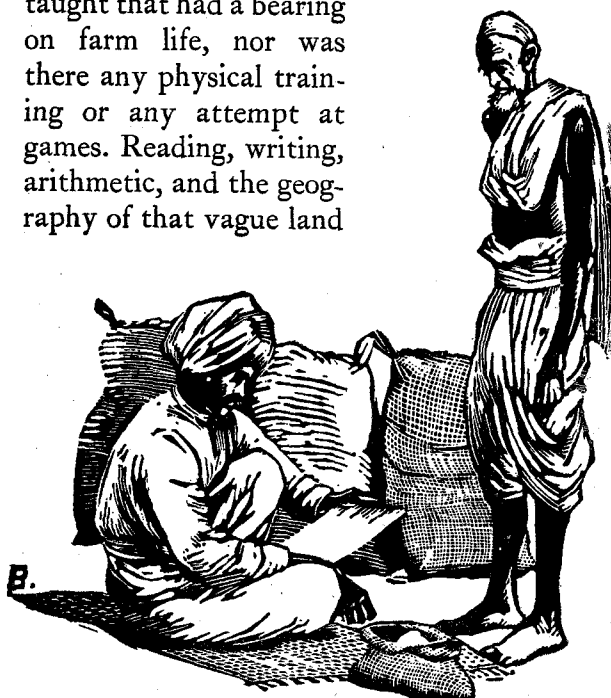
I felt skeptical, and insisted that they should produce an instance to me. Promptly they brought her — a widow woman. She had paid in three years Rs. 210 as rent, but she owed Rs. 6, and therefore nothing had been entered to her credit in the official register. She had no receipts to show, and she was under the notice of eviction. The agent of the *zamindar* who owned this village was squatting in the circle; he could not deny it. I turned to my acquaintance, the *zamindar*, for an explanation of his neighbor's conduct. It came with all the frankness that I had learned to expect from him. "When a tiger is hungry," he answered, "it will even eat a cow" (the sacred animal of India). His own lands were mortgaged (he went on); he had some social standards to keep up; he must be loyal to the government; money was hard to find, and so he "had to think out oppressions to pay his way."

Even now I had not quite fathomed this astonishing system. It seemed to block all improvements. The landlord himself did nothing to improve his property, and he would allow his tenants to do nothing, lest he should be required to compensate them if he were minded, by the trick of nominal arrears, to evict them. I had noticed that no one grew fruit trees. They answered my inquiry with the statement that the landlord would not grant permission, or would charge heavily for it if he did. I was shocked to find that little if any of the cow dung was used as manure; it had to serve as fuel. There is a quick-growing Indian tree (the *babul*) which would serve admirably for fuel,

and of waste land on which it might have been planted there was more than enough. But even this improvement the landlord forbade, and such was the general practice. But, indeed, one might go on indefinitely. These landlords, who are not splendid feudal magnates but mere tax farmers, still insist on some of the old feudal servitudes. The tenants may be summoned to bring a yoke of bullocks and plow his home farm, and when he gives a feast they must contribute milk and fodder.

Half the rent goes to the landlord, the rest to the state. What does it give in return? I tested its contribution in a school which served this group of villages. As yet elementary education is compulsory only in a few exceptionally progressive districts in India, and this was not one of them. The school was a little bungalow of two rooms and a veranda. It was dirty — the rooms cannot have been swept for some time, the walls were bare and stained, and the matting which served as a carpet was in tatters. No pictures decorated the walls. Two maps there were, but so worn and ragged that I could not tell whether they represented India or England — but perhaps it was Utopia.

The one good thing to be said for the school is that among its fifty-nine children, all boys, seventeen came from the depressed classes; and of these some were untouchables, who mixed with the rest. The curriculum was academically aloof from the daily life of the villages. Nothing was taught that had a bearing on farm life, nor was there any physical training or any attempt at games. Reading, writing, arithmetic, and the geography of that vague land



of the tattered maps were taught to four classes by two teachers, at a fee which ranged from one to two cents a month. These men had had a year's training, after an entrance examination, in a vernacular college, and they earned Rs. 22 and Rs. 19 a month, salaries which rank far above the Indian average. To measure them, one may say that in these parts a young policeman begins at a wage of Rs. 17, while an unskilled laborer earns Rs. 8.

As I looked at the bright, well-mannered little boys, squatting as they painted their letters with white on black boards, I began to wonder what place reading and writing really filled in the life of a society engaged in an unending duel with hunger and drought. I asked the teachers what books they possessed. Apart from schoolbooks, they had one between them, which was, significantly enough, a history of the renaissance of the military power of the Rajputs. I next tried the boys, and inquired in the highest class how many of their families had any book at home. Two out of fourteen had one book apiece, a work of Hindu devotion. One family only subscribed to a weekly vernacular newspaper.

Only five of these boys ever drank milk at home, and in this school only the more prosperous families of the neighborhood were represented. Four boys had no change of clothes. One boy boasted that he had four changes and he, of course, was the usurer's son and heir. The senior teacher invited me to question the class, and with a glance at those intriguing maps, I tried geography. Opinions were equally divided as to whether England or India was the hotter and the larger country.

I left this school wondering what these villages gained by paying to the Indian Government one half of their rents. One knows the correct answer. There is no more war in India. To-day epidemics seldom slay more than twenty millions at one blow. Famines no longer

clear a region of its inhabitants. The population has doubled as the result of a century and a half of British rule, and Malthus, if he could return to earth, would find in India all his predictions verified.

IV

ONE QUESTION rang in my ears as I journeyed from these villages to Allahabad, but I told myself that it was futile to raise it in Asia. It was a white man's question, which one does not ask anywhere East of Suez. I wanted to know when these peasants would revolt against a system of land tenure which condemned them to semi-starvation for the

benefit of a race of landlords who fail to redeem their parasitic lives even with a show of elegance or splendor. But the East, I told myself, is schooled to suffer in passivity; it no more dreams of removing landlords than of clearing the dung heaps from around its wells. Iconoclasts do not start life with marlorious spleens.

And yet I was not sure. Elsewhere I had seen villages violently

awake. I had passed through Gujerat, where the entire Hindu population of the countryside was engaged in an obstinate struggle against the land tax. The peasants had sworn to pay nothing until Gandhi should be released; thousands of them had quitted their villages to seek refuge in the territory of Baroda. Their fields were confiscated and their buffaloes attached, but still they stood firm, nor did they flinch before the *latbis* (staves) of the police. But these peasants are small owners, with the independent outlook of yeomen; they are relatively prosperous and much less ignorant than the poor serfs of the United Provinces. In other regions, also, notably in Bihar and Bengal, villages had refused, in the mass, to pay the police tax, and though I could not personally verify the reports, it was said that they showed much steadiness and endurance.

But in these instances Indian society stood



solidly behind a revolt which had a nationalist inspiration and caused no cleavage along lines of class. The wealthy adherents of the Indian Congress, the mill owners and bankers of Bombay, even the *zamindars* and lawyers of country towns, were ready to applaud the passive courage of peasants who refused to pay taxes in order to win *swaraj*. But these tenants of the United Provinces could not strike at the government without dividing Indian society. They pay rent and tax in one lump sum, and they pay both to the *zamindar*. If they refused to pay rent, would not the propertied classes be ranged against them, and if Congress supported them, would it not split its own ranks?

At Allahabad I learned that this seemingly impossible thing had happened. The peasants were determined to refuse payment of the rents which in fact they could not pay. The Congress Party symbolized for them the idea of mass action and resistance to wrong. It had summoned them to smash the salt monopoly and to picket the liquor shops. Who else should lead them in resisting the intolerable burden of rent? They clamored for the Congress to organize them. It hesitated for a time, but in the end the ardor of the peasants swept its doubts away.

It did, indeed, invent a subtle strategy which saved it from the reproach of any deliberate attack on the rights of Indian men of property. It advised the peasants to offer to the *zamindar* half his rent, on condition that he would sign a bond promising to pay nothing to the government. Should he refuse, then the peasant would pay nothing at all. These *zamindars* may be more or less nationalist in sentiment: they have dark skins. But they are not cast in an heroic mold. Needless to say, they signed no seditious bond. The movement went forward as a simple and whole-hearted "no rent" campaign. In November organization had begun; and in Allahabad, while I was there, a press was confiscated for printing leaflets which summoned the tenants to resist. In January a "no rent" demonstration of peasants was dispersed by rifle fire. On that the curtain falls.

V

IT IS HARD to see into the immediate future, but one prediction formed itself in my mind as I left this land behind me. The nationalist struggle has roused its millions from

their apathy, taught them the power of their own solidarity, and drilled them in the tactics of organized, if passive, revolt. "Congress" will not remain a united party, and it has within it, and to the left of it, many men and women whose temperaments will one day place them at the head of a peasant movement. Once India is freed from her absorption in the national struggle, the problem of village poverty must focus her attention.

It calls for solution on two lines. This wasted man power must be organized to produce more wealth from field and factory. But can an awakened people tolerate a distribution of wealth so monstrous as this glimpse of village life has revealed? It will be good to educate, to inculcate hygiene, to raise the technique of agriculture, to absorb some of those villagers in industry — at the risk, be it noted, of aggravating the pressure of population in proportion as one lowers the devastating death rate. But will villages ever work with a will where tenants must surrender three-fourths of the product of their toil to the claims of an idle landlord, while the usurer takes his inordinate toll of the quarter that remains? As these peasants learn the new secret of organization, they will use it, as the villages round Allahabad have begun to do, to free themselves from this tribute.

The constitution drafted at the Round Table in London may go far to satisfy the claim of nationality, but it is a poor instrument with which to win social justice. One third of the membership of the two federal chambers will consist of the nominees of the Princess, who will form an immovable conservative block. The members chosen by British India will be elected on a narrow property franchise. Self-governing India, if this draft goes unamended, will be dominated by the *zamindars*, the usurers, and the lawyers who serve them both. It is a constitution which ignores the village and emancipates its owner. To suppose that India, handicapped by such a constitution, can peacefully solve her social problems stretches my optimism too far. I came from these villages reflecting that in the minds of their peasants the same thoughts were stirring which in 1905, to little purpose, and in 1918 with irresistible impulse mobilized the Russian *muzbiks* to sweep their landlords down the long road that led to exile.

PORTRAIT *of the* MAN *in the* STREET

by **GEORGE FREDERIC NIEBERG**



Drawings by Barney Tobey

A FEW MONTHS ago, along with 122,000,000 of my brethren, I pricked up an attentive ear when the estimable Dr. McBride divulged the parenthood of the Anti-Saloon League. Yet I refrained — and still refrain — from indulging in any passionate shadow-boxing over that interesting disclosure. While my dog-eared copy of Holy Writ contains no allusion to any aphrodisiacal impulse on the part of Yahweh, I, for one, do not question the veracity of the McBride revelation. The good doctor is infinitely closer to God than I. But if, as he insists, the Lord Jehovah did father the League, it seems to me that after He confessed His transgression, the doctor tossed all ethics in the ash can when he broadcast the story to the world. My criticism is based upon the obsolescent dictum that a gentleman never violates a confidence.

Unfortunately the business of being a gentleman — or of comprehending his credo — appears to be a bit too complex for the American mind to grasp. I refer, of course, to the so-called middle class mind, that vast uncultivated waste which, in turn, has spawned a civilization peculiarly its own — a civilization devoid of any semblance of beauty, dignity, or good taste. On its higher levels one encounters, for example, such lovely cultural titbits as the Four-Square Gospel of La McPherson, the Noble Experiment, Bishop Cannon, the *belles lettres* of A. Brisbane, the bawdy blats of Dr. Sunday, Clara Bow, “Tom-Tom” Heflin and his flatulent pals, the works of Zane Grey, the spectacle of the second lady of the land,

Mrs. Gann, engaging in a verbal rough-house over a seat on the aisle, \$1.50 dinner dances, the corseted, perpetually indignant patriots of the D.A.R., the love life of “Peaches” and “Daddy,” Fundamentalism, Rudy Vallée and . . . but this will serve.

It is the Biggest Show on Earth — American culture on parade. It is the Man in the Street’s contribution to human progress. And while you may find his performance blatant, you will never find it dull. Possibly you deplore his taste? Then remember, it was only about a generation ago that he overcame his congenital distrust of a bathtub. And a toothbrush. Very likely he can recall the date he ceased sleeping in his underwear . . . if he has.

The mud still clings to his boots. He remains steeped in the traditions and superstitions of his peasant forbears, including their passion for a short-cut to heaven, and he absorbs greedily the ballyhoo of every new freak on the sacerdotal lot. I do not mean to imply that he is religious. He is not. Yet he has become the “angel” for most of the holy crusaders now in circulation — the potty Messiahs of a thousand clownish cults. Periodically he gulps salvation out of the bottle and when on these emotional jags he makes a lush dumping ground for the nostrums and charms of the more gaudy workers in the vineyard. Briefly, he will subscribe to any voodoo theology if it guarantees him a halo and a ringside seat.

Nor is he entirely destitute of lay hallucinations; in fact his inspired brain is responsible for an infinite number of mental

mirages. And yet, if he chooses to spend his life dodging black cats, detouring around ladders, and shunning two-dollar bills, that is his own affair. I am sorry now I mentioned those idiosyncrasies . . . the inference might be drawn that I am inclined to scoff at the mentality of the Man in the Street. On the contrary, I am indebted to him for a vast fund of interesting information on every conceivable subject.

For instance, take boils. From him I have gleaned the amazing scientific fact that one of these suppurating tumors on my neck purifies my blood and is a desirable asset worth at least a thousand dollars. I am further informed by this fount of all knowledge that there is something peculiar about a man who wears a red necktie; that opals are unlucky; that Southerners are invariably chivalrous fellows; that all cops have big feet; that red-headed girls are more amorous than their less vivid sisters; that drowning is a pleasant way to die; that gin is good for the kidneys; that French women have notoriously loose morals. Briefly, there seems to be no limit to what this man knows.

CULTURE FOR MORONS

ALL THIS may appear somewhat paradoxical in view of the assertion of the *illuminati* that the Man in the Street's intellectual growth stopped somewhere between his twelfth and fourteenth birthdays. I hesitate to express a personal opinion, but I am forced to acknowledge that there are indications that Our Hero is still playing with his cultural blocks.

From him has been wrung the coy admission that he reads — occasionally. But what? He reads no books. I except, of course, all contemporary fiction which contains a few flagrant allusions to the bed-life of the fair heroine. I except, also, the subtle treatises on less romantic subjects, as typified by, let us say, *The Specialist*.

Magazines? Every news stand from the Battery to the Barbary Coast attests mutely to his cultured taste. I refer to the renaissance of the Alley Classics — of our old pals Diamond Dick, Rattlesnake Pete, the James boys, and Nick Carter; all camouflaged a bit, to be sure, but the same disreputable literary bums we smuggled to bed a thousand years ago. And

here they are back on the job — serving as mental nourishment for His Majesty, the typical American citizen! Apparently boys will be boys. I stare, blindly, at something with a luscious Hollywood semi-nude on the cover and retire to Eddie's to meditate.

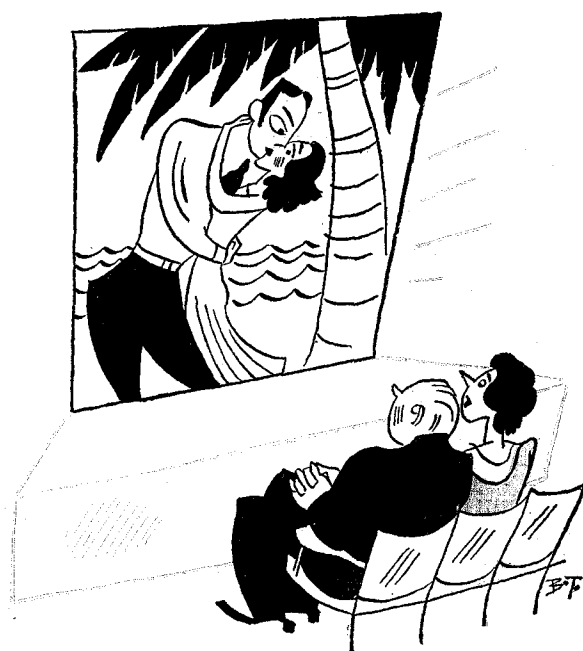
Here I discover that a drone bee has a grandfather but no father; that mice can go longer without water than camels; that Bobby Glidewell of Helena, Okla., can repeat from memory eighty auto license tag numbers; that the guppy fish gives birth to living young; that Uncle Green of Indian Springs, Ga., has not slept in a bed for sixty-six years, and that Mary Layne, of Florence, Tex., walked two hundred yards upside down!

You think I am mumbling in my beard? Not at all. These fascinating facts I lift verbatim from the most popular newspaper feature syndicated in America. Several million typical American citizens absorb this diet daily, and bark for more. It is, as you say, a very interesting case, but I pass on. . . .

For a haunting melody drifts through my window — the man next door is at the dials again. Comes this throbbing madrigal:

My baby don't care for shows,
My baby don't care for clothes,
My baby just cares for mee-e-e

If it is true that the cultural development of the Man in the Street does rise occasionally above the level of his shoestrings, possibly this charming little fragment expresses his craving for higher things. I do not know. But



I believe it is representative of his general taste in radio entertainment. If you disagree, you may substitute the Happiness Boys, the Dubuque Whoopee Quartette, or the Sunshine Club's organ recital and dental talk; it is immaterial. They are all manifestations of Our Hero's æsthetic appetite. His nightly drool over the witless and endless harangue of Amos 'n' Andy is another. It seems that he has crowned this dreary duo the gods of the ether, although he laps up the wares of lesser gods (and goddesses) so long as they impose no undue strain upon his cerebral gears.

That his limitations have been noted by alert observers is indicated in a press release which has recently been issued by the United States Office of Education, Department of the Interior, to prospective disseminators of radio-Kultur. The Bureau counsels: *Present your specialty on the level of thirteen-year-olds. Do not overrate the intelligence of your listeners. . .* and the boys are apparently following instructions.

But if the radio *entrepreneurs* consider him a child of thirteen, I hesitate to peer at his official rating in Hollywood's purple circle. Based entirely upon unexpurgated eruptions from the cinema camps, I venture the prophecy that it is not very high; in fact some of the statements lead me to conclude that Our Hero is still staggering around in his diapers. One author, who has been identified with an imposing number of box-office smash hits and who should, therefore, be in a position to know what the movie public wants, curtly labels the typical American citizen a "goddam moron." Unfortunately the term has been applied so often to our Congressmen and wives' relatives that it has become jejune.

Personally I — but here is a typical movie advertisement taken from a typical American community and designed, presumably, to chuck the beauties of the drama down the typical American citizen's throat. It merits your study: "*A Mighty Film of Cold Killers!!!*" In a desperate, frenzied moment Alice Malden

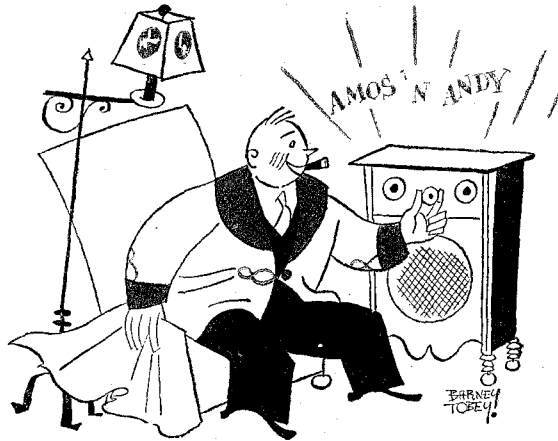
realizes her mistake in betraying her lover! She wronged him, and now she couldn't free him! Ken Maynard got out of it though, using his daring courage and a dextrous horse for support. That's 'Fighting Thru' — Ken's first all-talking Western!"

It is interesting to note that despite his weakness for blood, blondes, and happy endings, the Backbone of Our Country often frowns upon lascivious friskings and unchaste allusions in his favorite cinema shrine. Particularly he keeps an alert eye cocked upon the antics of one Mickey Mouse, and only recently he made the shocking discovery that the cow in the rodent's supporting

cast was assailing our morals by brazenly displaying her mammary glands! I hasten to add that this wanton flaunting of feminine charms was promptly rectified — by request. That is to say, the offending udder will be removed in future pictures (*sic*) and no doubt the kiddies' morals will soon begin to show a healthy and gratifying upward trend.

ON THE LOOSE

YET OUR HERO cannot be classified as a bluenose; he succumbs to comparatively few moral passions. He appears to be dimly aware that his earthly halo does not fit perfectly and so he kicks it blithely under the bed on those red-letter days when a convention, let us say, calls him out of town. Away from the keen chaperonage of the little woman, he undergoes some magic transformation. He becomes a gay dog with a furtive, somewhat porcine appreciation of a well-turned calf and a faith in his own masculine charms which would be beautiful if it were not tragic. On the loose, he is a playboy *par excellence* — a bit swinish, to be sure, but the life of the party nevertheless. Incidentally, on these occasions he dispels the base allegation that he has no sense of humor. Who has not heard his side-splitting wisecracks relative to the chastity of his best friends' wives; his uproariously funny dissertations on bathroom etiquette; his piquant



and devastating witticisms about gravid women? His compatriots find him a very droll fellow.

His early education may be responsible, in part, for his boorishness when in the presence of civilized men and women. It is possible. My altruistic spirit prompts me to uncover some alibi, and his so-called education may serve. And so I point to the tomes he has conned — a ghastly array of emasculated texts possessing no life, no color, no beauty, no feeling. A ludicrous litany yammered into his ears by melancholy pedants incapable of teaching a smart dog a new trick, let alone a sub-normal human. Apparently he has never recovered from the effects of that intellectual bust.

While he is, by his own frank admission, a man of the world, his sophistication seems to be limited to an entrée at the Personal Liberty Club (up one flight, ring four times, and ask for Joe), a few smutty stories, two or three dubious telephone numbers, and a ratty affair with a blonde back in 1922. To offset this lurid background, I point to a congenital gullibility, almost startling in its simplicity.

His blind, unwavering faith in “success” stories, patent medicines, political platforms, his bootlegger’s word of honor, and his boss’ stupidity borders upon fanatical fervor. He still mumbles to himself o’ nights those immortal lines which attest to his being, not only the master of his fate, but also the captain of his soul. Secretly he hugs to his heart the belief that Junior has at least a Chinaman’s chance of being elected President, or Congressman . . . or something.

Not content to wait for opportunity’s scheduled knock, he serves on a multitude of committees, acquires lodge buttons, aids in Community Chest drives, Big Brother uplifts, and other great civic enterprises; and thus he becomes known to Worthwhile People. All this, I understand, is part of his subtle strategy to Get Ahead in This World. I am in no position to pass judgment upon its merits — except that it appears to develop an extremely supple knee.

That he is forever genuflecting before the pedestal of some superman is, of course, obvious. As a hero-worshiper he has a well-

defined weakness for the sports page deities, usually beginning with some spectacular heavyweight champion and grading down to gods of coarser clay. An impersonal nod from Dempsey leaves him quivering in a sort of devine ecstasy; a grin or an autographed baseball from the famous Babe elevates him to blissful, self-conscious heights. He has never forgotten the day he shook hands with Sande. He has the inferior man’s yen for the spotlight and he is pathetically willing to cadge his thrills.

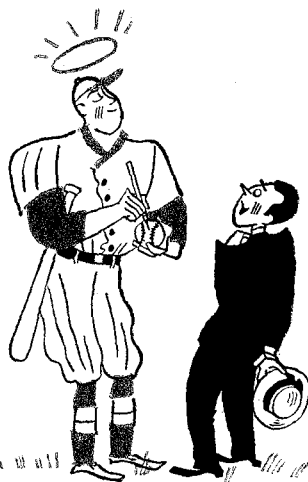
A POLITICAL SUCKER

HE is a mob man and, consequently, lush pickings for every tail-coated political mountebank plying between Walla Walla and Washington. For reasons which defy analysis he associates profound sagacity with a flood of oratory, a string tie, and a funereal mien; having no sense of humor himself, he is suspicious of it in others, and the boys he hoists into office are always careful to refrain from laughing when they perform their major operations on his legislative-worn anatomy. He is America’s noblest, and most harmless, experiment and submits to political vivisection

with a docility that is a damning indictment of his legendary courage. His raucous bellowings for liberty fade to a discreet *pianissimo* when the congressional clowns in Washington decide that he is not old enough to play with such a dangerous toy; he did not become a flaming patriot in the late international difference of opinion until these same astute gents ignored his anti-draft blubberings and shoved a gun in his hands.

Despite the reiteration of the syndicated newspaper editorials and the pre-election eulogies, it would seem that the average citizen is no heroic figure. Possibly he is, as some of his critics maintain, merely a congenital ass. Whatever else he may be, he still remains a strange anomaly — and the most difficult bug to classify in the entire human laboratory.

For example, he claims to be an ardent loyalist yet he has never read, in its entirety, that amusing old historical document known as the Constitution of the United States. A rabid



advocate of shirtsleeve democracy, he surges against the guard ropes and goggles popeyed at visiting royalty. He has pedestaled George Washington as a plaster saint, but he sniggers obscenely over the more racy paragraphs in *The President's Daughter*. He wears no man's collar, yet he is not above polishing his boss' boots with an occasional osculatory caress.

He roars at the charge of the *illuminati* that he is still squatting in the cultural slums, yet he looks upon an appreciation of a delicate Chinese porcelain, for instance, as an undemocratic vanity, and he regards with ill-concealed suspicion any male member of the community who can distinguish between a Duncan Phyfe chair and a hot-dog stand.

I lean toward the heresy that the typical American citizen is, at best, an unpleasant go-getter, a professional back-slapper going through his dumb-show always a bit fearful of his job, of what people will say, of his wife — and of himself. To this heresy I will add another: that it is impossible for him to live like a civilized man, as it is impossible for him to die like one. For on these bleak occasions, the peasant strain asserts itself in his blind, abject fear of the Biblical hellfire; he bawls for a holy man to fix things up when he hears the first faint thump of the death gongs.

Apparently he cannot even go to hell like a gentleman.

WANTED: *A Typical American*

WHO IS THE MAN IN THE STREET? Everybody talks about him. Politicians pander to him. Advertisers direct their campaigns at him. Highbrows slander him. Hollywood flatters him. Nobody has ever been able to locate him. In the foregoing article Mr. Nieberg has portrayed what he believes to be the Average Man, the Typical American. Your guess is as good as his, however. Why not think it over and draw up a list of what you conceive to be the characteristics of the Typical American? What sort of home does he live in? What are his interests in life? What are his ambitions? His beliefs? His superstitions? In short, what sort of man is he?



IS HE
Calvin Coolidge?
Andrew Gump?
Charles A. Lindbergh?
Will Rogers?
William Hale Thompson?
The Prince of Wales?

You are invited to submit your own portrait of the Typical American. It must not be longer than five hundred words, and should be sent

to the Contest Editor of THE FORUM, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York. Twenty-five dollars will be paid for all manuscripts deemed acceptable for publication in THE FORUM. To be eligible, manuscripts must be received at the offices of THE FORUM by midnight of June 15th, 1931. They will not be returned, and the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final in the choice of winners. You need not be a subscriber to THE FORUM to enter this contest.

Grandmother Goes Wet

by ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

THE REPORT of the Wickersham Commission on Law Enforcement brought consternation and irritation to a large social group of which I happen to be a member — grandparents.

Sensational charges to the contrary notwithstanding, there are in the United States to-day several millions of men and women to whom the family remains a desirable and dignified institution. To them, grandchildren are something more than little creatures to be cuddled, teased, and spoiled. They are the symbols of family standards, traditions, ambitions. The hope of their grandparents is that they will carry on the best strains, the best ideals of their ancestry. And in families by the hundred thousands such hopes are being blasted by the existing liquor situation, the lure of road house, night club, and speakeasy.

When the Eighteenth Amendment was written into the Constitution of the United States, we, as a family, went dry. It was not that we were outstandingly patriotic or more civic-minded than our neighbors. We were, and are, just average citizens, the sort who wake up politically a few weeks before an election, and who are susceptible to propaganda that is clever or amusing.

Underlying our determination were my grandchildren, particularly two fine, upstanding boys whose ideals, character, and habits were then in the formative stage. In common with thousands of other unsophisticated citizens, we believed that the law was enforceable and that when these boys came of age, liquor would have gone the way of horses and buggies.

So I packed away quaint bottles, rare decanters, and my finest glasses against that day when my great-grandchildren might prize them as museum pieces. The excellent liquors I had on hand were cached for use in illness and emergencies. On the Christmas following the passage of the Volstead Act, for the first time in my memory pudding came to the table un-

lighted and the hard sauce was flavored with a combination of bitter almond, vanilla, and nutmeg.

All this was done without fanfare. It seemed the natural, normal thing to do in the interest of the children. None of us felt aggrieved over going dry, or virtuous. We have never been a drinking family. Wine for betrothals and christenings, champagne for weddings, a mug of hot punch for the bishop or the presiding elder who stopped with us in cold and stormy weather, these were among my childhood memories. If you were a gentleman, you drank like a gentleman. If you could not do this — well, you were not invited to drink again.

When, at the turn of the century, I moved to New York and found my niche in its literary circle, I served liquor moderately to my dinner guests — a cocktail for an appetizer; claret, sauterne, muscatel, or sparkling Burgundy with the main course; and with the coffee, tiny glasses of crème de menthe, curaçao, benedictine, or apricot brandy.

The men who gathered those evenings to discuss books, plays, what was going on in the world, did not require the stimulation of highballs and gin rickeys. Many of them have since become famous — Francis Hackett, Arthur Stringer, Louis Joseph Vance, James Henry Forman, F.P.A., Bayard Veiller, the late James Huneker, Harvey O'Higgins, and William Johnston. Nobody stayed away from your dinner because you did not serve liquor, and such dishes as a well-broiled steak, a homemade strawberry shortcake, were not without honor among Bohemians.

FROM SUCH an environment did our family enter upon the noble experiment of prohibition. Within a year we were laughing at our own simplicity. But not at the effect of prohibition on the grandchildren for whom we had made the splendid gesture.

Up to this time, liquor had never interested them. It was like smoking, playing pool, and keeping late hours. You abstained until you had attained the stature and the strength of manhood. Then you used your judgment about indulging. But now, drinking took on the importance of a hidden vice. It was a mystery about which all boys — and many girls — were curious.

Previous to the passage of the Volstead Act, there had been saloons in our suburb but, being regulated by law, none could be opened near the school which the boys attended. Now, however, the boys had to pass two speakeasies going to and from school. We found it difficult to explain them. The law prohibited the sale of liquor, yet from the back doors of these stores with their boarded windows, drunken men emerged to reel across the lots, often to fall down among sunflowers and ragweeds.

What can you do when an intelligent boy asks why officers sworn to enforce the law protect its violators instead? First you will outline the difference between local and Federal law enforcement. The policeman on the beat cannot close a speakeasy. A Federal officer must do that. "But," the boy demands, "why doesn't the cop tell the Federal officer?" Then you explain that there aren't enough Federal officers to enforce the prohibition law, and a perplexed boy asks what's the use of passing laws when you can't enforce them, and you give it up.

A few days later he comes home from school much excited. He knows something you don't know. A boy on the street has given him his first lesson in graft. Tony, who runs the speakeasy catty-cornered from the school, will not be "pulled" because he stands in with the cop and the district leader. Your boy is much surprised that you, a grown-up who has been giving him information all these years, did not know about police protection. Behind this amazement lurks the suspicion that either you are not so smart as he thought you were, or you are a bit naïve.

When our boys moved to Manhattan and were registered in a private school located in a good residence district, new difficulties arose. Speakeasies are no respecters of zoning laws. They occupy staid houses on exclusive side streets, and to children they offer thrilling possibilities. At any hour of the day or night,

they may be raided. This means the clanging of police gongs, the clatter of the patrol wagon, brandishing of clubs, perhaps the battering down of doors — and later a group of silent, well-dressed men and women being jostled down the steps and into the waiting wagon, just like a movie. Small wonder that boys and girls (not street urchins, but "nice" children who have escaped the vigilance of parents or play supervisors) group themselves hopefully on steps or areas in the vicinity of fashionable speakeasies.

But the most potent influence in their realization that prohibition is a farce has been the motion picture. For a time drinking on the screen impressed the boys like murder, arson, or burglary. It was the accompaniment or the motive of crime. Weak or wicked men, inflamed by liquor, committed crimes, were captured, gnashed their teeth, and went to prison. Handsome leading men of the great open spaces and lovely young ladies from mills, factories, and shops spurned the proffered drink and, according to final fadeouts, lived happily ever after.

But as drinking became America's favorite recreation, indoor or out, motion picture producers became bolder. Drama pictures life as it is lived — and life was becoming more and more alcoholic. The socially smart were drinking in their homes and their clubs, at private balls and glittering night clubs. Everybody who was anybody — on the screen — had a cellar or a dependable bootlegger. The movie scenario kept step with Society. Heroines drank not too wisely but too much, and were saved from ruin only by the arrival of the hero in a speed boat, a high-powered car, or an airplane. Scenes of drawing-room and boudoir debauchery were dragged into the most innocuous plots. Prohibition officers and civilians who attempted to stem the tide of drinking were made ridiculous on the screen or were portrayed as petty, mean, hypocritical.

And when the producers began to present films like "Untamed," the effect was even worse. Here was something the boys and girls could understand. This was their life. Here were young people of supposedly good families celebrating their last night at school with a drunken orgy. Play after play about boys and girls of college age carrying flasks to their parties, hiding flasks in their dormitories, par-

ticipating in wild night rides and questionable escapades. And in the dim theaters, millions of impressionable youngsters absorbing the creed that all fashionable schools and colleges were the scene of open or secret drinking.

According to the new code exploited by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, of which Mr. Will Hays is president, this sort of thing will be banned from the films hereafter. It announces that "the use of liquor in scenes of American life shall be restricted to the actual requirements of characterization or plot." Who shall decide this question of "actual requirements," Mr. Hays and his publicity staff have never explained. Be that as it may, so far as my grandchildren are concerned — and the millions like them — the mischief has been done.

III

WHEREVER I go, in austere, close-mouthed New England, in arid Kansas, in sunburned Nebraska, in church-ridden Tennessee, in glowing and defiant California, the brewing of liquor in the home has been revived, but in what a different spirit from that which inspired Colonial, Revolutionary, pioneer housewives! It was part of their housewifely arts. Liquor was needed to keep warm the bodies of men who cut their way through primeval forests, and to keep high the courage of those who faced dangers, seen and unseen. To-day home brewing is within the letter of the law, but outside the spirit thereof. It is just one way of getting around the Eighteenth Amendment, snapping your fingers at those who would interfere with personal liberty. And the liquor is made for orgies, not for restrained consumption.

I went on a medium-priced cruise last summer. Two-thirds of the single women aboard the ship were self-supporting, spending their own earnings, living their own lives. Teachers, trained nurses, buyers, stylists, clerks, stenographers, private secretaries. A hundred average young women between eighteen and thirty-eight years, well-groomed, well-dressed, using good English, having good table manners; well-posted on current events, new books, new plays; agreeable, often amusing — but at least sixty per cent of them more or less under the influence of liquor from the hour we left New York until we returned.

One young thing with a Ruth Gordon face

and voice, who sat at our table, approached me on the pier as we waited for the customs inspector.

"Gee, Mrs. Richardson, have you a stick of gum or a mint? My mother's out there waiting for me, and after me telegraphing her not to come. I was going home with my girl friend to sleep it off. Honest, I'll *have* to do something."

The strongest breath-sweetener ever manufactured could not have helped this poor child to deceive her mother. The trouble had gone deeper — into wrists and knees. There was no coördination between brain and muscles. A cheap stenographer, you say? No, not so cheap. Her mother was obviously a woman of education and some refinement. Prohibition nullification is not a matter of family, social position, or earning capacity.

Last winter I gave a dinner in honor of an engaged couple. The young man is the grandson of a minister, the girl's father is a solid business man, a community worker, and a church elder.

The prospective groom arrived early and slipped me a bulky package.

"I thought you might like to serve a few drinks in honor of the great merger. You needn't be afraid of it. It's been analyzed."

"That's most thoughtful," I replied, "but we won't need it. The punch is made and I have an old-fashioned belief that a hostess supplies what she serves. Why not save this," indicating the package, "to start your cellar?"

"Not so bad. Booze is the white man's burden these days. Say, it must have been great when you could buy real gin at a dollar and a half a quart."

"It was — and we didn't have to use half so much."

We drank the young couple's health in sparkling white grape juice. Probably it would have been a bigger and better party if I had served gin instead. I heard that after a dinner, given two nights later, the members of the bridal party danced with their clothes turned wrong side out.

Six months ago a young woman of my acquaintance dismissed her maid and took on her own housework, even to washing for the baby three times a week — with an electric machine, of course. Her mouth set in grim lines when she told me about it.

"We can't pay the maid and the bootlegger

both. And if we don't serve liquor, we'll be out of everything. People just won't come to your house if it's dry. Personally, I don't care — much. I have the baby and the garden and my bridge club. But Harry is fond of his old friends and likes to step out in the evening. If I don't have them here, well, he'll go out with them, and without me. The men play golf and poker. They have their speed boats. Oh, you know — that's how young couples drift apart. I've got a day worker to come in occasionally and go over the house, and a high school girl to sleep here when Harry and I want to go out."

The other day a fire broke out on the block where this young matron lives. She gave this account of the event:

"It was too funny for words. There were the kiddies in the sand pile. Helen C — and I were sitting in the living room drinking highballs, and the fire engine came dashing up the street. A fireman wanted to move Helen's car farther away from the hydrant, and she couldn't find the key. They had to push it and what they said to Helen was plenty —"

Highballs at four in the afternoon, and six months ago they didn't mean a thing in her life, even at night!

Another young mother arrived at a dinner given in honor of a popular illustrator. Repairing damages to her makeup, she suddenly collapsed at the dressing table.

"One of you girls slip downstairs and get me a life saver — salted nuts, black coffee, anything will do. Tommy Drake didn't serve a bit of food at his cocktail tea — or tea either, for that matter."

The "life saver" arrived too late to be effective. The young matron passed completely out of the picture and was discreetly tucked away on the day bed in her hostess' sewing room. But the point of the story is this — between the time she left the foodless cocktail party and arrived at the scene of the dinner, she drove eight miles from suburb to suburb in her smart little sedan, threading her tipsy way among unsuspecting commuters and unprotected children.

Such women and their daughters will be laying matrimonial nets for my grandsons — not so many years from now.

What price marriage which leads eternally to cocktail teas? Of what use is the finest education, the most desirable home background

for boys, if these lead only to marriage with the dipsomaniacs that prohibition is producing?

LV

STATISTICS on drinking, whether gathered by wets or drys, do not interest me. They prove nothing. Figures not only can but do lie, in the brains and hands of fanatics. Neither am I interested in the drinking habits of the so-called laboring class. No doubt there are more and bigger deposits in the savings banks of this country. There should be. The ice man, who grieved when I installed an electrical refrigerator, now patronizes me intolerably. He is a discreet and prosperous bootlegger. My drug-gist and my grocer no longer need my old-fashioned trade. They prefer customers for the bottled goods which they keep in their flats over the store. I see prohibition not as a national problem but as every mother and every grandmother sees it — as a family problem, as an influence on the future of her children.

Any woman belonging to the W.C.T.U. or the Anti-Saloon League who says that it is easier to guard your sons against the temptations of the speakeasy than the saloon is either ignorant or she is deliberately misrepresenting the situation. Drinking in a saloon in the old days was disgraceful. It might result in being cut by nice people, left out of nice social affairs. Drinking to-day in a speakeasy is the fashionable thing to do.

And what can we women do about it?

Personally I can give the remaining years of my allotted three score and ten to securing modification of this unenforceable law, spreading education, using whatever strength and energy my Creator may allow me to support such groups as the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform.

And when my grandsons reach the age of drinking — for drink they will under existing conditions — I want them to drink at my table, not in a speakeasy or behind the sheltering palms of a country club. I want them to know the difference between good liquor and bad, between drinking like gentlemen and lapping it up like puppies. I want them to recognize that temperance is as worthy as abstinence, and that higher than any man-made law is that God-made law which raises men above animals only when they can control their appetites.

THE PRECIPICE



Illustrated by Dorothy McKay

by MARY BRINKER POST

THE TWO NEW maids were flying about in the kitchen below, unmolding the lovely, expensive salad, toasting the fascinating new canapés. Harriet, upstairs in her own bedroom, heard the quick firmness of their steps, the small clash of kitchen tools. She heard, too, the thick, hard beats of her heart, quickening, pausing, sharp as a weapon in her side, beating like a girl's excited by first love. The only other sound in the room was the impersonal, mechanical click of the clock on her dressing table. It was a charming clock with a small ivory face framed in sharp, clean strokes of a black stone, nearly translucent, cut after a modernistic conception. She was glad that Hugh, her husband, had given her that so she could keep it. It wasn't like Hugh's gifts; it was more like the ones she had destroyed.

She sat on the curved bench of her new bedroom set, nail buffer poised above her white, rather cold hands, gazing at the toy; the clock was hardly more than that, it kept such erratic time, beautiful as it was. Slowly she pivoted on the bench, looking all about the perfect room. It looked like a charming woman's room, a good woman's room. The curtains were bright and drawn back frankly from the windows so that all the world might see and find nothing amiss.

She remembered other hangings, subtly complimenting her pale charm, curtains that could be close-drawn, excluding the world, creating a world within, a secret, warm world of amethyst grays and slow flickers of gold. The new bedroom set was painted a naïve green, almost like a girl's furniture. The book table still held its jumble of books in sophisticated covers, but they looked neglected, thrown any way. The books within reach of her hand from the bed were less out of place in the quiet, unassuming room — a leather-bound prayer book; a stiff, new Bible; several small books on mysticism; St. Francis' *Little Flowers*: devout, humble books, carefully placed. The woman got up and went over to the table, touching the books with light, timid fingers.

Back at the dressing table she slipped off her woolly robe and sat gazing into the narrow glass at her reflected body. She was thin now, the muscles of her throat tight and strained. Her eyes frightened her a little, they seemed so big and dark in the slender frame of her lightly rouged face. But she felt she could be secure in their discreet, quiet gaze. For a moment she stared fascinated and repelled by the curved, cream-white flesh of her bare shoulders. Then with a sudden static gesture she flung the dressing robe over her nakedness,

pulling the loose sleeves crosswise over her breast.

Harriet took out a blue dress from her closet. She put it on carefully, shaking out the organdie pleated collar and the pleated cuffs, snapping each snap deliberately and thoughtfully. It was a correct, simple dress, very well made, and she looked young in it. She clasped a string of small pearls about her neck. Hugh had given them to her for her birthday. They were very good and fitted so perfectly around the base of her full throat. She liked them.

A motor shifted gears outside on the hill by the house. She glanced quickly at the clock. Twelve-thirty, only half an hour before the women of St. Stephen's Auxiliary would be coming. Luncheon was at one and preceded the program, for this was to be a program meeting. Harriet was to sing, Mrs. Gerber would play, and the rector, Canon Grey, would talk to them on mysticism. She was suddenly very eager and flushed, forgetting herself and the remodeled room, the neglected novels, the burned gifts. She had never before entertained the Auxiliary and her plans had been elaborate and anxious. Harriet snatched up the black clock, for the one downstairs was out of order and she must keep track of the time. She hurried down to the kitchen.

The maids were busy with the tea wagon and the silver service.

"Mrs. Compton, did you say the Lennox service plates or the Spode? I forget which," Agnes, the tall dark one who always looked at her so straightly asked, as Harriet came out, the door swinging behind her.

"The Lennox, Agnes. They're the ones with the autumn leaves design, you know, and fruit basket. They've been in the china closet so long they're most likely quite dusty. Do be sure you wash them carefully."

Agnes looked across at Ethel, the small, brown girl who never quite met Harriet's eyes. Once she might have felt uneasy before that exchange of glances, but what did these new maids know? She got out the salad forks, bouillon spoons, butter spreaders.

"Ethel, these aren't polished very bright.

Did you use the new paste?" She was very happy hurrying about the kitchen, talking to the maids, who seemed respectful and eager to please. Only fifteen minutes until the first guests would be arriving. She went into the living room and set the clock on the mantel, between two small, fragile pink and blue Dresden lamps.

The rooms were gracious and waiting. They seemed as expectant as she, but sure of themselves, glowing and garlanded, the newly lighted fire catching pitch from the sweet pine logs and shattering the chimney's black with stars of sparks.

The luncheon table was laid with long runners of cream Italian lace. Yellow tapers in black glass candlesticks waited to be lighted. Freesias bruised the warm air with pale scent, poised and graceful in the center of the table. Harriet's eyes caught the clock's hand again. She would have to hurry to get the place cards arranged. They were very simple and dignified with her monogram in plain silver. Her hands trembled as she set them in place, lingering over the square cream napkins, so glad that it would all be perfect, correct, charming.

When she could do no more she went into the hall to touch her face with powder and moisten her rather dry lips with rouge paste. Through the long side window she peered a moment, hearing a motor slow down. The automobile went on, though, and the street was empty. It was a bitter day and the pavements were dangerous with frozen sleet. They would probably be a little late.

She couldn't sit down and rest, she wasn't at all tired; too keyed-up, really, for fatigue, though there had been a lot of rushing around during the morning. If she hadn't been so taut she could have laughed at herself. Fancy anyone being so excited about an Auxiliary luncheon meeting! No one else had ever entertained the Auxiliary in quite her state of mind, heart, fears, hopes. Losing for a time the right to do these simple, respectable, slightly dull things made one a trifle frantic when the chance





came to recapture that right. She felt like a climber who has lost footing and fallen to a precarious ledge and sees the rescuers' rope dangling just close enough to be reached with great effort. She knew, like the climber, that one false move might plunge her into the abyss. She laughed at her mind's jumble — Auxiliary meetings, ropes, abyss — what strange company for a luncheon!

Round about the room she moved, touching books and magazines, moving the Dresden lamps farther apart. The clever clock kept track of her endurance, her mounting nervousness. It was fifteen minutes after one and no one had come. They wouldn't be much later than that. People tried to be on time for luncheons. It would make the meeting so late if they did not come soon.

Motors went by, clanking chains. Once a coupé skidded turning a corner and nearly hit a delivery truck. But none of them stopped at the Comptons'. Harriet went to the piano. She might as well go over her two songs if she had to wait. Her hands were very cold and made mistakes with the accompaniment. Her voice sounded harsh and hollow in the warm, waiting silence. The first song went very badly. It was impossible to breathe right with the strange pressure on her breast, as if a great, purring, black cat were lying there, cutting off her breath. Her hands relaxed in the middle of

the second song, lay on the keyboard while she stared into the dark gleam of the piano, pushing down a rising panic.

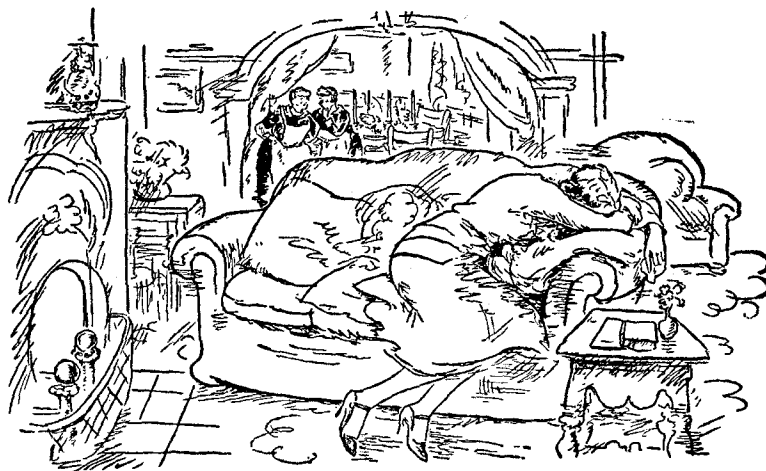
Suddenly she flung away and caught the clock with its hands at the half hour. Was it possible anyone would be so late? Half an hour late to luncheon — impossible that all would be that late. It meant. . . . She pressed her wet, cold palms together, all the prettiness squeezed out of her face. Someone must have told them. Someone had seen one of those old rendezvous, those forgotten, pushed away out of mind assignations. All one needed do was whisper a word to old Mrs. Bennett, just the shadow of a whisper, and the old lady's dislike of Harriet would kindle into malice. She closed her

eyes and fancied the hurried telephone calls, the corner meetings, the quick, sharp, well-bred tongues. It would have been so much kinder to have telephoned and refused to come, or sent regretful notes. Her body was wringing wet, the fine voile undergarments sticking to her shrinking skin.

She went out to the kitchen.

"Ethel, put the patties back into the oven, and the salad had better go in the icebox. The ladies will be quite late." She held her voice steady and casual, her head a little too high and proud. She dared not look at the maids' faces. What would their glances say now?

Back in the dining room she hovered over the long, beautiful, dignified table. Suddenly her body seemed to break with the actual knowledge of what this was. This was the end of her lonely, quiet fight to get back the coveted piece of mind and spirit and heart she had lost. So far as Hugh was concerned there was no



trouble. He had never known. She had been able to take up the familiar affection again, though his respect and love for her sometimes pierced deeper than forbidden memories.

With steady, resolute passion she had gone about the rehabilitation of her soul. There could be no other way save through the church. Hugh could not know her fight. Her friends had never suspected. There was no help from any other quarter, only bitterness. With a heart weeping with gratitude, shame, humility, she had flung herself into the sanctuary of the church's bosom. Perhaps she should never have joined the Auxiliary, shouldn't have brought the human equation into it, fed only upon the divine source of strength. But it would have been difficult to refuse when the ladies had asked her, and it meant working for the church. She owed it that at least for what it was giving her.

Until to-day she had been secure. This shadow had never crossed her heart. Now she stood shivering, shattered in its awful gloom. Could she go to church now, even if they said no word to her? Her despair told her she could not; her confusion of spirit was accomplished. They had chosen the cruellest torture to end her, too.

She stood against the fireplace bricks, her body crumpled and desolate, terrible low sobs crushing her nerves, coming up out of her pierced soul. Precise, unintimate, remote, the clock ticked above her between the two fragile Dresden sheperdesses. She raised her head and looked at the small ivory face framed in exotic black stone. It was exactly an hour after the time set for the luncheon. Harriet pushed herself away and paced up and down the room, tears falling on her twisting hands. The maids in the kitchen made no noise, did not come to see.

Outside a motor crunched and skidded. Harriet moved from dining room to parlor with legs that ached from their tensity, her pleated organdie collar crushed by uncontrolled fingers. Through the fog of agony that shut her in from outer consciousness, the door bell tinkled dimly. For a moment she did not believe she had heard it. Then she skimmed across the room like a ghost, to peer through the hall cur-



tains. Two women were on the porch, pulling off gloves and galoshes, and chattering. It was the Auxiliary president and the young wife of the rector. Their faces seemed innocent and commonplace. Harriet pressed back to the end of the hall. Agnes came from the kitchen, glancing at her, who nodded dumbly. While the maid admitted the women, Harriet wiped furiously at the tears on her cheeks and eyes, pushed back her loosened hair, pressed the powder puff hard over her quivering nostrils and trembling chin, dabbed at her dry lips with red paste. She came forward with nervous and vague smiles.

The women came in, looking clumsy and bulky in the narrow hall, rubbing their fingers and loosening their coat collars. Harriet stood by the stair, her hands clasped loosely, her body limp, trembling slightly, weakly. Mrs. Towne, the president, smiled at her, murmuring, "Well, it *is* cold to-day. My, your house feels good and warm. Are we the first ones here?"

All the spent woman could do was to nod. She did not even try to speak.

Mrs. Towne went on, loosening her coat. The canon's wife slipped back her sleeve to glance at her wrist. "Mrs. Gerber called me before I left to tell you she'd be along about quarter after. I guess it's nearly that now, though. Well, I have five minutes past. What does your clock say?"

Both women looked at Harriet expectantly. When she seemed not to understand, the rector's wife cried in a surprised voice, "Why, Mrs. Compton, is anything wrong? You look posi-

tively ill!" She put her hand on Harriet's arm.

Harriet smiled and shook her head, but her eyes turned irresistibly to the black clock on the mantel. The two women followed her gaze.

"What time does it *say*?" gasped the president, hastily pushing back her sleeve. "But, Mrs. Compton, it can't be *right*. My watch says the same as Mrs. Grey's, and I set it by the Union Station clock on the way over. Don't you remember, Mrs. Grey?" She turned to the other woman, who was nodding and looking sympathetically at Harriet.

"Why, you poor dear," she murmured, "your clock's a whole hour fast and you've been

waiting lunch all that time. No wonder you look ill. What could you have thought of us?"

All three women laughed together and Harriet indicated the stair to the guests. "You'd never guess," she said with a laugh like a sob, her face still white and set in lines of pain. "Yes, I was upset. But—it's all right now. Come upstairs and take off your things. I've done my bedroom over and I want you to see it."

She led the way slowly, her legs very tired and heavy. If she could continue to laugh until she reached the top step, she felt, she would be safe from tears.

Midnight - Waking

He knew the dark of the womb too well,
The cradling flesh and the quiet sleep;
What lay in awaking he could not tell,
Or what bright secrets the born must keep.
But whether or not he loved the night,
The warm security of that place,
Life has lifted him up to light,
Lifted his small and tear-stained face,
Set his stark feet on sullen earth,
Awake to the bitter hour of birth!
Life, like a flower in his clutch,
Life, like a thorn to prick his side;
Life, to be scorned or loved too much,
His quickest shame or sluggish pride;
Life, for the new-born's petulant taking—
God, be kind to his midnight waking!

There was the dark in the room once more,
And the twisting shadow before the door;
The window framing a crazy moon,
And someone whispered the hushed word "soon."
The lips in the dark that could not speak;
The soft hair blowing across a cheek;
The hands that lay like a sleeping flower
That comes to its blossoming place and hour;
"S-sh," said the lilacs beside the gate.
"S-sh," said the breathing dark, "— and wait."
"S-sh," said the curtain before the moon,
But lips in the dark mouthed the one word "soon."
The quick heart beats like a sudden drum
And the bird in the garden whistles "Come."
Love, for a man's importunate taking—
God, be kind to his midnight waking!

They put the Book beside his bed;
Gospel and evening prayer were read.

The heavy door was left ajar
To wait the stealthy foot of dawn,
But, somewhere very still and far,
He's gone.

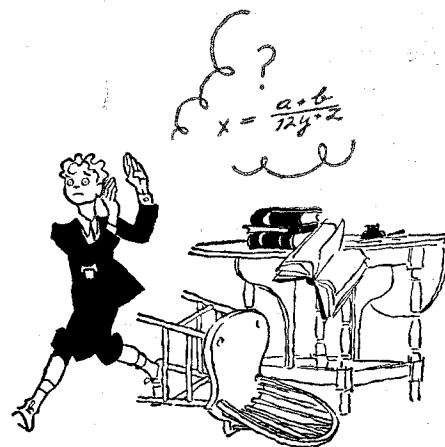
Gone, with little for drink or meat
But the bitter knowledge that love was sweet.
Gone, with little of faith or fear
But the certain knowledge that life was dear.

Death, for an old man's passionate taking—
God, be kind to his midnight waking!

— ***Elsbeth***

Useless A B C's

by **DONALD ROSE**



Drawings by Johan Bull

THERE IS scarcely any phenomenon of modern American life so typical as our educational system. It is expansive and expensive, it is dedicated to the democratic ideal, and it is sufficiently young to be considered at all times a matter of current business. It has grown up within this generation as a coast-to-coast hook-up of grammar schools, high schools, preparatory schools, and colleges; it is comprehensive enough to cover the infantile and adolescent American mind regardless of age, race, creed, or previous condition of servitude. It is a system founded firmly on taxes and crowned by the benevolence of big business men to the universities of their choice. It has big money at its disposal, and presumably the best brains in the country are in its service.

It is not easy to criticize calmly and intelligibly a system so well fortified by its own elaborateness, just as it is difficult to doubt the soundness of a business concern which manages to maintain a score of vice presidents. Yet the same basis of judgment may be applied to both. Stockholders in industry ultimately demand dividends; stockholders in education — which means the citizenry of these United States — have an equal right to ask for tangible evidence that the calculated plan and coordination of our schools are yielding dividends in proportion to the effort and wealth that have been devoted to them.

Nothing of the sort seems to have happened. The mean average of intelligence among us is still very mean and very average. The morality of the civilized world is scarcely superior to that of the inhabitants of Samoa. Courage and good cheer are no commoner to-day than they were in the Middle Ages or than they are

among the nomads of Greater Tartary. Happiness is certainly not universal, while superstition, greed, jealousy, and fear are nearly so. Only, indeed, in respect to physical comfort and security and in opportunities for entertainment has our world kept pace with its magnificent development of popular education.

And yet the incredible comforts and conveniences of the modern world are in no sense products of popular education. It is certainly no tribute to popular education, for instance, that a man may flick a switch and light his living room, flick another and turn on his radio, and flick a third to set fire to his after-dinner cigar. With the exception of the cigar, my totally uneducated offspring of sub-kindergarten age could do as well.

The essentials of the human animal are his brains, his appetites, and his behavior — not his adaptability to an enervating environment. His civilization must be measured in terms of moral and mental habits, not by his ability to drive a car or live at ease in a steam-heated house. And if education has failed, it is because it has failed to promote or improve certain essential habits. It has succeeded in some of less importance. It has fostered the habit of health, the habit of business, the habit of self-protection, the habit of comfort. But apparently it has not overwhelmingly succeeded in promoting the habit of happiness and the habit of usefulness. It has failed rather formidably to promote general intelligence, good judgment, and tolerance. Possibly it has actually encouraged their opposites.

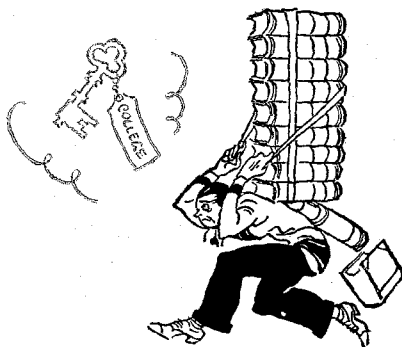
It is legitimate to ask where the system has broken down. Ask the colleges and they will refer you to the high school; the high schools

will in their turn pass the buck to the elementary schools. This shifting of responsibility is not unreasonable. By recollection, pedagogical experience, and present observation of what elementary schooling is doing to my own innocent children, I am compelled to the opinion that the most spendthrift department of education is that devoted to the pre-adolescent age. And if education goes wrong at its beginnings, there is every reason to expect that it will stay wrong, or at least spend a great deal of valuable time in correcting mistakes which should never have been made. Any real reform of method or material must begin at the beginning with a housecleaning which will rid the elementary curriculum of two-thirds of its contents and substitute something sensible.

CLUTTERING UP YOUNG BRAINS

I CONCEDE that nothing is so useless in education but some reason can be found for saving it. That is one reason for the glutting of all curricula — the fact that education is constantly taking in new territory but stubbornly refuses to surrender an old one. Human nature has something to do with this phenomenon, for I have yet to meet a teacher who cares to admit that his special subject is of secondary importance to anything in the curriculum, while the suggestion that a teacher is wasting his time and the time of his pupils arouses his most passionate instinct of self-preservation.

And yet I believe that an appalling amount of time is spent in childhood in learning things which don't matter, remembering things which will never be needed, and doing silly tricks which an intelligent man need never waste his time upon. Let us contemplate, for example, the absurdities and abominations of arithmetic. At a conservative estimate I have myself wrestled with arithmetic and its related studies through ten years of my irreplaceable youth. I was, moreover, pretty good at it; I could throw a mean logarithm and chase a cotangent into a corner and hang my hat on it. I have done all the geometry, plain and fancy, and dabbled delicately in calculus. I could once make an advanced algebraic equation say "Uncle."



I assure you that not a trace of it is left, and that furthermore I don't miss it. There must be a large blank area in my brain which was once full of arithmetic, but it isn't in the least painful. Except for a reasonable facility with the multiplication table there isn't a particle of arithmetic left in my system. I can make change but so can a street car conductor. But I can't remember more than five telephone numbers, and so long as they continue to print telephone books I won't need to.

In simple honesty I say that the years I spent on mathematics were nearly altogether wasted. There is only one possible alternative to this opinion, which is that training in mathematics is somehow good for a boy, cultivating certain abilities and faculties which are magically transferred to other and more important matters. I believe it is sound psychological science to say that it isn't so. According to the best authorities, intellectual abilities are not transferable from one corner of the mind to another. The ability to manage a right-angled triangle has no bearing whatever on the ability to negotiate a three-cornered syllogism. A specialist in arithmetic is a specialist in arithmetic and nothing more; he may, indeed, be a monomaniac in arithmetic and of no earthly use to society. Few are.

So much for arithmetic. I wonder now about geography. I have endured, I believe, the customary quantum of geography. It happened principally in England, I admit, and I remember my infantile discovery that the sun never sets on the British Empire, which seemed to me at the time to be a pretty good trick if they could do it. But apparently my geographical progression stopped right there or soon after. My geography begins to fog up badly as it passes the fortieth meridian to the east and Pittsburgh on the west, though I have a pretty good idea where Siam is. Everything else which I cannot exactly locate is somewhere near Siam. Kamchatka, Spitzbergen, and Tacna Arica, Tannou Touva, Portuguese East Africa, and Sarawak are all near Siam. If it wasn't for the sneeze in it, I should put Nijni Novgorod there, too, but I know it must be somewhere in Russia.

In my studies of geography I am sure I was taught the principal exports, imports, and industries of the Coca-Keeling Islands and Somaliland, both of which have since been moved to the neighborhood of Siam. I don't remember what they are and I'm sure it doesn't matter. If I ever need to know, I'll ask a policeman or look it up in an encyclopedia.

And then there is history. Whatever history I learned in infancy vanished like the mists of morning before I got around to using it. Except for a few facts and dates which were hammered into my head by some personal necessity or inserted there by some absurd association of ideas, my history is a prodigious mass of misinformation. In a pinch I can remember that 1492 was the date of the signing of Magna Charta, when King John lost his baggage in the Wash — thereby setting a precedent which has endured to this day — but whether he was compelled to do so by Louis XIV or Pocohontas I really couldn't tell you. The same confusion prevails in my elementary science, my first language studies, and my knowledge of the history of English literature. I can't begin to tell you how useful these things were when I learned them, but I'm morally certain that they were no use at all six months later and I know that I have never needed to carry them around in my head.

INTELLECTUAL INDIGESTION

MY PRIME criticism of the elementary curriculum is not that its methods are absurdly inefficient but that most of its studies are wasted. Sometimes an honest teacher will agree with me, but insists that it can't be helped. He



says that his curriculum is straitened and confined by the requirements of the high school. Later on the high school will answer its own critics by pointing to the inexorable demands of college entrance requirements.

But whatever may be right and moral for the high school, it seems excessively unfortunate that the elementary curriculum should have any regard whatever for subsequent education. The primary school student doesn't graduate out of his classrooms; he grows out of them. As he turns the corner of adolescence he becomes an impossible nuisance in the elementary school. He can't stay there without damaging himself and his neighbors. If he knows no grammar — and he usually doesn't — he must nevertheless cross the great divide between childhood and boyhood and be promoted, graduated, certificated, or simply passed on with a prayer and a sigh of relief. If he has nothing but intellectual indigestion to show for his arithmetic and algebra and geometry, he must nevertheless go to his accounting in high school with all his imperfections on his head.

I submit that it is a fallacy to consider the curriculum of the elementary school as preparatory to high school, even though this excuses such absurdities as arithmetic and geodetic geography. There is only one essential, aside from the ability to read and write, to entrance into high school, and that is the possession of an adolescent mind. And by the grace of God this is something with which teachers and curricula have very little to do.

I suggest that we should also consider the validity of some studies which are supposed to train children for the responsibilities, decisions, judgments, and cares of adult life. The monstrous mockery of elementary civics, the forcible feeding with predigested versions of current history, the ethical culture which denies a child's forthright logic before he is competent to comprehend the evasions of polite society. Everything, indeed, which attempts to make little boys act and think like adults, and which is likely to produce an adult who thinks like a little boy.

The elementary curriculum should not be designed to put old heads on young shoulders. But the attempt to visit the problems as well as the iniquities of the fathers upon the children began a long time ago and still invades the



lower classrooms. Once upon a time they taught the E i g h t e e n t h Amendment in the kindergarten and grade schools. We don't do it any more, but we sometimes do things as silly though not so vicious.

There is plenty of useful work to fill whatever vacancies are left by the housecleaning of the curriculum. I make a particular plea for the gentle art of reading. I cannot imagine anything more important to a child's temporal happiness and eternal salvation than the ability to read. I am not referring, of course, to the elemental ability to distinguish one word from another; I mean the faculty of reading with intelligence, sympathy, and appreciation, of reading to advantage and of knowing the good from the bad and the true from the false. These things can be taught in the elementary school and to nearly every child. For nearly every child has curiosity and imagination and ambition — these are the stuff that little boys and girls are made of.

But to encourage them by books or other reading we should certainly have to throw away nearly all the readers and primers and be delivered from bondage to prescribed courses in the classics, whose selection is almost invariably guided by some notion as to what a boy or girl *ought* to want to read and ought to enjoy. It is folly to expect a child to be interested in a list of books which he is to read because they have been officially approved as "classics." In teaching reading, we must deal with two living factors — the living child and a living literature. If we can get the two together, we shall achieve education. And we shall do decent honor to Doctor Samuel Johnson, who said: "You have done a great thing when you have brought a boy to have entertainment from a book."

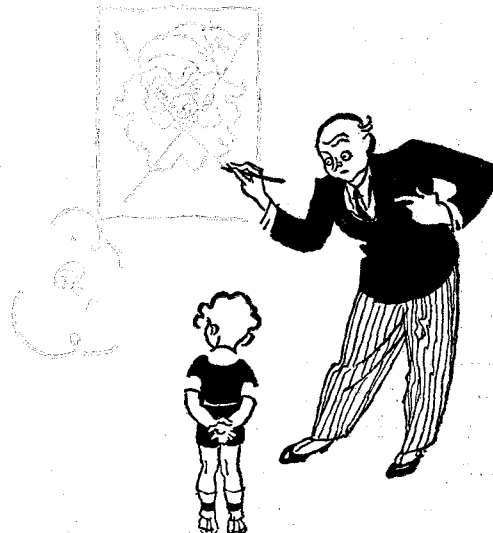
You have done more; you have given him the key to a cupboard which need never be bare. But in trusting him with such a key, we assume the responsibility of training his judgment so that he won't select from the shelf the bichloride of mercury or even a less poisonous liba-

tion. I think that training in judgment, even in the elementary school, is much more important than arithmetic and geography and science put together. It is needed not only for good reading but for good living and indeed for safe living. It supposes even a touch of skepticism in the elementary atmosphere. We should prepare our children in time for the discovery that there is no Santa Claus. They can endure the truth, even when the truth is only uncertainty. Their mood is naturally one of challenge and question — why do we beat it down so fearfully with the certainties of textbooks, which must in turn be qualified by common sense?

I know, of course, that childhood needs faith and must be granted it. But I could wish that such faith be kept for a few things — for the universals of religion, for the handful of spiritual certainties which have guided the race since the dawn of history — and that it be scrupulously preserved from service to little ideas, half-truths, and notions. These even a child should be allowed to consider for right and wrong, under good guidance and with good intention. In this respect I commend an opinion of a distinguished American which will do for a comment on education as on other matters:

"To think of trying to waterproof the American mind against the questions that heaven rains down upon it shows a misapprehension of our new conditions. If to question everything be unlawful and dangerous, we had better undeclare our independence at once."

This, of course, is radicalism and modernism run wild, and so should be discounted. It was written by Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1859.



SIMPLIFIED SCHOOLING

IT IS EASIER to criticize than to suggest cures, but in the case of elementary education no real remedy is needed except a sort of common sense, comparable to that which most of us use in our daily lives. For example, I refer briefly back to geography, since I spoke so slightly of it before. If I were teaching a geography class in the seventh grade, which heaven forbid, I should immediately risk my pedagogic standing and pay check by throwing all the prescribed geographies out of the window. I should importune the authorities for a geographical globe, and possibly get one, and with it I should demonstrate in about fifteen minutes that the earth is round, that it is a big place, and that almost anything can happen on it. Then I should forsake it for practical purposes for a Mercator's projection pinned boldly along the wall. Thereupon I should open the day's newspaper and discover what was going on. Whatever it was, the children would be cordially invited to come along with me on the map and discover where it happened and why.

It may be replied that this would be disorganized instruction, I submit in answer that disorganization was all I ever got from a textbook training in geography or anything else, and that most of it was incorrect by the time I needed it. I should, in fact, make no pretense of teaching systematic geography, because systematic geography is actually useful only to shipping clerks and round-the-world fliers. Instead I should teach the habit of curiosity concerning the world, its peoples, its places, and its products, and the habit of accuracy in locating them.

I might do the same with history. Every day's paper invites an excursion into history. And this procedure holds one revolutionary but inestimable advantage. Instead of starting my students somewhere in the past and dragging them by chronological stages to the breathless present, I should start them in the present — which is where they are — and lead them thence along the highways of history with whatever inspiration was in me. That is the only habit that will ever be of service to them, unless they become school teachers or textbook writers and feel compelled to perpetuate the system.

I am afraid this all comes back to a simple but impractical ideal — that it would be in-

finitely better if elementary school children were taught by means of intelligence and not merely by experience. The curse of our curriculum is the burden it bears of past experience, whose methods and materials were never justified by their results. It doesn't really matter what the traditions are, if they are wrong. All that really matters is that living children with living minds shall get their growth and strength and learn good habits in a living school.

I am aware that my ideas are by no means novelties in educational councils, where nearly every possibility in heaven or earth has been canvassed. But I am sure that when the teachers return from their annual conventions to the anaesthetic routine of the classroom they are caught fast again in the fly paper of the system they serve. And sometimes it seems ominously likely that the crystallization of elementary education, the formulation of fixed curricula, the sense of obligation to standards of performance, and a measurable accumulation of useless information has something to do with the current scarcity of good teachers.

The theory of the ideal textbook, as judged by its examples, is that it shall make the teacher as nearly unimportant as possible, shall guide his daily assignments, ask all his questions and provide their answers. The textbook is aided and abetted in this autocracy by the requirements of state boards of education and secondary school demands, with others looming ahead on the collegiate horizon. The teacher, it seems, matters least of all among the factors in elementary education, which is possibly one reason why he is paid as little as possible and is likely at any time to assert his intelligence and independence by forsaking pedagogy and entering a better business.

We are, as has been hopefully said, a people impatient of waste and intolerant of idle tradition. We have a swell chance to prove it by calling in question the absurdities of elementary education and replacing them with something which will teach first of all the essential habits of civilization — the habit of intelligence and good judgment, the habit of usefulness, and the habit of happiness. It would be a lively school in which these were first principles. Its graduates might be a little short of algebra and a little hazy on history, but they would know their way about in a difficult, dangerous, but on the whole delightful world.



Drawing by Thomas Benrimo

Smashing the Dope Rings

by SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE

LAST DECEMBER when the freighter *Alesia*, with a cargo largely of Turkish origin, plowed her way across the mythical entrance to United States territorial waters she was met by a cutter from our Coast Guard service. The passage from Mediterranean ports had been rough, and it may be assumed that the skipper viewed this omen of his journey's end with some relief. But that feeling must have changed into one of surprise and uneasiness when he realized that the Coast Guard craft was standing by with guns unlimbered while his ship paused at quarantine for inspection, not putting back for sea patrol even when the *Alesia's* papers had been found in order and her passengers formally approved by the health officers. Eventually the cutter did head seaward again — but not until she had trailed the freighter right to the Brooklyn pier where she was to discharge her cargo.

All that week longshoremen disemboweled the *Alesia's* hold, and among the many packing cases which they bounced onto the dock were four marked "Furs," shipped from Constantinople and destined for a certain consignee in this country. Just who that consignee might be was the chief concern of several United States

customs officers who for ten days and nights — indeed, ever since the tenacious little cutter had turned away — stationed themselves at that pier and warehouse. Concealed behind piles of freight, alert customs guards trained machine guns on those four cases. Outside the pier entrance stood three automobiles whose drawn curtains sheltered still other machine guns.

Night and day this welcoming committee remained ready to enforce the surrender of, or to kill if necessary, anyone who came to claim those "Furs." It was a rather disappointing anti-climax, therefore, when at the end of ten days the four cases, uncalled for, were duly confiscated and the armed forces withdrawn without having fired a single shot.

Meanwhile, on the same day which saw the retirement of this vigilant customs group from its Brooklyn watch, other customs men — native and foreign — were pursuing their duty over in Shanghai, China. Their particular job consisted of superintending a bonfire of cases labeled "Dried Fruits" seized from two Italian boats. As with the shipment of "Furs," someone in America must have been sorely disgruntled when he found that what he was waiting for was not to reach his hands in safety.

What were the real contents of the unclaimed "Fur" cases in Brooklyn and the "Dried Fruit" cases burned in Shanghai? They were, of course, drugs — over two million dollars' worth of drugs which were said to have been manufactured in Turkey and were certainly intended for illicit trade in the United States. The shipment of "Furs" consisted of eleven hundred pounds of heroin, or half the amount legitimately required by the whole world for one year. Both seizures caused rejoicing at Geneva, in the offices of the League of Nations' Advisory Committee on Traffic in Opium and Other Dangerous Drugs. The campaign for drug control was yielding results.

But the two incidents also proved the strength and resources of the drug rings, for just as the United States customs had received information as to the true contents of the "Fur" cases while the *Alesia* was still battling her way across a wintry Atlantic, so, in some manner, had the distributors of the drugs in America learned of the trap set for them if they should attempt to claim their valuable cargo. The evil had temporarily been checked, but the agents of evil remained at large; and still remain so.

THE DEATH RATTLE OF DRUGS

TRAFFIC in dope is reaching an almost hysterical crisis, perhaps a finale. The tremendous spread of the narcotic evil during the past few years is, paradoxically, encouraging evidence. For the manufacturers are beginning to realize that their markets are being discovered, that the end of this lucrative traffic is in sight, and that in order to make hay while the sun shines they must manufacture by ton lots and ship by ton lots. Wherever possible, they are creating new markets. Drug manufacturers in the United States did exactly the same thing before our anti-narcotic laws (the Harrison Act in 1914 and the Jones-Miller Act in 1922) went into effect, shipping tons of heroin out of Seattle and San Francisco for Eastern ports. The situation in Europe is now at that point.

To-day the reason for what we hope is last-minute activity is the "import and export system" which the League of Nations' Advisory Committee devised about ten years ago. Under this plan, to which most countries — with a few very important exceptions — even-

tually adhered, narcotic manufacturers can no longer secure export permits to ship drugs to shadowy customers in other countries. Before the export permit is granted to the manufacturer he must first present to the narcotic bureau of his government an import certificate from the government at the intended destination stating that the volume of drugs being shipped is needed for legitimate use. Eight men sit at Geneva constantly watching the movement of the international narcotic trade. And the manufacturers of dope, recognizing the handwriting on the wall, are pushing their game to the utmost.

Turkey — which, it will be noticed, was the shipping point for both cargoes described above — is at present the last stand of the drug factories which cater to the illicit trade. According to recent dispatches, she is said to have promised to adhere to the import and export plan and to close her three leading narcotic manufactories until they should present documents attesting the amounts of production and exportation of narcotics. However, at this writing nothing is known definitely except that the Turkish Government stated that she has sealed one factory. Thus it appears that Turkey has not yet complied with all the regulations of the Advisory Committee, though of course she may be on the point of doing so. Despite her publicized pronouncements, she is said to be the main source of illegitimate drugs.

Turkey has won this distinction in little more than two years. In the first six months of 1930 she shipped out seven tons of dope according to official figures of her somewhat naïve government. Turkish laws require narcotic exporters to give notices of exports and destinations. But, whatever changes may follow the recent promise of reformation, up to now the Turkish Government unfortunately "could not say whether the consignments ever reached the destinations declared." In view of the estimated legitimate requirements, it is not difficult to guess that most of that seven-ton export went into illicit traffic.

Aside from the import and export plan which most European nations have at last adopted, there is another reason why Turkey is said to enjoy this supremacy in the most nefarious of trades. She can thank an Englishman, Mr. T. W. Russell, whose love for his adopted country, Egypt, caused him to work arduously and often

dangerously in order to rid the Egyptians of the "white drug" scourge — that is, the evils arising from the use of heroin, morphine, and cocaine as distinct from the native hashish and opium.

Russell, a handsome six-footer, is enormously respected by the Egyptians, who will do anything to serve him. It was his official report, dated January 4, 1930, as Director of the Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau of Egypt and Commandant of the Cairo City Police which unveiled much of the Central European dope activities and consequently caused the effective enforcement of laws resulting in the flight of the European drug manufacturers to Turkey. What Russell Pasha, as he is known in Egypt, could not foresee was that to scotch the hydra-headed dope monster in Central Europe merely meant that it would appear elsewhere. Unwittingly he made Turkey the source of evil traffic.

Although for centuries a portion of the Egyptian people have been hashish slaves, the habit was not by any means general in that country and is not comparable to its widespread use of white drugs since the war. During the post-war period the principal ports of the civilized world began closing one by one against the poison cargoes, and the manufacturers sought other outlets so their profits should not dwindle. They concluded that until dope distributors perfected smuggling plans by which to defeat the new prohibitive laws, Egypt could be used as a market. They figured that a country whose customs service was comparatively poorly paid and perhaps easily corruptible would prove a fertile field, just as China has always proved a fertile field.

So Egypt was the victim. Russell Pasha once stated that Egyptian drug addicts numbered close to 500,000 out of a total population of fourteen millions. Half of the addicts may have been hashish victims, but the rest use — or did, before Russell forced his adopted land to realize the situation — drugs manufactured in Europe and willfully exported to Egypt by Europeans. To dwell on the resulting horrors would be futile and beside the point, yet one incident which Russell notes in his report has sufficient comitragedy to stand alone.

In Cairo there is an anti-rabic institute for the treatment of hydrophobia victims. The doctor in charge noted that an extraordinary

number of his patients were coming from a certain village in lower Egypt and that, contrary to the usual custom, these people failed to bring along the head of the mad dog which had bitten them. His suspicions aroused, he cross-examined one of the men and was told the following tale: "I and the rest of us who come up here for treatment do not suffer from hydrophobia. We are dope addicts. Some months ago one of our villagers, a hopeless drug slave, happened to be bitten by a mad dog. He came here for the cure and eventually returned to us not only rid of rabies but also of his desire for dope. When we saw this we said, 'Here at last is a way to rid ourselves of this curse.' But how to get into your hospital? We thought it over and finally went to the village barber, who is also the government sanitary agent. He listened to our problem and told us to come back in a week. This we did, and by then he had the means through which we could get the Public Health certificate your hospital demands. He had fitted a steel spring into the jaws of a dead dog; with this machine he gave each of us, at reasonable intervals, the proper bite."

It is evident that these poor people did want to be cured of this evil which civilized Europeans were forcing on them. Russell knew this and therefore set about to help them. The process by which he and his devoted aids unveiled the European sources of the narcotics which were ruining so many Egyptians is detailed and complicated, yet it is a story whose conclusion was so decisive that at least part of it is worth narrating here.

LEGAL POISONING

SOMETIME in 1925 one Thomas Zakarian, an Armenian, opened what was ostensibly a rug shop opposite the National Hotel in Cairo. Considering the small overturn in his carpet stock, he seemed to prosper amazingly well. He was, as it was later proved, an illicit dealer in white drugs, securing his supply by means of frequent trips to Alexandria. His business was expanding rapidly, however, and he needed more heroin than the Alexandria agent could furnish. Therefore in 1926 he went to Vienna where he established contacts with Ludwig Auer, a chemist known to the Austrian police as a drug trafficker. (Zakarian related all this with pleasing candor to the Vienna police in April, 1929.) For a time Auer supplied him with

heroin secured from the drug factory of the Messrs. Roesslers at Mulhouse, France. The Roesslers firm paid Auer a commission for transferring the heroin to Zakarian.

Eventually Auer proved an unsatisfactory source of supply, so Zakarian found new agents in the Zellingers, two brothers who were also residents of Vienna. *Their* manufacturer and source of supply (drug traffic is a complicated business in which, it seems, there are no direct dealings) was a Swiss — a Dr. Hefti, who lived in a suburb of Zurich. It is this man who is to a large degree responsible for the misery of thousands of half-crazed derelicts in Egypt and elsewhere. There is probably no master mind in the distributing end of the dope traffic, but Hefti was undoubtedly the most active middleman for the Egyptian trade. The trail that Russell Pasha followed led, after many deviations, to Hefti and then inevitably to the reorganization of Central European narcotic control methods. We shall do well to consider the Doctor more fully. Though presumably he is now retired on the fortune which he made from poisoning others, he remains a sinister figure in the history of dope traffic.

Dr. Hefti is a tall, strong-made Swiss with a round head and a broad brow. In his fifties, he pretends to be nothing more than a business-like, respectable, scientist — and looks the part. Actually he is an unscrupulous chemist who took advantage of the loopholes in his country's narcotic laws. Twice prosecuted, he has been twice acquitted, there being no technical offense. Though morally reprehensible, his conduct was legally unimpeachable.

Hefti bought his raw materials, crude morphine, quite openly from manufacturers who may or may not have known the illegal use to which he put them. The morphine and heroin he thus procured he transformed into narcotic "esters," which are merely derivatives of morphine temporarily disguised and which may be changed back to their original substance. These esters, and a sort of patent medicine he termed "Dionyl" (actually a habit-forming drug), he shipped from Switzerland, there being no Swiss law then forbidding him, to the Zellinger brothers in Vienna, who in turn sold it to other agents who carried it to Egypt.

Now Russell Pasha's secret service men traced the source of the drugs to Vienna. Without notifying the Austrian Government, with-

out even asking permission of the Egyptian authorities, they won Vienna's Chief of Police to their cause and, through him, learned of Hefti's activities. As a result they headed for Switzerland; for a long time this tiny country had had the reputation of being a center of narcotic manufacturers.

Now Switzerland is a series of cantons like our states, and treaties having to do with foreign relations of any sort must be ratified by each separate canton government. Because of the importance of drug manufacture in the canton of Basle, its narcotic leaders were in a position to dictate national legislation. They were the big employers of labor, the big property owners, and they paid huge taxes. Until recently they held out against the ratification of effective anti-narcotic laws.

Incidentally, a strategic move on the part of the United States Customs is said to have been one of several factors which caused Basle to join in the general campaign for effective control of drugs. Our Customs announced that we were in such danger because of drugs smuggled from Switzerland that all Swiss products, including Swiss watches, would be opened on the dock. It was generally understood that these watches would be left open for a long time and in all sorts of weather. The same rule, of course, would apply to chocolate, another important Swiss export. Probably this decision was not without its ultimate effect.

However, at the time of which we speak the drug manufacturers of Basle still held the upper hand. Russell Pasha's men realized that this situation prevented the whole-hearted co-operation which they might otherwise have expected to receive in their search for Hefti. Nevertheless that bond which exists between all agents of the law caused some Swiss police to lead Russell's men to Hefti's little office. They walked into the back rooms in which the Doctor had his narcotic laboratory and there found the same labels and boxes which were spreading ruin throughout Egypt. Hefti himself felt safe, and boasted of his secure position. "Of course I export this stuff (Dionyl and esters)," he is said to have countered. "Why shouldn't I? There's no Swiss law against it."

When one has managed to trace the source of evil across half a continent, it is slightly disconcerting to be stumped by such an answer

as that. What could Russell's men do in the face of such an argument? As a matter of fact, they could do little in Switzerland, besides warning Hefti that the League of Nations was going to investigate the laws which sheltered him. But if they could not get Hefti, they could at any rate go on in their search and cut off his supply of morphine. They learned that he obtained this raw material from French factories. Thus they had traced the drug source from Egypt, where its ravages were worst, to Vienna, then to Switzerland, and finally to France.

LOOPHOLES IN THE LAW

NOW IN 1912 an international agreement was entered into, the Hague Convention, to which France was a party. It was a result of the recognition of the need for controlling the movement of drugs, and was a declaration of principles rather than an instrument outlining details and methods. Partly because the World War intervened, that compact had never received full attention from its signatories. Along with other nations, France had been unable to control her drug manufacturers as effectively as the Hague Convention urged. Therefore when Russell's agents went to one of the sources of supply, the Roesslers firm at Mulhouse, they got little satisfaction. But they did manage to examine the books of the Roesslers people and to procure data showing the amount shipped out of France. As they expected, it far exceeded the legitimate supply needed.

Here apparently they were at another impasse, so Russell came to Europe from Egypt to confer with them. Together they reviewed the situation. Instance after instance of illegal drug traffic had been brought to the attention of the French authorities. Once the United States was involved. A shipment supposedly consisting of brushes on the French ship *Rockambeau* turned out to be drugs, and was seized in Philadelphia. The United States sent a protesting and questioning letter to France. It is said that for two years that letter remained unanswered, and that in the end little satisfaction could be secured.

Conscious of this and other examples of French inaction, Russell decided to take his information regarding drug activities to the League of Nations. He told authorities at Geneva about the data which his men had obtained — data which not only named individu-

als and places but which pointed accusingly at laxity in national governments. What could be done? he asked. The answer was at first disappointing, but eventually it proved to be the weapon which he had been seeking. The League dealt only with government reports; protests from individuals could not be treated officially. But why didn't he have his material printed as an Egyptian Government report?

This, therefore, was how Russell Pasha's startling document became official. He rushed it through, buried it innocently in a mass of other data, and more or less camouflaged it so that French influence in Egypt would underestimate its significance. In the interval, however, a Frenchman with League connections got hold of a copy of Russell's information showing that the Central European anti-drug movement was not being effectively forwarded. He took it directly to authorities in Paris and said in effect, "If some statement isn't made by France, this will be made public in Geneva in September (1929). What are we going to do?" (Though Russell's report is dated January, 1930, its findings were embodied in a preliminary document.)

It was then, and only then, that France woke up and took definite action toward the efficient execution of that agreement she had made in 1912. Shortly before Russell's report became public the French Government issued a statement in which she announced that she was pushing the fight against this terrible scourge and that she would certainly see to it that her narcotic manufacture was limited to medical and scientific needs. Furthermore, she established a new bureau to enforce her guarantees.

The bureau started investigating the licenses of drug manufacturers — started in 1929, some maintain, what should have been accomplished following the 1912 Hague Convention. There was a thorough shake-up in narcotic manufacturing circles. Improperly licensed firms were ordered to discontinue activity; licenses became harder to obtain and, once obtained, had to be lived up to. Manufacturers who had made fortunes from illegal traffic realized that the game was up — in France. The leaders made ready to move to Constantinople, where they have been operating with a minimum of interference until the recent decision announced by the Turkish Government.

In one year Russell Pasha had gone a long way on the road to saving Egypt. Last January he told the League of Nations' Advisory Committee that in his judgment the number of addicts in Egypt has been reduced to 250,000 as compared with the 500,000 who he estimated were enslaved before he started his campaign. With becoming modesty he attributes this notable reduction to varied causes: poverty due to the world depression; the unlimited greed of traffickers, who have so adulterated their narcotics with inexpensive and harmless substances that the drugs have lost their hold on numerous victims; the severity of penalties inflicted on those traffickers who have been caught; and, lastly, the program of "intensive educational propaganda" — in other words the efforts of himself and his men. Certainly the onward rush of European narcotic manufacture and Egyptian consumption has been broken, even though the manufacturers immediately shifted their activities to Turkey and continue to seek other markets.

SMUGGLING GOES ON

NOW IT MAY be asked how the once critical Egyptian situation and the present dominance of Turkey in the world narcotic trade affects the United States. The answer is that everything connected with the drug rings affects every other country. Traffickers recognize no international boundaries; any port is the prey of dope smugglers. Since coöperation between various nations has resulted in a more effective control of the trade, shipments of drugs across the Atlantic into our eastern seaboard ports are not so profitable as they used to be. The Customs men are becoming too adept in scenting out "Fur" cases. Therefore the drug manufacturers are trying to send their cargoes from Marseilles through the Mediterranean and around the East, transship them at Shanghai, and get them into California. Yet even this is riskier than it once was: "Dried Fruits" do not always get by. For a long time Mexico was a good entrance port for drugs, for there was no import and export certificate law there and the police were corruptible. Once in Mexico, the problem was to smuggle the goods across the border. But the Mexican Government has coöperated with us to the best of its ability, as has Canada.

Nevertheless, despite constant watching, enormous amounts of narcotics are smuggled into the United States. On the same April day which sees the finishing of this article, the press reports the seizure of over two thousand pounds of opium, with a peddling value of a mil-

lion dollars, at an express office in Manhattan's Greenwich Village. The raid followed several months of clew-chasing by Federal authorities. The proprietor claims that a truckman left the cases for storage last December and that he himself was ignorant of their true contents until the raid. However, examination of the boxes has revealed February and March newspapers in places from which part of the dope had been removed, presumably for sale and delivery. Again furs played their part, for they were the only merchandise in the room aside from the narcotics. Apparently their odor offsets that of the opium. The seizure is one of the largest ever made in the New York district.



The detectives surmise that the shipment was smuggled into this country from Turkey.

How long will Turkey go on retaining her world leadership in the manufacture of these poisons? The League of Nations' Committee reports that in plans for the allocation of habit-forming drug manufacture for legitimate use Turkey has asked that she be granted the right to thirty per cent of the world market, based on the mushroom growth of her new industry within the last few years. Those who oppose the granting of this request say that the Turkish drug manufacturers are chiefly in the business to supply the illicit trade. Turkey's representative at Geneva early in January intimated that unless his country was allotted a quota based on her present position, she would not adhere to the League of Nations' Drug Limitation Convention which it is hoped will result from a conference to be held in Geneva this May. A month after his statement came Turkey's public promise of reformation.

Thus the illegal narcotics industry may remain centered in Turkey, or it

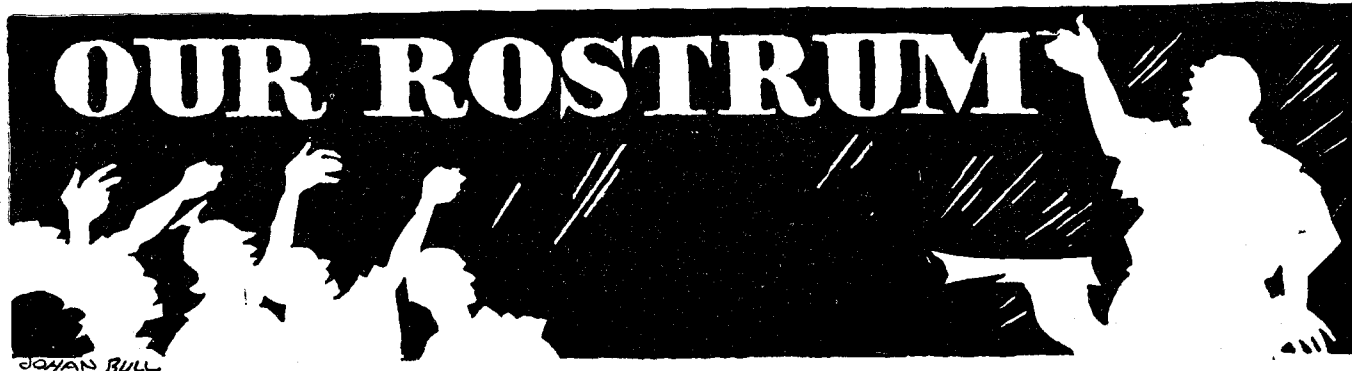
may have to move on to some other country — perhaps Persia (though the intense heat of Persia forbids good manufacturing conditions). The spread of white drugs in Egypt has been described here because Russell Pasha's report definitely documents the movement in that country; and it is the only such document yet made public by any country.

Whatever the outcome of the Geneva conference in May, the United States is offered a certain amount of protection against the smuggling of illicit drugs from foreign manufacturing centers in a bill now pending in Congress. The proposed legislation is known as H. R. 14693. It was introduced by Representative La Guardia of New York and its chief provision is that all merchandise consigned to this country and its possessions which originates in countries not signatories to the Hague Convention for the Suppression of Drugs must be plainly marked, "Not a Signatory to the Hague Convention." Consular invoices shall be similarly marked. On arrival in this country, all merchandise — regardless of what it is supposed to be — shall be set aside and not cleared until complete and detailed examination shall warrant a certificate that the shipment contains no opium or other drugs.

THE LIMITATIONS CONFERENCE

THERE ARE those who say that this proposed bill, while certainly not harmful, would not prove to be quite so effective an instrument as its sponsors hope; and there are those who say that the legislation has only a small chance of passing. However, it deserves mention in any discussion of the drug problem. If successful, honest exporters in other countries would bring pressure to bear on their home governments to join the Hague Convention.

Meanwhile the fight against narcotics is being waged by the League's Advisory Committee, the importance of whose work cannot be overemphasized, by other organizations in various countries, and by individuals. As this article appears the drug limitations conference is opening in Geneva. All countries have been invited, and the purpose of the meeting is to reach an agreement to limit the manufacture of habit-forming drugs to the world's actual medical and scientific needs. This conference should have far-reaching effects. Perhaps it is true that the demand for drugs will never cease. But it can be starved by curtailing the supply of what is the most terrible poison known to man. When narcotics become scarcer, when their use is restricted as far as is possible to legitimate needs, we shall find a decrease in the number of new addicts.



These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article that has appeared in The Forum or any topic of contemporary interest. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part. An award of twenty dollars will be given each month to the correspondent who, in the opinion of the Editor, has contributed the best letter.

The Oregon State Police

To the Editor:

When General Smedley D. Butler's article, "Making War on the Gangs," appeared in the March issue of THE FORUM, there was before the Oregon State Legislature a measure providing for the establishment of a State Police Force. This measure, the enactment of which I strongly recommended in my inaugural message, was carried by a comfortable majority in both houses, and on August 1st, 1931, the new department will begin to function in our State.

While the plan provided in the recently enacted law is not so inclusive in its scope nor so far reaching in its departure from present law enforcement methods as that outlined by General Butler, nevertheless it was prompted by the same motives which underlie the General's program for combating the gang menace.

The objectives sought by our police law, like those motivating General Butler's plan, are so simple and fundamental as to be self evident; namely, the attainment of efficiency by consolidation and centralization of responsibility, the elimination of duplication of effort and overlapping of agencies and the promotion of law enforcement and respect for law by making available for that service a staff of well equipped, well trained, and well organized men removed from political pressure and dedicated to only one purpose, the safeguarding of the lives and property of our citizens.

Hitherto law enforcement in Oregon has been carried on by six different state agencies in addition to the customary law enforcement machinery of counties and municipalities. Responsibility for the enforcement of traffic laws has been divided between the State Highway Commission and the Secretary of State. The Fish Commission enforces the criminal laws relating to commercial fishing and the Game Commission concerns itself with laws regarding fish and game. Laws relating to arson and fire prevention are enforced by the State Fire Marshal, and the Prohibition Commissioner looks after the enforcement of laws relating to liquor

traffic and the regulation of narcotic drugs.

To one accustomed to applying the rigid measuring stick of modern business methods and slashing every superfluous gesture, the wastefulness and inefficiency of such a system are flagrantly apparent. Furthermore, the spectacle of officers of

There is no intention that the new department shall supplant or interfere with county and municipal law enforcement agencies, but its services will be available always for rendering expert advice and assistance and for coordinating the activities of the separate departments.

It is no reflection on the many able and devoted men who have given their lives to police work to say that the time has passed when we can depend wholly on the uncoordinated efforts of separate law enforcement agencies. The frontier sheriff was one of the most inspiring actors in the drama of the West. With his horse and six-shooter, he took the law out of the hands of vigilance committees and other volunteer agencies and put it where it belongs, in the charge of regularly constituted law enforcement bodies. But the advent of paved roads, of automobiles and airplanes, or improved transportation and communication, and a greatly increased complexity in the law itself, all demand the application of the most efficient of modern methods to the problem of crime suppression.

If we are to keep the law out of the hands of individuals and in the hands of the State, we must keep pace with the times. Law violation has vastly increased in scope and complexity. Law enforcement must do the same.

While the menace of organized crime with the accompanying depredations of gangsters and racketeers is not so great with us as it is elsewhere, we in Oregon share with the rest of the Nation the problem of over-crowded jails and prisons. The population of our penal institutions mounts steadily. The stolen automobile is a menace to our highways; farmers cannot defend their property from the ravages of the "gasoline cowboy." Enforcement of the prohibition laws demands eternal vigilance. We pay our part of the Nation's ever mounting bill, which annually exceeds our war debt.

To combat these problems, we need a carefully chosen, highly trained, well organized State Police, untouched by politics, devoted first and foremost to the

Oregon Invites Butler to Form Police for State

Marine Corps General Gets Bid From Governor and Is Expected to Comply

From the Herald Tribune Bureau
WASHINGTON, April 23—Major General Smedley D. Butler, of the Marine Corps, is expected to go to Oregon to organize a state police force, which has just been provided by the Legislature. General Butler has been asked by Governor Julius Meier to organize the force with a view to making it a model.

six different departments patrolling the state, crossing and recrossing each other's paths, each bent on his own particular type of enforcement and not greatly interested in enforcement along other lines, is not conducive to a uniform respect for law.

The newly created State Police Department will consolidate the activities of existing state enforcement agencies. It will, in addition, be charged with the enforcement of all criminal laws throughout the State of Oregon. It will be organized along the semi-military line of existing State Police Departments for the purpose of providing skilled service in the detection of crime and the apprehension of criminals. It will provide a central depository and clearing house for records regarding those accused of crime, such records to include finger prints, hand writing, and ballistics.



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American and European Plans

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Our Rostrum

State, the enforcement of its laws, and the protection of its people.

Prompt detection of crime and apprehension of criminals is one of the most effective means of checking law violation. It is the liberal chance of escaping detection and capture, of "getting away with it," that leads the criminal on. It is my belief that the State Police Force will prove an effective force in combating lawlessness in Oregon. The underlying theory is sound and the system has proved workable in practice.

A recent issue of *The American Bankers' Association Journal* calls attention to the fact that in the matter of bank robberies the odds are eight to one against banks which are denied the speedy, co-ordinated action of State Police with their modern means of transportation and communication. The article further states that the same comparison holds true of farmer's losses through theft of live stock, poultry, and farm produce.

The protection of life and property is the most important function of the State. It was a desire for such protection that first brought men together into civilized society. The State must discharge that function efficiently and well or contempt for state regulation will follow and the result will be chaos.

We are not ready in Oregon as yet to take over intact General Butler's plan for substituting State Police officers for all local law enforcement agencies. We do, however, subscribe to his belief in the necessity for improved law enforcement methods, along with consolidation and coördination of effort. We expect our State Police Force to render liaison service, bringing together the activities of separate departments, supplementing their faculties by highly skilled service, and achieving improved law enforcement and respect for the law.

JOHN L. MEIER, GOVERNOR
Salem, Ore.



Illinois' Police System
To the Editor:

Major General Butler's plan for reducing crime is an unusual one and invites serious consideration. Illinois now is going into its second year with a state-wide law enforcement agency having full police power. Prior to that time, its state police organization was limited solely to the enforcement of traffic laws. Since the enlargement of its powers by the state legislature, the state highway police organization has performed effectively and efficiently in reducing crime, and has

established itself in the confidence of the public. Within recent weeks, a practice plan for making the state police even more effective has been put into operation. This plan provides for the full co-operation of the state police with municipal and county law-enforcing agencies in apprehending dangerous criminals.

W. L. MOODY, Supt. of State Police
Springfield, Ill.

Arkansas Endorses Butler's Plan
To the Editor:

I have read this article with unusual interest and it contains many excellent ideas. The general thought, however, is applicable to those states financially able to conduct such a system as General Butler sets out. It is my firm belief that expertly organized State police forces would be a big factor in the reduction of crime and that it should be free from political influence.

HARVEY PARNELL, GOVERNOR
Little Rock, Arkansas

Maryland Considers the Plan

The following resolution was introduced in the Maryland Legislature by Mr. E. W. Miller. Although it was not carried, the Law Enforcement League took advantage of the opportunity to invite General Butler to lecture in Baltimore under its auspices on the subject of state police.

JOINT RESOLUTION
No. 16

A Joint Resolution inviting General Smedley D. Butler to address the members of the General Assembly of Maryland.

WHEREAS, General Smedley D. Butler has contributed such a fine article on the subject of organization and administration of State Police; and

WHEREAS, The article was accepted and published in the "Forum" Magazine; and

WHEREAS, The said General Smedley D. Butler has proven himself an officer of the highest ability in the U. S. Army and has made for himself a worthy and commendable record as a former officer of the administration and supervision of the Police Department in Philadelphia; therefore, be it

Resolved by the General Assembly of Maryland, To extend to him an invitation to visit the Maryland Legislature before the end of its session and be given an opportunity to address both Houses in joint session and explain his ideas, plans, methods, and suggestions for the creation of a Department of State Police for the State of Maryland; and therefore, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to and be accompanied by the invitation to General Butler to visit us and become our guest any day or date before the expiration of its session April sixth.

Our Rostrum



Woodrow Wilson After Ten Years

To the Editor:

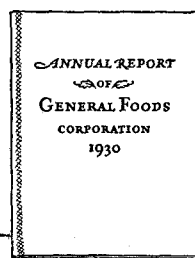
I entertain no doubts as to Professor Laski's recent critique on Woodrow Wilson in the March Forum falling like a well thrown brick on the host of admirers of the war-time president in this country, and I venture to say that Professor Laski will in no uncertain terms be told to go back to the green and peaceful political gardens of London and do his broadcasting there. But for all of that, the article is everything that it set out to be — and more.

Its very directness penetrates the halo which some people have attempted to surround Wilson with. Twelve years ago, Wilson was viewed as a supreme idealist, a saint, God's peace representative on earth, who was crushed because of malignant and malicious forces working against him at home. The article does not controvert that conception, but succinctly points out that his idealism, existing as it did as the only factor he had at his command, was a contributing element in his downfall. Wilson never had the faculty of communication with the common people, never knew how to cultivate a faith among a group of adherents of any depth. Just as to-day there exists among the masses in Russia a godly conception of Lenin, great as is his contribution to their welfare, people here idolized the college president.

The real value in Professor Laski's article lies in the indirect assertion of the failure of America to produce statesmen who can cope with our brethren from across the sea. Wilson was, without doubt, the leading statesman of his era on this continent, yet he was obviously clay in the hands of Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Viviani at Versailles. Events of the last ten years — the Washington Conference, the London Disarmament Conference — have shown our limitations. The cause of apathy in this respect has been our limited perspective. Our national parties have on every occasion tried to tell us that America's place is to stay at home and "eat the meat off the bones" in Latin America, when a study of world events has proven conclusively that we are literally being dragged into the mesh of international politics; that our own future existence as a dominant force in world affairs depends upon our ability to treat intelligently with foreign countries. I say this stubborn stand-offishness is only one cause; the other is academic. We treat statesmanship here as a matter of

WHAT 1930 REVEALED ABOUT AMERICA'S LARGEST BUSINESS...

THE FOOD INDUSTRY



THE past year emphasized the stability of food manufacturing concerns. Taken by and large, the leading food companies maintained almost normal business.

General Foods, with 20 nationally advertised products, represents, in a measure, a cross-section of the package food business.

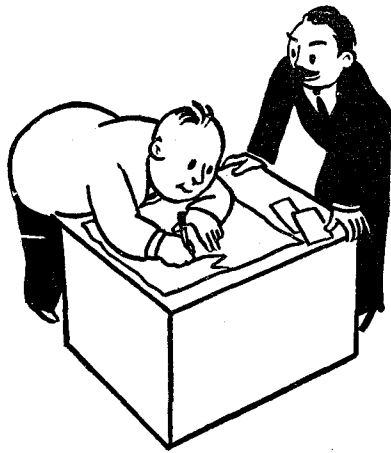
Many interesting facts about this company are brought to light in the General Foods year book, which is now being offered to the public. This book shows how a wide variety of products has helped stabilize sales. How research activities are producing new and improved products. How economies are being effected in manufacture and distribution.

This is the kind of information the thoughtful investor likes to have. You may secure a copy of the General Foods year book free upon request.

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When a hotel manager made a road map

THIS guest was leaving early in the morning for the South. And he didn't know the road. During the evening, the manager himself made a road map for the guest. Did the guest appreciate it? He wrote back and said he never made a wrong turn.

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KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I. The Constant Spring



Our Rostrum

popular appeal. We send ambassadors to foreign lands, and some come back because they have run out of funds trying to maintain social contacts. Our policy has been hit or miss.

What we need is a national school, where men are taught the rudiments of diplomatic relationship and are allowed to pursue an honest and thorough study, free from political taint. Great Britain's success has been made possible through this course, and the recent selection of the Labor Cabinet for diplomatic posts in Canada and India prove conclusively that diplomacy is taken largely out of the taint of politics. But to get back to the first cause, by far the more important. The best sermon that any political preacher could give us would be to say: "Let's learn something about the world and the people who make it up. Let's understand the psychology of other people, their affairs, not from afar, but from intimate contact, because soon we shall be dealing with them as man to man. Friendship, admiration, peace, and love were never born nor can long endure through isolation."

BENJAMIN NAUMOFF

New York, N. Y.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The Forum's Rostrum* prize of twenty dollars has been awarded this month to Mr. Naumoff for his thoughtful commentary on Mr. Laski's article.]

We Need Another Wilson

To the Editor:

Whatever may be Mr. Laski's position and learning, it is quite evident from his article that he has only a meager understanding of the life and principles of the great war president. True, there was a crust of coldness about Woodrow Wilson, but might this not have resulted from his training under a devout, theological-minded, Presbyterian father? Underneath that crust was a deep, sympathetic love for all men, guided by a well-trained and powerful mind. To say that he was interested only in humanity in the abstract is to ignore all the issues which he sponsored during the period between his presidency at Princeton and his retirement from national life.

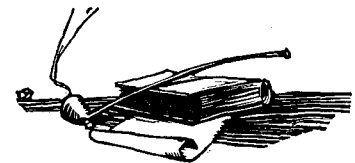
More than once, Mr. Laski contradicts himself in his article. Isn't it strange that one who was so interested in *men*, rather than class, caste, or individuals, should be classified as an individualist; that one who asserted the right of a social order to regulate and control its economic life was only an idealist? Is not capitalism an expression of economic individualism handed down from eighteenth-century political science? Was it not against such intolerant growth and arrogance that the great President took issue? What Wilson saw was more than Mr. Laski has been

able to see, that there are two factors to be considered, the social group and the individual; that a common relationship must be maintained between the two.

Mr. Laski's use of the word *normalcy* is most amusing; he speaks about the coming of such an age as if it had never existed. Has not the last decade of *mediocrity* and *scandal* in national life been an attempt to turn back to *normalcy*, back to nineteenth-century governmental practices in defiance of Wilson's achievements? Considering the present results of *normalcy*, it seems possible that Wilson's technique and policies could show us the way out of our economic, social, and civic mal-adjustment.

WILLIAM E. DRAKE

State College, Pa.



Sherwood Anderson Romanticizes

To the Editor:

Sherwood Anderson's advice to young writers [April FORUM], urging them to get in on country weeklies, will no doubt strike a responsive chord among eager journalists everywhere. It is true that the modern city daily no longer has room for originality and incentive. Metropolitan newspapers are as departmentalized as Sears Roebuck. The huge machine cannot be stopped for radical changes; its writers must conform to the basic policy of the organization, be it one paper or a chain. Hence, the country weekly is the only remaining outlet for real free-lance journalism. Yet, getting a country paper is not so easy as it sounds. Mr. Anderson bought up two papers with his earnings from the sale of his novels. He has made both weeklies lively and vigorous. But suppose Mr. Anderson had landed in that town broke, and had tried to work his way up from tramp printer to owner. Would he then write with mellowness about the small town?

There are few city men — men who even have good positions — who do not want to get away from the pandemonium of Megalopolis and sit down to live life in some quieter place where one can ruminate on what it is all about. Yet, few of us ever leave the big city. Rather, the cities are growing larger while the small towns are growing smaller with each census.

Romanticism is one thing, and brutal realism — social economics — another. Perhaps we can get some foundation to help country papers along.

WILLIAM ABSOLOM

Chicago, Ill.

Our Rostrum

Country Weeklies Don't Pay

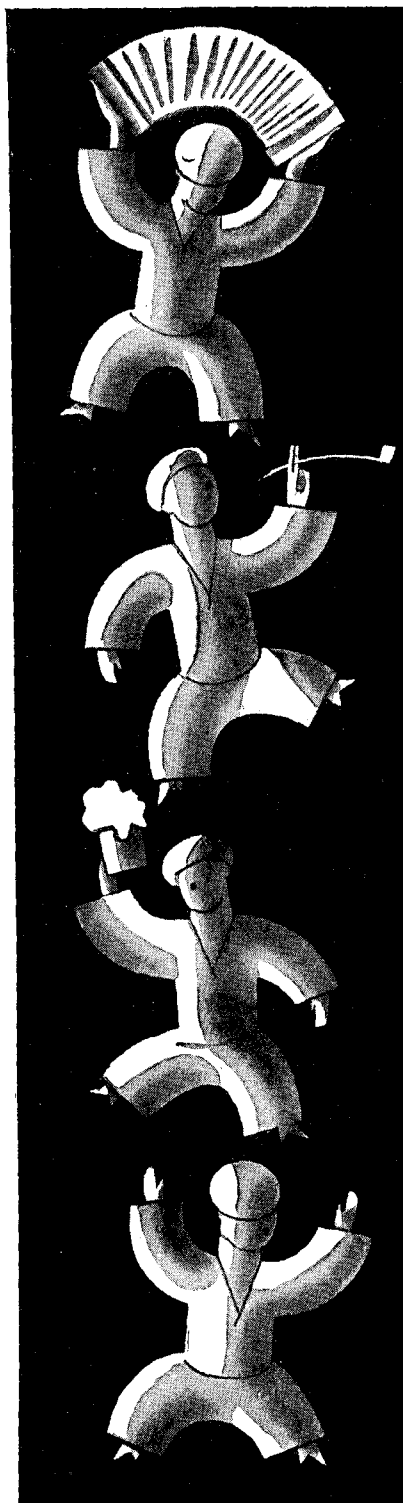
To the Editor:

As a piece of writing by Sherwood Anderson, the eulogy of the country weekly in the April FORUM is naturally enjoyable; but as an accurate picture of the country-weekly field, it is thrown out of kilter by precisely those elements peculiar to Mr. Anderson's genius, and by his literary prestige. The article is one that would logically come from Sherwood Anderson, gifted, mature, preëminent in American letters, observing reflectively his town and its people while his son "does the work"; and as a result, it is about as far from being a picture of the typical country weekly as the average country editor is from being Sherwood Anderson.

This idealistic ode to the rural press amuses me and leaves me faintly perturbed, because, when I was twenty-one, I took Mr. Anderson's then unconceived advice when, fresh from the untutored ways of the city room of a metropolitan daily, I acquired a country weekly. This paper and its town were smaller than Mr. Anderson's. The town had 1,000 inhabitants, counting the dogs. It was a prosperous little place, ginning between 6,000 and 7,500 bales of cotton annually — more than many towns five and six and eight times its size. It was, its natives frequently and earnestly assured me, "the best little town of its size in the world" — its people didn't travel extensively.

I owned and operated that paper at a livable profit for nearly three years. I discovered many things: that, for instance, all the civic ambition and editorial fire that can be packed into any one ordinary individual makes about as much impression on the smug complacency and viscous stagnation of the average country town as an air gun pellet on a crocodile's hide; that forceful, pointed, clear, and timely editorials are appreciated by no more than two or three per cent of the readers; that no more than ten to twenty-five per cent of country-weekly circulation is paid. (I don't doubt Mr. Anderson's thrill when a farmer pays up; most country editors would faint.) I learned that the influence of the average country editor is far less than that of either the one-horse country politician, the town doctor, or the lawyer — with respect accorded him in proportion.

Mr. Anderson is correct, of course, in saying that the income from these papers is about that of the country doctor or lawyer. It is, providing you get a good enough paper. That is why I have little fear that many young men will follow his advice. I do not know Mr. Anderson's conception of cheapness; but the average, live, profitable country weekly — and no one could sanely want any other — costs



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June 4 • July 2

Gen.v.STEUBEN

June 11 • July 9

DRESDEN

June 18 • July 16

BERLIN

June 25 • July 23

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Our Rostrum

around three times and up what it can intelligently be expected to gross annually. I said *gross*. I've never met the editor who could compute the *net*, if any. On this basis, you can figure out for yourself how "cheap" a country paper is and how many young men can buy one.

ARTHUR COLEMAN

Dallas, Tex.

Shall We Cancel the War Debts?

To the Editor:

I enjoyed reading James Truslow Adams' article, "The War Debts," in the April issue. I agree with Mr. Adams in this respect, that Europe should pay the war debt, if not in money, in capital goods, in spite of the fact that foreign and American financiers favor reducing or cancelling it. To cancel the war debt would mean an increase in business for the capitalists and hasten another European conflict, involving millions of people. It would be wiser to reduce our high tariff and prevent the harsh feelings it has caused. I hope that more articles of this kind will appear, for they are of the greatest interest.

LOUIS GRANDINETTI

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor:

James Truslow Adams makes out an impressive case against the debt cancellationists, but he fails to drive home the point that Germany is really paying the Allied debts to America. In fact, German payments to former enemies exceed by \$124,000 the sum that all Europe remits to us each year. An all around reduction or cancellation of debts, which is the only kind most Americans favor, would benefit Germany alone. That may be a highly desirable thing, but it will do little to boom our commerce abroad. Last year our interchange of goods with Germany amounted to slightly more than 7% of our foreign trade. On the other side of the ledger is certain to be an increase in federal taxes to balance the loss of debt payments.

If the bankers are so sure that debt cancellation is the sesame to prosperity, why not scale down the obligations that Europe has acquired during the last few years? A study of these later debts might throw some light on the motives of the cancellationists.

ROBERT W. SHOEMAKER

Chicago, Ill.

Porches I Have Climbed

To the Editor:

The splendid articles of Henry W. Anderson, Ivan Bratt, James Truslow Adams, Sherwood Anderson, S. McClatchie, and others in the April issue were all interesting, instructive, elegant. But these fine articles and THE FORUM

were besmirched, and THE FORUM degraded, by the most contemptible, dastardly, insulting article I ever read — "Porch-Climbers." I wonder what its miserable author, Lawrence H. Conrad, does for a livelihood*. That such a high class magazine as THE FORUM, whose subscriptions have been obtained by such methods as Conrad derides, should print such a diabolical article is simply amazing. But, thank goodness, the housewives of my acquaintance are more Christian and sympathetic than those whom "High-hat" Conrad describes.

CAPT. J. D. DICKSON

Oakland, Cal.

[*EDITOR'S NOTE:—The "miserable author" is at the State Teachers' College at Montclair, N. J., and professes to be happy in his infamous calling.]

Capt. Dickson, Meet Mrs. Ransburg!

To the Editor:

Never since I began to read your magazine has such a throb of thankfulness and hope gone through my being as that which I experienced on reading "Porch-Climbers," by Mr. Lawrence H. Conrad. As a writer, trying to work in my own home, I have almost despaired, feeling that I too would be driven, like every other writing friend of mine, to hire an office in some dingy waterfront building for the pursuit of my calling. Know what I am going to do? Encouraged by Mr. Conrad, I am having a small sign printed, which I shall hang over my front doorbell. It will say: "Solicitors, agents, and peddlers of any and all kinds are requested not to ring this bell. If they do, they will be treated with the harsh discourtesy they deserve. Please go away quietly."

ALICE E. RANSBURG

Seattle, Wash.

"Spend For Prosperity"

To the Editor:

Your correspondent, Henry Gray Glover, M.D., writing from Jackson, Mich., says:

"It has been costing our own little city over \$1,000 a day for a long time to care for the needy. And yet, these same people are being told by the medicine men of the magazines to "get out and spend" in order to keep the business ball rolling. What are they going to use for money? Somebody tell them — please. May I call on Messrs. Foster, Catchings, and Franklin for this much needed information?"

Dr. Glover's point is well taken. Jackson is a city of 55,000 inhabitants, and \$1,000 a day means almost two cents a day for each man, woman, and child.

Our Rostrum

Obviously, this must exhaust their capacity for spending, after they have supplied their own most essential wants. The absurdity of asking them to find more money, when all their money is gone, should be clear to the most rudimentary intellect.

F. F.

New York, N. Y.

What Is a Hero?

The following definitions have been awarded prizes in THE FORUM'S final definitions contest:

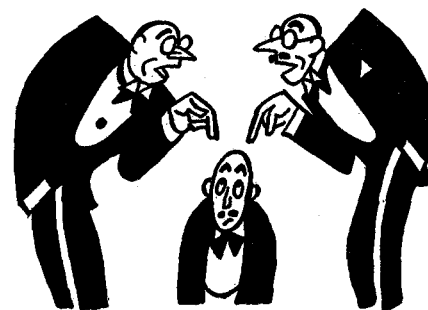
1. The ability to face a situation with the courage born of keen intelligence, perfect understanding of the degree of danger, knowledge of the thing necessary to be done in order to carry through the effort, and fearless willingness to pay the price with dignity and unselfish fortitude — a person with these attributes can be a hero in a battle or a ballroom. (*Esther Lee, New York, N. Y.*)

2. A hero is the man who, conscious of risk to himself and possibly of personal fear, has attempted to overcome certain dangers threatening persons, objects, or institutions whose safety has appeared to him more valuable than his own. To be a hero a man must have acted with an unselfish motive and not merely from passion or instinct. Furthermore, as long as the motive was unselfish and the action sincere, the man is a hero regardless of the success or failure of his attempt. (*Clarence W. Hodges, Jr., Williamstown, Mass.*)

3. A man reverently praised in history books or zealously lauded in the current press; a doer of so-called great, invariably spectacular, things; a personality glamorous enough to appeal to popular imagination — sufficiently profound at the same time to excite the admiration of a thinking man; one to whom clings a little mystery and more sentiment; a man of action, not of thought; one whose gestures, poses, moods, words, and silence find response more often in the hearts than in the heads of an eager world. To such a man has often been given the appellation, "hero." (*Fredrick B. Hall, Jr., Albany, N. Y.*)

4. A hero is one who wins the plaudits of his fellows for conspicuous and successful service to a cause with which they are sympathetic; who compensates the desires of less fortunate or less ambitious men and women by surmounting in actuality obstacles of which they are acutely aware but conquer only in imagination; whose loyalty to the accepted cause is at least unquestioned; and whose achievement results from superiority of force, skill, persistence, courage, intelligence, faith, luck, publicity, or a compound of these elements. (*C. E. Rothwell, Eugene, Ore.*)

Even our best friends told us . . .



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But Mr. Phelps — and we — were wrong. In spite of our best efforts, there are still some two thousand sets of the SCRAP BOOKS for which we have not found deserving homes. This makes us unhappy — and we have tried diligently to discover the reason. Perhaps the title is wrong — perhaps 1930 was not a good year in which to publish — perhaps the price, \$7.50 for the two volumes, postpaid, was too high — perhaps we should have hazarded the opinion that the possession of these books would double the income of the purchaser, and establish the lowliest member of the unlettered majority in an assured place among the cultured minority. Perhaps we made all of these mistakes.

But our story — and we are sticking to it, with the support of every individual who has seen and read the books — is that THE AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SCRAP BOOKS make up an important and valuable collection of the world's best thought; that the material, selected from thousands of books, magazines, newspapers, and public speeches the world over, is skillfully chosen and edited; and that the books themselves richly deserve a place on every library table.

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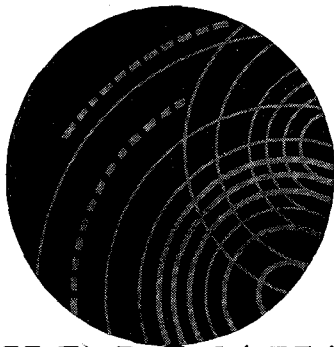
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TRAVEL



Rhine Legends

by R. DE VAU

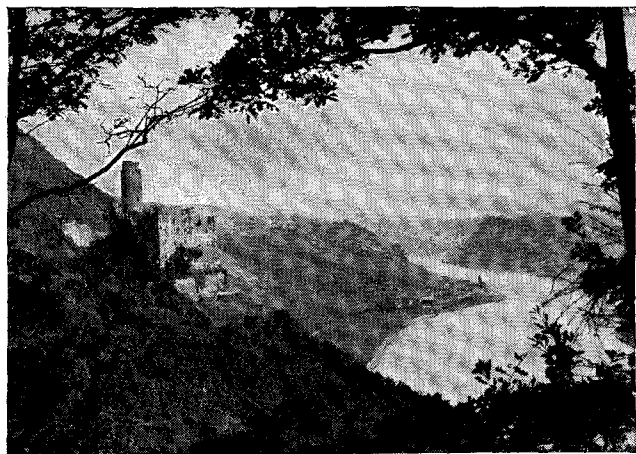
IN THE SHADOW of Lohengrin's castle, the Schwanenburg in Cleve, I saw the Rhine for the first time. I was almost two months old, and the memories of my first impressions are therefore rather hazy. But I must have liked it even then, because the chroniclers of my early history say that I raised a terrific rumpus when I was taken home again after that initial excursion into medieval romance.

My second experience was in those years when we are still able to hear the ghosts groan through shaky ruins and the clang of knightly armor dashing over the draw-bridge on white chargers. Of what I knew in those college days of the history of the Rhineland, much had gone the way of so many other things of schooltime knowledge. But when I saw them again last year, saw the picture towns in which every corner is a painter's delight, it all

own standards of civilization. Since the Neanderthal man, many prehistoric ages have left their relics here; and, coming down to written records, the history of this river is crowded with events even stranger than the numberless myths and sagas that cling to every castle, every town, and every chapel on the hillside.

The Lorelei lore, the Siegfried and Nibelungen saga, or the legend of Roland, Charles the Great's heroic paladin—they are common knowledge. But in the lesser known tales, also, there is so much fascination that even a random selection will bring much that is new and nothing that is without strong interest to those who may sooner or later enjoy the German "River of Fate."

Coming from the Black Forest and south Germany, I made Mainz the beginning of my Rhine voyage, as most



German Tourist Bureau

Mause Castle on the Rhine

came back as if by magic. It needs no great imagination to be fired by the beauty of this picturesque land. Its fables and folklore have enriched not only Goethe, Wagner, Beethoven, and Heine, but have stimulated Victor Hugo and de Musset, Byron and Thackeray, and have been brought to our shores in the pages of Longfellow, Walt Whitman, and Mark Twain.

Here every point exudes history. Long before Homer this region was inhabited by intelligent races, primitive perhaps if superficially measured by our

travelers do. From there on downstream there is a stretch of low, fertile country, lovely in its way and full of historical interest, for through the centuries the rich land has often been a lure to princes and emperors, bishops and burghers. After Eltville, Erbach, and a number of other wine towns the trim little steamer passes Geisenheim.

And then—Ruedesheim! It is small wonder that in this, Germany's most famous wine district, legends should have been spun around the "golden drink of the gods." Every spring, when the vines

Travel

are blossoming and their fragrance scents the air, the vintager with whom lady luck is friendly may see the tall figure of Charlemagne in the midnight sky and, wandering on in his flowing purple mantle, stretch wide his hands over the vineyards, blessing them.

The Romans brought the wine from Italy to the Rhine. But legend will not have it that foreigners were the benefactors, and so calls upon the ghost of the first great emperor of medieval Germany. Once, it says, Charlemagne saw from the balcony of his castle at Ingelheim that the snow melted much faster on one side of the Ruedesheim hills than on the other. Deep thinker that he was, he reflected that where the sun shone so genially something better must grow than grass. So he sent for vines to Italy, had them planted and tenderly cared for. And every year he comes from his tomb in Aachen to bless them. At the first crow of the cock, he returns to his grave and sleeps on — until the next spring.

Ruedesheim is as famous for the exceptionally large number of castles and castle ruins in the city and its vicinity as for its wine. In the city stands the Niederburg, also called Broemserburg, and near-by a chapel bearing the unusual name *Not Gottes*, meaning "Suffering of God." During the crusades, the noble knight Hans von Broemserburg took the cross to join the fight against the infidels in the Holy Land. When he was captured by the enemy, he vowed that he would dedicate his daughter Mechthild to the service of the Lord, if he were freed. He came home safe, but found his daughter betrothed to the young lord of Falkenstein. He insisted on fulfilling his vow, and Mechthild threw herself into the Rhine.

Broken-hearted, the father made another vow, to build a chapel on the hillside — and forgot. At plowing time a servant brought him a likeness of the Mother of God that the horn of an ox had dug from the ground on the spot where the chapel was to have been built. Tremblingly the man told what he had heard: a wailing voice, thrice crying from the ground — "*Not Gottes!*" Then the chapel was built and received the name by which it is still called to-day. The Niederburg is one of the oldest castles in Germany. Its impressive walls, the labyrinth of passageways and arches, its narrow stairs and courts make a gruesome picture. The once mighty watchtower is only partially left, and huge gaps open in the outer walls.

Rhenish legends are by no means all sentimental, ghostly, or serene. Many show the splendid sense of humor that is one of the most amiable characteristics of the Rhinelander. The monks of Johannisberg — what friend of golden wine would not know the name! — were once

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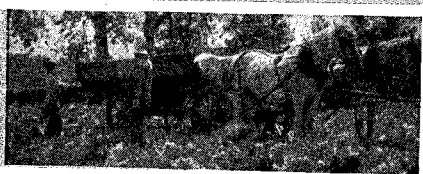
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Top photographs: A Camping Party in the San Juan Mountains, and a Nature Study Class in Rocky Mountain National Park. Lower photographs: Garden of the Gods, Colorado Springs (note figures in foreground) and Harvesting "Sunshine and Vitamins" Cabbage.

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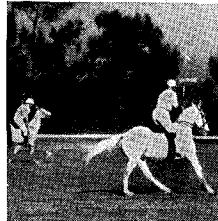
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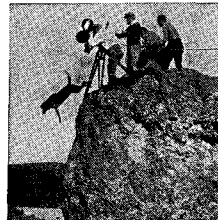
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Travel

visited by the abbot of Fulda, their superior. He praised their industrious work, and then bade them sit down to a good bottle. "But first," he said, "take your breviaries, and let us begin with a short prayer." Breviaries? The monks looked at one another, embarrassed. They had none with them. The abbot smiled: "Well, then let us begin without. But, is it not too bad — I forgot to bring my corkscrew!" Like a flash, every monk had his corkscrew out. "Bravo, my pious monks!" said the abbot, and laughed heartily. "Well, we shall talk about those breviaries to-morrow. To-night let us sing with David, the King: 'Wine maketh the heart glad.'"

Long before the advent of the Romans, Celtic tribes lived in the Rhineland, as is proved by many names of Celtic origin which have survived to this day, such as Bingen, Boppard, and so on. From Bingen down for forty miles there is no stretch where the eye does not fall on one or more castles or castle ruins, each with its legends and sagas and myths. Right opposite the town, in midstream, stands the picturesque Mäuseturm, where legend has the Bishop Hatto of Mainz devoured by mice. He was so cruel, the story goes, that when the poor of the city were starving to death and begged him for bread, he had them herded into a large barn under the pretext of feeding them there. Then he ordered the barn locked and set afire. When he heard the cries of agony, he roared: "Ho, ho, ho! Don't they squeak like a bunch of mice!"

But that last word was scarcely from his lips when the barn crashed in and mice, like a great flood, came running forth and swarmed over the bishop, biting him and gnawing his flesh. Horrified, the cruel man saw no rescue but the water. He plunged into the Rhine and swam to the tower which he had had erected in the middle of the stream as a toll station. But even there the revengers followed him, and ate him up alive.

Thus the legend. The facts seem to be that the bishop, having devised a toll system for the ships that passed Bingen, was sincerely hated by the populace, and that long after, when the word *maut turm*, meaning toll tower, was no longer understood and was changed in form to *mäuseturm*, or mice tower, the story was made to fit the name. St. Clement chapel, Klopp castle, Burg Rheinstein are but a few of the many other points of great scenic, historic, and legendary interest in the vicinity of Bingen.

Bacharach — what a queer name! Nobody is sure whether it is Celtic or German, or perhaps suggestive of the happy Roman god, Bacchus. That would not seem far-fetched either, seeing that in folklore and folk song it always stands for romance and wine. As the goal and

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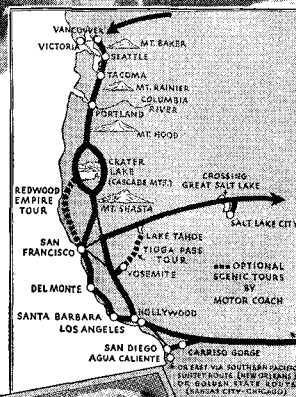
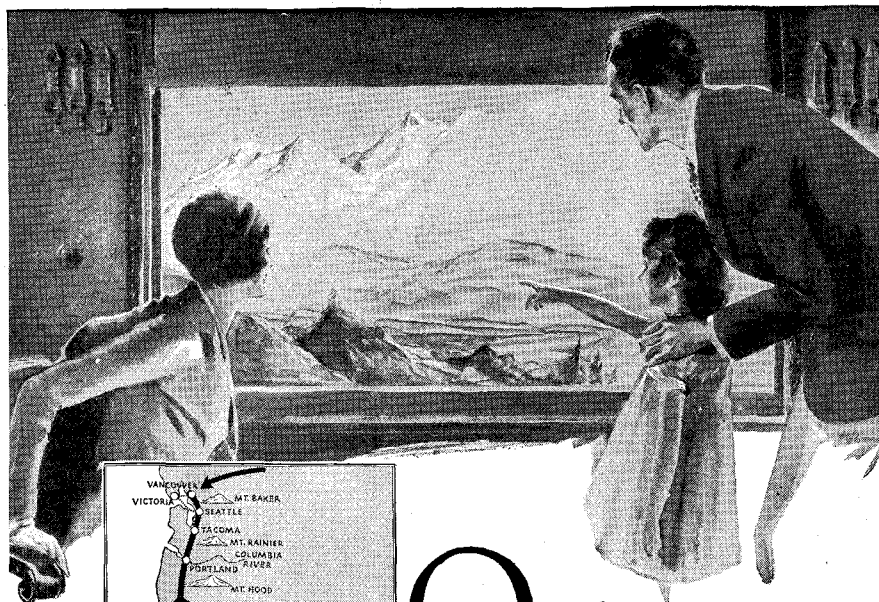
Travel

retreat of minstrels, itinerant scholars, poets, painters, artists of every ilk, and people with imagination, its praises and that of its sparkling wine have been extolled in countless songs and ditties since the middle ages. Indeed, the natives will tell you that on a huge rock protruding from the Rhine near its right bank, an altar had been erected to Bacchus long before the town existed. They cannot read the inscription on the altar stone, but they are positive that they know what it meant. And after the god of the altar, they assure you, the town was named. What could the old custom mean, still kept up by the fishermen: to dress up a straw man as Bacchus, place him on the altar, and dance around him singing, at harvest-time?

A homely little town exuding medieval art and civilization at every turn is Caub, a short stretch down the river from Bacharach and from picturesque little Lorch which, like every one of the places around these parts, lives by viticulture. In Caub once lived the holy missionary, St. Theonest. After they had killed him in Mainz and set his body afloat on the Rhine in a tub, the waves cast him ashore at Caub, where the saint came miraculously to life again and taught the people the Christian religion and, using his tub as a grape press, the making of wine. He is held in high reverence around there, both as a saint and a wine-bringer.

Were you to continue with me farther down the Rhine, I would show you the spot where, in mighty Koeln, Master Gerhard von Ryle, making a bet with the devil and losing, fell to the ground from the tower of the great cathedral that he was building; or where Jan van Werth, returning as a famous general, met the girl, grown old and wrinkled, who had once rejected him because he was only a poor boy; or the house of the poor shoemaker whom the goblins had helped until his nose wife frightened them away for all time. Then there is Mause Castle (illustrated in the picture at the beginning of this article) where the silver bell of Wellmich, the picturesque little village below, rings once each year under the six yards of stone which the noble knight of Thurnberg had thrown on top of the prior of Wellmich and his church bell; the poor cleric had protested loudly when the knight removed the bell which disturbed his Sunday morning slumber.

But some of these charming legends and sagas you must surely know already. So let us, for our last scene, make a longish jump down to Bonn. Here also many a tale of glory and destruction, of splendor and of sorrow might be told. But first of all, Bonn is now a town of music and gardens, of gay student life and art. In its atmosphere was nursed the immortal genius of Beethoven.



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Travel News

WELCOMBE HOUSE

FEW AMERICANS are privileged to be guests at old English country houses, but they will soon be able to use one as a hotel. Welcombe House, a fifty-acre estate at Stratford-on-Avon, is to be subjected to extensive alterations and will open July first as a fully licensed resort preserving all the characteristics of an English manor. Welcombe is recorded in documents of the sixteenth century, and entries show that Shakespeare himself owned a considerable portion of the land. The grounds include a number of gardens and a lake covering nearly two acres. The hotel is situated in a magnificent position for visiting what is probably the greatest of England's old castles, Warwick, as well as the historic Kenilworth. Early in 1932 a new wing, comprising forty bedrooms and many private baths, will be added to Welcombe House.

THE RHINE IN FLAMES

THE WATCH on the Rhine will be a more popular amusement than ever this summer, as arrangements have been completed whereby the ancient castles and cathedrals will be fired with a blaze of electric illumination. In order that the best views may be obtained, there will be nightly boat trips down the river with bands, lectures, singing, and dancing. Some of the monuments to be illuminated are the cathedral at Cologne, the castles at Godesburg, Assmannshausen, Düsseldorf, and Cochem, and the vineyards. The week-ends will be occasions for festivals and folk entertainment. Fireworks will be set off on the banks. The castles at Coblenz will be electrically lighted during the Vintagers' Festival early in September. In addition, there will be several fairs and exhibitions held during the summer at various Rhine cities.

BANFF STAMPEDE

THE CANADIAN Rockies are planning some vigorous entertainments this summer. From July sixth to eleventh Calgary will stage her annual Stampede, and on the three days beginning July twenty-second Banff will celebrate Indian Days. When Banff stages the pow-wow, the Stoney and Blood Indians from nearby reservations descend on the resort in all the glory of eagle feathers, ermine tails, and beaded buckskin. They pitch their tepees in Elk Pasture and revive their old tribal sports. During the Calgary Stampede, an epic of the Last Great West and a fine exhibition of horsemanship, the town will cast off its conventional clothing and don chaps and ten-gallon hats. This rodeo has attracted larger and larger audiences each year. Cowboys and In-

Travel News

dians exhibit their skill on horseback and in steer-roping competitions, chuck-wagon races, and other pastimes of the western plains.

TRAVAMEX

IN COÖPERATION with the American Express Company, the Cunard Line is offering what they term "Travamex" tours, the chief distinctions of which are the moderate price asked and the fact that one may start at any date desired. The tourist goes to Europe whenever it is convenient, and after he reaches London he is in the hands of Travamex — and is free from all the usual worries of arranging for hotels, transportation, and the rest. Nine itineraries have been scheduled, ranging in duration from fifteen to thirty-five days and in price from \$133 to \$332. The average cost per day is about nine dollars and the accommodations provided are "comfortable throughout," though "naturally there is nothing de luxe about them."

GLASGOW AS HOST

DURING the first week in June Glasgow will stage its first Civic and Empire Week for the entertainment of visitors. All the city's industrial and artistic activities will be open to inspection, and each evening there will be a sports festival, a special feature being football played in the methodical style for which Scotsmen are famous the world over. The shipbuilding yards will be available for examination, and it will be possible to have a glimpse of the largest, and what Britain hopes will be the fastest, liner in the world, which is gradually taking shape on the stocks of her builders at the Clyde; at this time, too, the new *Empress of Britain* will be ready for her maiden voyage. And also, though it is not in Glasgow and not a part of Civic and Empire week, the British Open Gold Championship will be played off at Carnoustie, which is a three hours' rail journey from the city.

VOYAGES TO NOWHERE

THOSE interested in travel have doubtless read of the portless, three-day excursions made by the *Mauretania* and the *Aquitania* this spring. So popular have these voyages to nowhere proved that more will probably follow. Sea travel seems to be at a premium. The *Mauretania*, which was the first of the two ships to undertake this new type of voyage, did stop at Nassau for an afternoon, but it was discovered that this feature was not essential to the trip and that the passengers really preferred to spend all their time at sea.



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Railroad Stocks

by DONALD REA HANSON

THE FIRST six months of 1931 have been most unkind to investors who own railroad stocks. The panic of 1929 was bad enough, cancelling about 28 per cent of the value of representative issues in a hectic period of a little more than two months. The long bear market of 1930 was discouraging to investors in the rails, just as it was to holders of all classes of common stocks. But this year has been one continuous record of dividend reductions, of steadily diminishing earnings, of discouraging whittling away at security prices, and of gloomy forebodings over the future of the railroads. It is time to pause and consider the situation. Is it as bad as the prophets of disaster paint it?

To those who were in close touch with financial conditions of the period from 1915 to 1921 the pessimism of 1931 must sound strange when the discussion turns to the railroad situation. By almost any yardstick of measurement conditions were far worse in that period than they are today, and it is a matter of record that those who stood by their investments in railroad equities were rewarded for their faith in most instances. The fundamental problem at that time was the inability of the carriers to secure authorization from the Interstate Commerce Commission for freight and passenger rate advances in proportion with the increased cost of materials and wages necessary for the operation of the roads.

Earnings were steadily declining for a decade prior to the war, due primarily to these factors. Railroad credit was impaired. In 1915 alone 30,233 miles of railroad were operated by receivers, involving a capital investment at par for their stocks and bonds of \$1,070,809,000. In mileage this represented about one-eighth of the total railway lines of the country. In 1916 about \$208,000,000 more railroad capital was jeopardized by insolvency and by the end of 1917 conditions were such that the United States Government had to step in and operate the railroads of the country, guaranteeing a return equivalent to the average earnings of the three preceding years, in order to prevent wholesale receivership.

Conditions were bad then so far as the owners of the railroads were concerned, and the rest of the country did not

escape the consequences. The credit of the carriers was so low that new securities could not be sold on a basis attractive to investors, and as a result the physical condition of the carriers was impoverished. Railroads were unable to buy new freight cars and locomotives on a scale that would meet their requirements. Old equipment was pressed into service. Traffic congestion was the order of the day. Engine failures were common.

Prior to the war, shippers had no difficulty at any time in securing sufficient freight cars to handle their goods, but for the entire year of 1920 there was a shortage. The effect was most serious upon business in general. Consumers were clamoring for deliveries from producers and so little confidence was placed in the ability of the carriers to make shipments regularly that orders were duplicated and there was the appearance of a much greater demand for goods than actually existed. Commodity prices went out of sight, and then when it began to appear that the whole situation was fictitious the slump began. Gradually, as traffic demands fell off, the railroads began to catch up with requirements; but deliveries only increased the depression. Cancellations of orders began to pour in to manufacturers; confidence was destroyed, and the historic depression of 1921 was on.

What the railroads were up against then, however, is best indicated by a few figures. Between 1916 and 1921 the average annual wage of a railroad employee jumped from \$887 to \$1,816, an increase of over 100 per cent. Coal costs rose from \$1.24 a ton at the mine to \$3.22 a ton, an increase of 160 per cent. General advances in freight rates were slow to accompany this rising economic trend, but by 1921 some adjustments had been made and the average revenue allowed the carriers for carrying a ton of freight one mile was advanced from 7.16 mills in 1916 to 10.64 mills in 1921, or about 67 per cent.

How this affected railroad revenues can best be judged by a comparison of operating ratios, that is the ratio of expenses to gross revenues. In 1916 the operating ratio was 69.94 per cent. In other words, for every dollar of freight and passenger receipts taken in by the carriers they had

to pay about seventy cents for wages, fuel, maintenance, and such charges, leaving thirty cents for rentals, interest on their funded debt, dividends for the stockholders who risked their funds in the building of the carriers, and surplus for reinvestment in the properties. But in 1920, a year of peak traffic conditions, the operating ratio jumped to 99.02 per cent, leaving just one cent out of every dollar to pay fixed charges, which of course was impossible.

1920 AND NOW

THOSE who think that the present problem of the railroads is serious should ponder over this situation in 1920. They might consider carefully the fact that not a single one of the large carriers whose stocks were entitled to an investment rating in 1916 went into a receivership, and most of them came through that period of storm and stress without a reduction in their dividend rates. They might well consider that in 1930, the last half of which was a period of the worst depression ever visited upon this country, the railroads had an average operating ratio of 78.75 per cent, as against 77.47 per cent in 1929, a year of favorable conditions. They might further consider that despite the terrific slump in railroad traffic in January, 1931, the railroads still averaged an operating ratio of 80.37 per cent. It is not the intention here to imply that present conditions are a bed of roses for the carriers. They are not, except possibly by comparison with 1920. In the first two months of 1931 the average net operating income of the rails was only half that of a year ago and about one-third that of the corresponding period of 1929.

Much of the present pessimism concerning the railroad stocks is based upon an impression that in the future a great deal of traffic will be lost to trucks, bus lines, pipe lines, and aircraft. That cannot be denied. But to assume that the railroads are going to be put out of business is absurd on the face of it. The invention of the electric light did not displace the gas business, and it is a matter of record that progress and the development of new industries only in exceptional instances displaces old industries entirely.

Perhaps the best measure of confidence in the future of the railroads is in their credit position as measured by the market for their bonds. Railroad bonds on the average are selling as high as, if not higher than, electric power and light company bonds, than which there is no more popular medium for investment to-day by trustees, insurance companies, banks, and others who are in a good position to know whereof they speak when it comes to investments. The current credit position of the railroads is stronger, infinitely, than it was a decade ago. When the Burlington 4's matured about ten years ago they were refunded with 6 and 7 per cent bonds. A 7 per cent coupon was not at all unusual for a railroad issue at that time,

Downtown

although these high rates were partly due to a general scarcity of credit as well as to impoverished railroad credit. To-day good railroad mortgage bonds are selling on a $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent yield basis or less. As for stock issues, not a railroad in the country could have marketed a stock issue at par in 1921, and many of the strongest were not able to do so until after 1926.

In recent years growth factor has been the outstanding requirement of investors in common stocks. It has been estimated that electric power consumption, for instance, will be double what it is to-day by 1940. That is taken to mean that earnings of power stocks will increase and prices will advance. Therefore these stocks command a premium. The railroads, however, have come closer to maturity. From the time that the Baltimore and Ohio constructed the first railroad line in this country, a little over a hundred years ago, until about 1906, the railroads were in a period of great expansion. Since 1906, and particularly in the past decade, they have been in a period of intensive development of the efficiency of their systems. The next period will probably be one of expansion into new forms of transportation.

Until motor truck competition forced the issue, railroad transportation was substantially from city to city. Now many railroads are branching into secondary distribution, taking freight from the railroad line to the consignees' doors, or calling for freight from the shipper and trucking it to the freight car. Container cars are being developed which will permit freight to move from the shipper to consignee with rehandling, and the effect is lower transportation costs to the shipper and greater potential earnings for the railways. The carriers are already cooperating with aircraft transportation in transcontinental passenger traffic and many feel that the day is not far away when the railroads will be backing the aircraft business with their own money, cooperating with the new method of transportation rather than fighting it. Pipe line competition and electric power transmission may involve a certain amount of loss of traffic in oil, gasoline, and coal, but pipe line competition is not new and it is noteworthy that the tank car business was one of the few profitable lines in the railroad equipment field last year.

FREIGHT TRAFFIC

THOSE who contend that the volume of railroad traffic is no longer increasing in the aggregate, and that it may diminish due to other forms of transportation competition, point out that revenue ton-miles of freight traffic handled by the railroads in 1930 was no larger than it was in 1920 or 1918. Such comparisons are not fair. The comparison is being made in one case with a period

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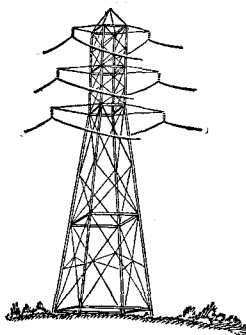
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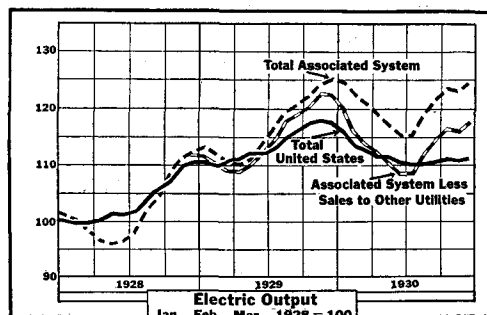
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when industrial production was at its peak and the other when production was at the bottom of a depression. Five times since 1894 — in 1908, 1914, 1921, and 1930 — the ton-mile curve has turned downward sharply, but in each instance within two or three years freight traffic has expanded to new high levels. It will be surprising if it does not follow a parallel course with general business in the present situation.

That railroad earnings will be very low in 1931 seems inevitable; but this will be due to the slump in general business rather than a loss of freight traffic to other forms of transportation. Already investors have been rudely jolted by a reduction in the New York Central dividend, the Baltimore and Ohio dividend, and others are doubtless on the way. It is just as well to bear in mind, however, that the eight-dollar rate paid by New York Central was never a seasoned dividend. It was established only in 1927, under the influence of boom conditions and the generally large earnings of the railroads at that time. It is worth bearing in mind that New York Central paid five dollars per annum without an interruption during the difficult times a decade ago. It will doubtless come through this depression without an interruption. The Baltimore and Ohio seven-dollar dividend rate was also a product of the boom. From 1920 until late in 1923 this company paid no dividends.

What the stock market will do as poor railroad earnings statements appear during the current year, nobody can say. The chances are that a continuation of poor earnings statements will be decidedly depressing. However, those who contemplate railroad stock investments would do well to bear in mind the earning power of various common stocks, rather than the earnings as revealed in a year of serious world-wide depression. They may feel confident that the business is permanent, that rates will be established which will permit at least as good a return as in the last decade, and that in the long run seasoned dividend-paying issues will recover much of the price advantage lost since 1929.

It may be that such railroads as New York Central, Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, Pennsylvania, and others may not cover their dividend requirements this year, or if so by a narrow margin. But the point to bear in mind is that in the four years ended December 31, 1930, New York Central had an average earning power of \$12.15 a share, Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé of \$18.09 a share, and Pennsylvania Railroad of \$7.11 a share. Eventually investors will probably look back to the low prices of these issues in the first half of 1931 and regret their lack of confidence in the railroads.

Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION REPORT FOR YEAR ENDED NOV. 30, 1930, showing a complete list of portfolio holdings together with earnings statement, may be obtained from Allied General Corporation, 49 Wall Street, New York City.

WATER WORKS — THE OLDEST PUBLIC SERVICE. A description of the water works operations of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc. Copy upon request. American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad St., New York City.

CLASS A STOCK. A new illustrated twelve-page booklet describing this investment stock and including photographs of the properties, map of their location, analysis of territories served, and charts of growth in earnings, assets and number of customers. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

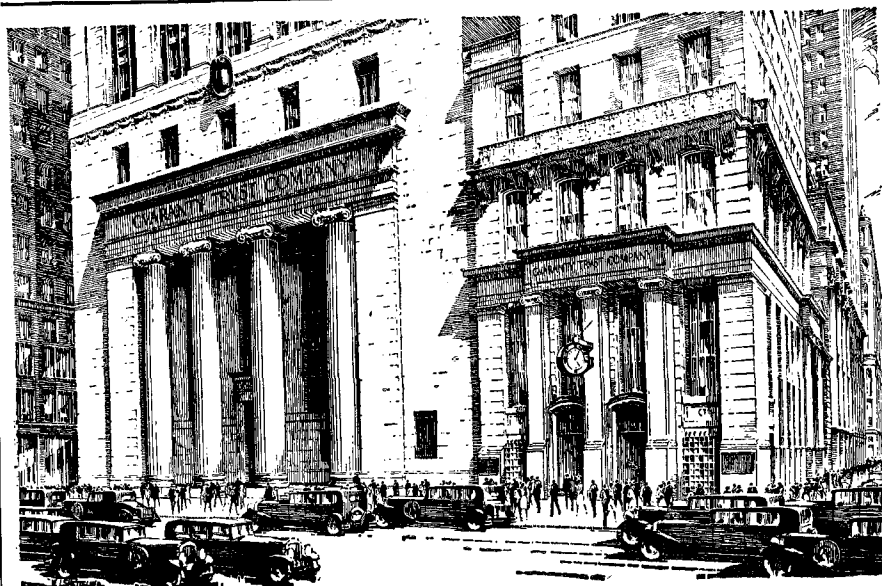
THE LIFE INSURANCE TRUST. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries; also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS. A description of the widespread variety of products manufactured and sold by the General Foods Corporation and the history of the various companies combined in this group. Booklet upon request. General Foods Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

LOOSE LEAF SECURITY RECORD. A convenient book for recording bond holdings — amounts, interest dates, maturities, prices, taxable status, etc. Copy upon request. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Continued on next page



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Investment Literature

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

UTILITY PREFERRED STOCKS. An informative and interesting analysis of the advantages offered by Preferred Stocks in general and Utility Preferred Stocks in particular, showing present high yields and other advantages. G. L. Ohrstrom & Company, Inc., 36 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT. A booklet which outlines how life insurance can be used to advantage in any investment program and describes the uses and purposes of various policies, particularly retirement income policies and others for special needs. Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, 493 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

23 YEARS OF SUCCESS. A booklet telling about the financial condition of the company; its method of doing business without agents; its diversified investments, and the wide distribution of its benefits. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

BUILDING FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE. An outline of a sound investment program with a description of first mortgage real estate bonds safeguarded by the Straus plan, and the investment trust idea represented by Super-Corporations of American Trust Shares. Booklet upon request. S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



*These booklets may be obtained by
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The contest is open to everybody, but manuscripts must deal with specific companies and plans, and should not contain more than 5,000 words.

The contest opens on June 1st and closes on September 15th, 1931. It is requested that manuscripts be sent in as soon as written. The judges will be a number of prominent men in industry and economics. Their names will be announced later.

TOASTS

SINCE he spent over three months in America this fall, lecturing at Princeton as visiting professor, ANDRÉ MAUROIS is obviously in a position to diagnose our current ills. His latest book, a fantastic novel called *The Weigher of Souls*, has recently been published by Appleton and is said, despite the depression, to be doing nicely. As our regular readers know, M. Maurois' biographical studies of Disraeli, Byron, and Dickens were published in THE FORUM.

HERSELF a native of Detroit, MARGARET DOTY has good reason to know what kind of welcome her city is likely to give the jaunty-spirited Legion. Miss Doty has worked on several of the Detroit papers and is now on the staff of the *New York Herald Tribune*. She received much of her education in Europe and has varied her journalistic career with acting both there and in this country. A previous article by her, "Cordiality by the Carload," appeared in our March issue.



ANDRÉ MAUROIS

ACCORDING to NORMAN THOMAS, it can be considered as news that he is not at present running for any public office. Mr. Thomas was the Socialist candidate for President in 1928 and for Mayor of New York in 1929. In his recently published book, *America's Way Out*, he makes a persuasive plea for the type of Socialism of which, he feels, we are in need. Mr. Thomas is director of the League for Industrial Democracy and has long been keenly interested in the fight against Tammany.

ALTHOUGH he is officially employed as Roving Reporter of the *New York Evening Post*, LOUIS SHERWIN is also well known around town in his secondary capacity as an epicure. Mr. Sherwin is, he says, a reformed dramatic critic who for eight years served on the chain gang of the now defunct *Evening Globe*. His first newspaper job was on the *Desert Evening News*, organ of the Mormon church, and thereafter he worked as a cub on several other, less dedicated, Western papers. Half-German, half-Australian in origin, he was educated abroad and was destined, he claims, to be a British civil servant or a civil engineer but proved lacking in character for either. Before assuming his present job he was editor of the *Post's* Saturday magazine.

ROBERT NEVILLE, now on the staff of the *New York Herald Tribune*, graduated in 1928 from the School of Journalism of Columbia University. For four years he has been paid to worship in New York's churches by various metropolitan newspapers, and during that time there has been only one Sunday when he has missed attending some sort of religious affair. His usual average ran to about a half dozen of such ceremonies a week. He feels, and quite reasonably, that he is something of an authority on pulpit publicity. Mr. Neville originally came from California.

MARGARET TOD RITTER, one of our two poets, lives in Colorado Springs and is a frequent contributor to a number of magazines. Known in private life as Mrs. Edwin F. O'Halloran, ELSPETH has published a book of poems, *Strange Truth*, has contributed both prose and verse to the *New Yorker*, and is now spending the hours snatched from free lance writing and advertising on a novel.

H. N. BRAILSFORD, whose second article on India proves again that he made excellent use of his opportunities during his recent stay there, has been on the editorial staff of the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Nation*, and various other liberal English weeklies. For four years he edited *The New Leader*, the Independent Labor Party's weekly. He has traveled widely, from Turkey to Russia, and is a contributor of many distinguished articles to American magazines.

AGAIN a newspaper man! GEORGE FREDERIC NIEBERG enlisted under Hearst and has, he says, been a mercenary on many journalistic fronts. Recently he began to find this type of active service wearisome and so, "mumbling a prayer of sorts, picked up the sensitive magazine dice — and let 'em roll." As a partial result of Mr. Nieberg's gamble, this is the third of his articles which THE FORUM has published. He is now working on a series of sketches of his home town, Chicago, "including close-ups of its more interesting gutters, girls, and gangsters."



NORMAN THOMAS

ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON, who has been for over twenty-five years on the staff of the *Woman's Home Companion*, decided at the age of sixteen to be the world's greatest playwright. "I wrote plays for amateurs in every state in which I lived, from Pennsylvania to Colorado and back again, stopping now and then to bring a baby into the world. At thirty-six, I had my first Broadway production, and wept over it. It is so much more fun to write plays than to see them." Since that time, Mrs. Richardson has, she says, stuck soberly to writing special articles. She has several grandchildren and maintains that, as a grandmother, she is a great success.

BORN as recently as 1906, MARY BRINKER POST is nevertheless the mother of three "charming and energetic children," the oldest of whom is six. Her husband, whom she married during her first and only year at the University of Washington, is an Episcopal minister, and she lives in Spokane. Surprisingly enough, she has found time to publish verse in several of the poetry magazines and her first fiction in *The Prairie Schooner* and *The Frontier*.

SINCE we last had occasion to publish one of his articles, DONALD F. ROSE has acquired another child — his twelfth! Of this round dozen, eight have recently had measles and one scarlet fever within the space of three weeks, while one of the boys added to the merriment by breaking his arm. Mr. Rose, the size of whose family entitles him to a respectful hearing on the subject of elementary education, is one of the editors of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, and is also engaged in completing his book on aviation, *Wings of To-morrow*. He was for fourteen years a school teacher and is still giving a collegiate course in journalism in addition to coaching his two eldest in Latin and Algebra. He is English by birth and lives at Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania.

ALTHOUGH his name appeared last year as co-author of *Hetty Green* and co-editor of *They Told Barron*, SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE regards himself primarily as a competent reporter. "I did considerable staff work," he says, "for the old *Independent* in that vanished field of journalism which was misnamed 'muck-raking.' Among my assignments was an investigation of the sale of Federal offices by the Republican National Committee in the South, and the modus operandi of the Klan at the height of its power in Indiana." In the war, he was a captain in the observation balloon section of the air service. He is a fanatic about aeronautics.